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THE RESURRECTION OF A ROCK AGENT By Michael Gross

JULY 14, 1997

NEW YORK *PRC*

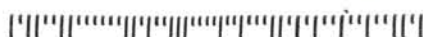
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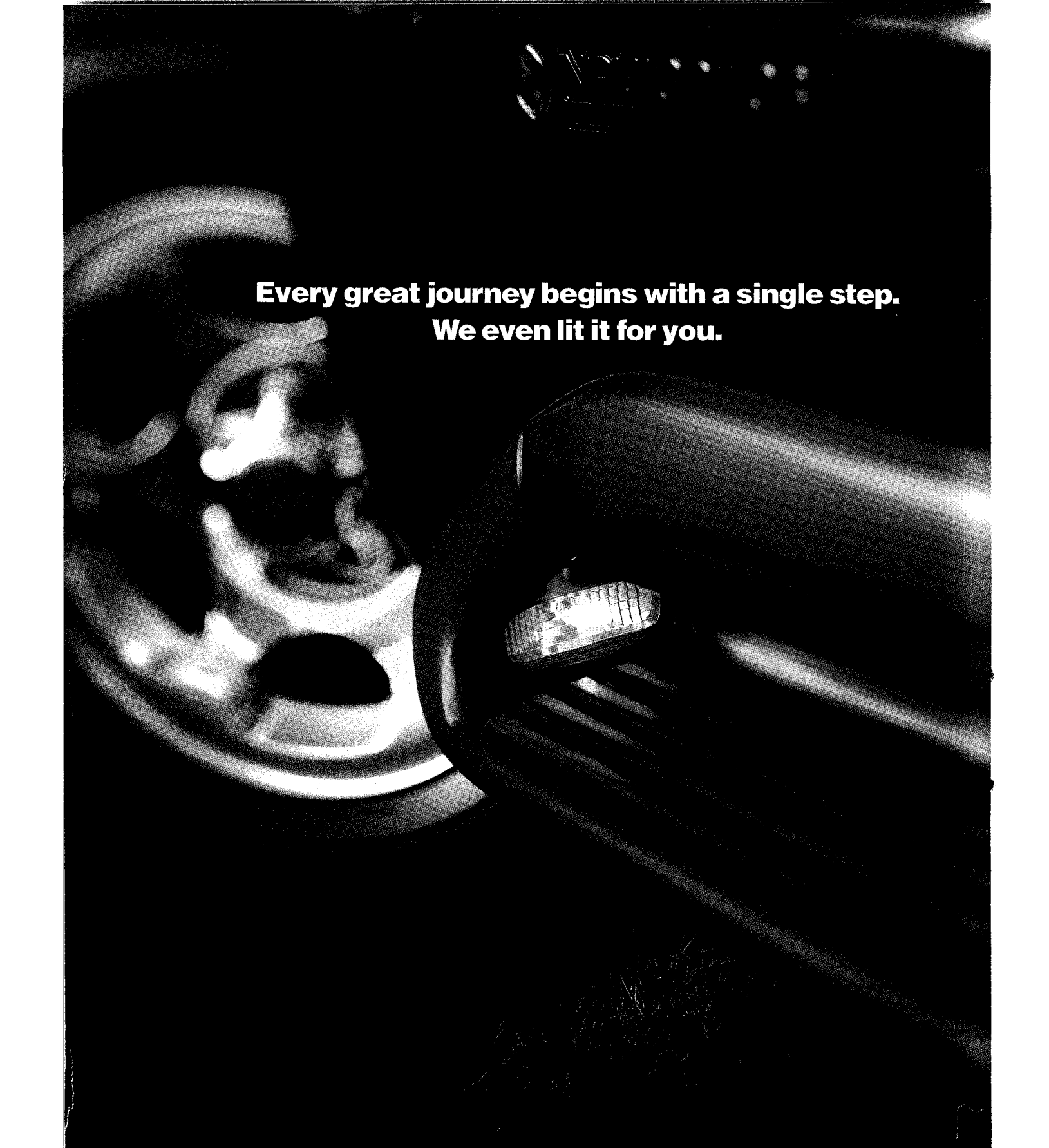
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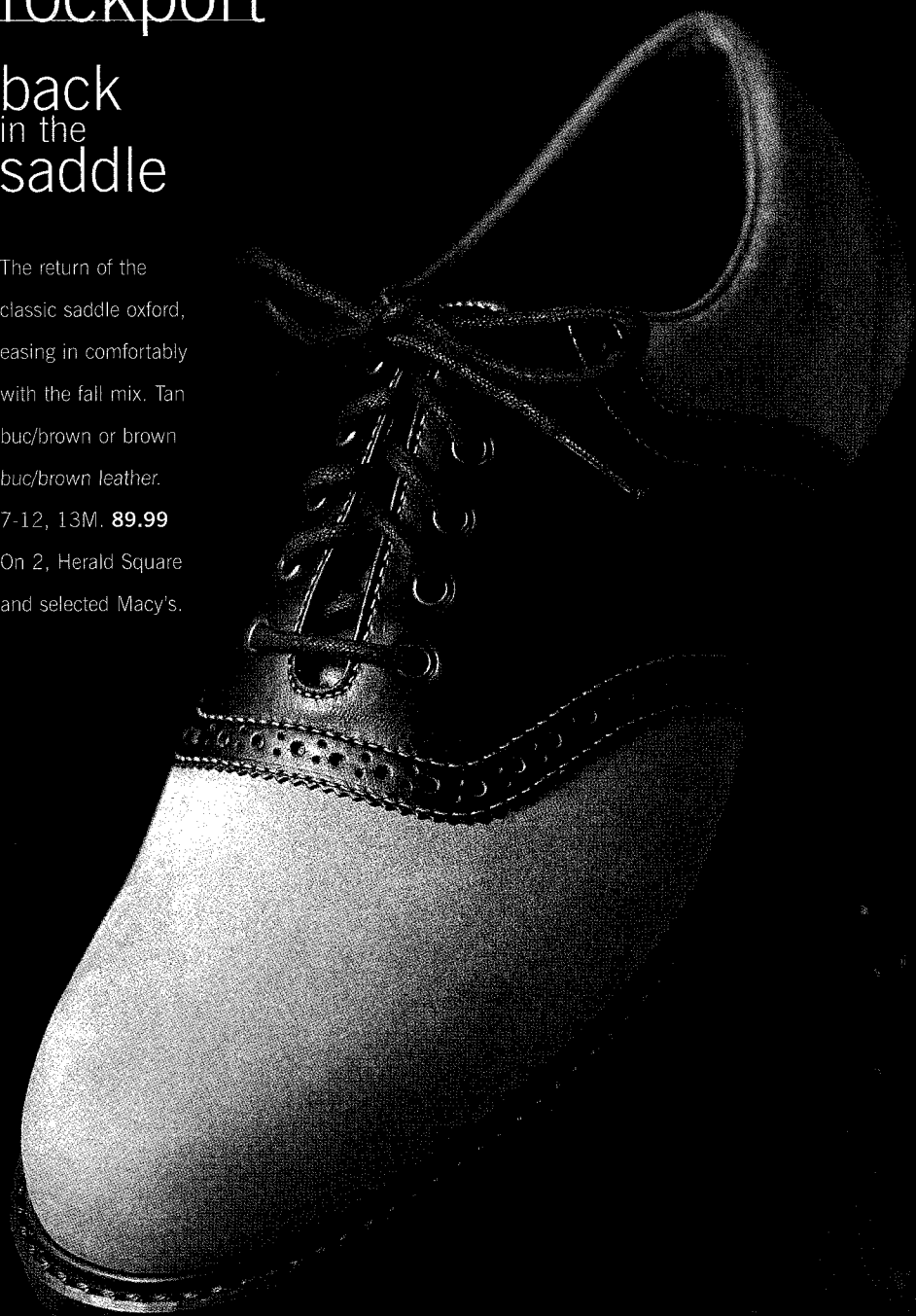
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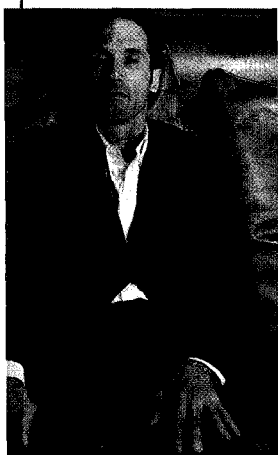
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LEONARD FEIN, PAGE 30



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By Michael Gross

Bronx-born Jonny Podell booked most of the seventies rock scene and lived as high as his wildest clients. Typically, he spent most of the next decade out of action, a spectacular swirl of drug abuse leading all the way to homelessness. Less typically, he's back—sober and big, an executive VP at ICM, where he represents Erasure, the Allman Brothers, and even Alice Cooper, and where the concert division is now vying for the top spot. Jonny strikes up the band.

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By Craig Horowitz

Jews have been remarkably successful at entering the American mainstream. But that very success has created a new crisis, with intermarriage and assimilation threatening the fabric of Jewish life. Is it possible that in 100 years the only Jews left will be Hasidim?



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By Trish Rohrer



A teenage Gwyneth Paltrow (with her producer dad's help) gave him his first big break, and Tom Fontana ran with it. But the creator of the acclaimed series *St. Elsewhere*, *Homicide*, and HBO's gritty new *Oz*, set in a maximum-security prison and debuting this Saturday, is one unusual Hollywood writer-producer. For one thing, he lives and works in New York.

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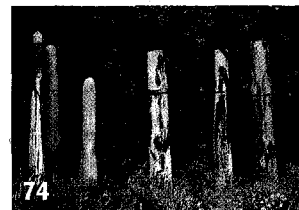
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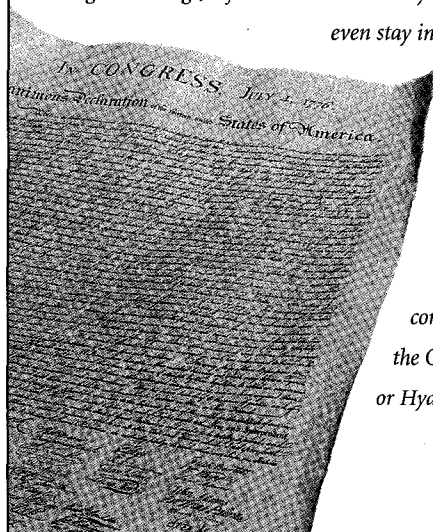


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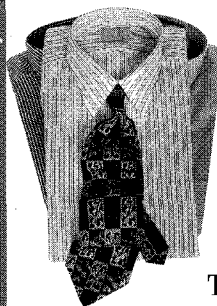
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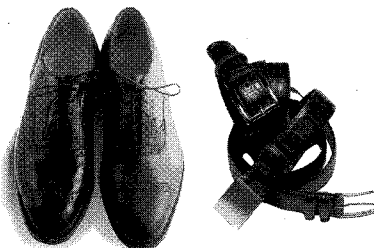
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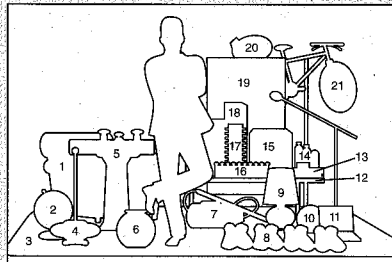
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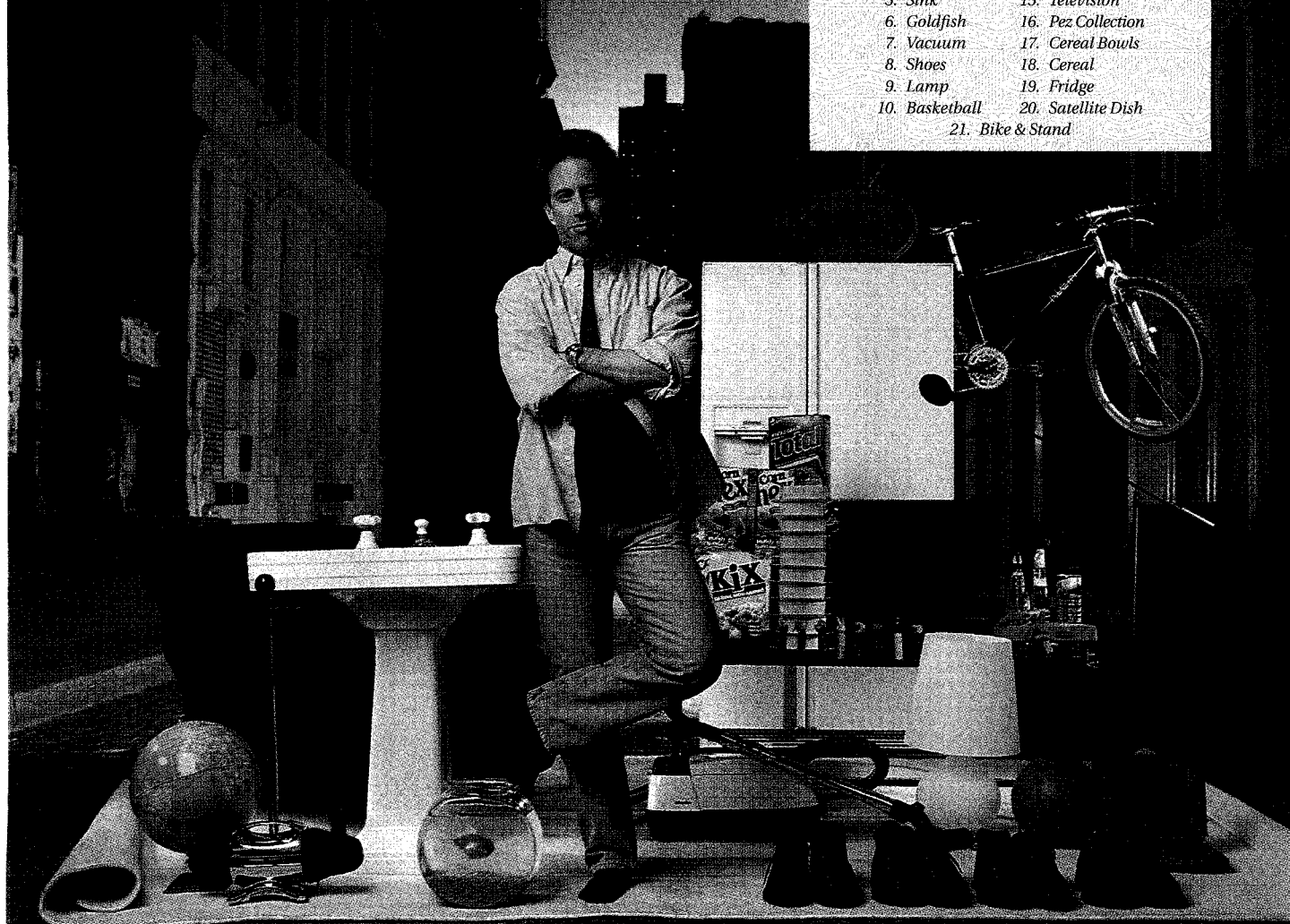
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{ Comedian, Author, Cereal Lover }



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Raising Cain

Concrete nurture: Chris and Daphne's childhood on the streets; the Diamond Project has produced gems.

I CAN'T GET NANCY JO SALES'S "LOST IN the Park" out of my head [June 16]. My biggest fear about having a child is that he or she will turn out to be evil. My friends say that's ludicrous, that my husband and I couldn't help but raise responsible, compassionate children, that kids who behave like the ones in Sales's story are the products of callous parents and grim childhoods. I'd like to believe them, but when I read about Daphne, Chris, and their equally reprehensible friends, I fear that my child is more likely to be a reflection of outside influences than of my husband and me.

Gabrielle Bucak
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

THE EPITOME OF TRAGEDY IS WHEN A COMIC situation inexplicably takes a turn for the worst. Am I the only person in the city who finds the concept of barely pubescent Upper East Side silver-spooners frontin' for street cred laughable?

But I'm not laughing anymore. I'm sure I'm not the only city resident who read with horror your cover story about the murder of Michael McMorrow by two such *faux* homies. My desire to take every last one of those lily-white brats over my knee for a thrashing has given way to deeper dread. Has it become impossible to protect one's progeny from falling in with the wrong crowd?

I suppose the only silver lining to this whole sick story is that richer areas of the city—like the Upper East Side—are now getting a taste of what the disenfranchised sectors of the population have faced for a long while: the pull of the street on their children.

Asa Somers
MANHATTAN

Tryouts

IN HER DANCE REVIEW OF JUNE 16, TOBI Tobias attacked Peter Martins and the New York City Ballet for sponsoring the Diamond Project ["Paste"]. Instead, we

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should applaud them for giving new and lesser-known choreographers a chance to work with the finest dancers.

The main problem with Tobias's argument lies in her assertion that "no amount of opportunity to practice the craft will uncover or produce genius; genius, when it arises, tends to make itself apparent." What could Tobias possibly mean? Does she believe that choreographic geniuses emerge full-formed? Or does she think that genius is always immediately recognized and rewarded? Both history and common sense argue against these ideas. Balanchine himself choreographed ballets that were not genius; he learned from them, discarded them, and moved forward.

If classical ballet choreography is a "wasteland" now, as Tobias claims, think what it would be like if young choreographers were deprived of the chance to work by cancellation of programs like the Diamond Project. As Balanchine said: "You can't sit and think about dancing; you have to get up and dance."

Laura Pinsky
MANHATTAN

A POINT OF FACT REGARDING TOBI TOBIAS'S suggestion to invite Mark Morris and Twyla Tharp to choreograph for City Ballet's Diamond Project. They have both been asked, and chose to pass.

Regarding her assertion that ballets from Diamond Projects and "their 1988 precursor, the American Music Festival, have failed to make a lasting contribution to NYCB's repertory or . . . to any other troupe's," what about ballets by Allen, Alleyne, Forsythe, La Fosse, Lubovitch, Mahdavian, O'Day, Pimble, Tanner, Taylor-Corbett, and, yes, Martins that have been performed by the Royal Ballet, Paris Opera Ballet, Royal Danish Ballet, and other companies around the world? Many of these ballets remain part of NYCB's active repertory. Further, most Diamond Project choreographers point to new commissions from major ballet companies that have come to them as a direct result of their Diamond Project premieres.

Christopher Ramsey
Director, External Affairs
New York City Ballet
MANHATTAN

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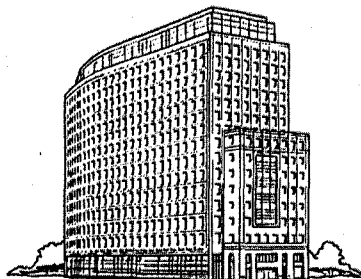
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LIMELIGHT TURNED ON PROSECUTION

Peter Gaten's defense is getting out the big guns. **Benjamin Brafman**, Gaten's attorney, is planning to file papers in court this week asking that the case against the nightlife king be dropped because, he claims, government agents altered crucial evidence and helped procure drugs for cooperative witnesses. In these papers, Gaten's attorneys state that principal government witness **Michael Alig** told them that on two separate occasions, government agents took him out of jail and allowed him to meet a "friend" who supplied him with heroin in the back of the agents' car. Alig, a former Gaten associate who is in jail on charges of murdering drug dealer Angel Melendez, has been cooperating with authorities since his arrest. According to the papers filed by Brafman, several anonymous witnesses interviewed by Gaten's attorneys have confirmed Alig's allegation. Another key witness, **Sean Bradley**, who worked with DEA agents for

AIN'T MOTOWN NUMBERS HIGH ENOUGH?

With the music industry still reeling and rocking from the jolt of EMI-Capitol's dissolution, another label looks to be on shaky ground. Motown's latest chart-topper, **Boyz II Men**, haven't released an album since 1994. And **Andre Harrell**, who became Motown's president in 1995, has yet to sign a major act. When **Alain Levy**, head of Polygram, which owns Motown, recently held a meeting of the label heads, "he basically said that they'd better produce, or else," reports one industry chronicler. "The understanding was that he was really talking to Harrell." Now we've been hearing through the grapevine that Polygram is getting ready to cut Harrell, and maybe even the label, loose. "The rumor about Andre is not true," says a Motown spokesperson. "We are releasing a **Boyz II Men** album in the fall, and we have several promising new artists. After these products come out, we can evaluate the situation." Says one music-biz insider, "I'm sure Andre would be successful at some point. But how much time are they willing to give him?" Says another, "Andre did himself in with a lot of hoopla. He was real cocky before he had a horn to toot." A Polygram spokesperson denied that Motown would be folding and said, "As a matter of practice, we do not discuss rumored management changes."

six months as an informant in the clubs, alleges in his affidavit that when he failed legally mandated urine tests related to a previous arrest, DEA agents told him how to mix a potion that would allow him to mask the results. Gaten's lawyer further alleges that in their

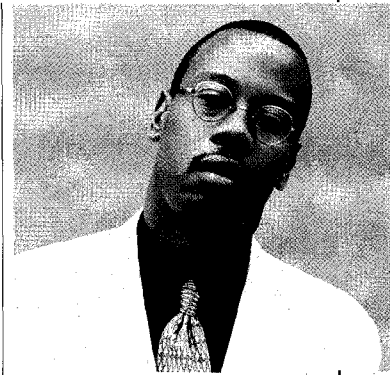
affidavits, agents cited wiretap transcripts inaccurately in their attempt to obtain Gaten's arrest. "It appears that agents relied on summaries of the conversations, not the full recordings," says Brafman. "As a result, they either intentionally lied or evidenced a reckless disregard for accuracy."

NO GAY PAREE FOR BARBARALEE

Carl Spielvogel and his wife, **Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel**, have made no secret of their desire for an ambassadorship. The Court of St. James would probably do nicely, or maybe another European capital. Recently, he finally got an ambassadorship offer—to Estonia. Spielvogel turned the position down, according to several Washington sources. "This is a big insult to them," says a New York source. "They gave so much money." The adman turned car mogul and his wife donated \$160,650 to the Democratic Party alone and helped raise hundreds of thousands more for both Clinton campaigns. Several Washington sources report that talks are ongoing about finding an acceptable post for Spielvogel. As usual, the White House refused to comment on ambassadorships in the works. The Spielvogels didn't return calls.

THE TRAGIC END TO A SPENDING SPREE

This month, the real-estate industry has been obsessed with the sad last days of **Donald Goodwin**, probably the city's premier managing agent. At Brown Harris Stevens, Goodwin managed top buildings like 740 and 770 Park Avenue. He killed himself on June 7, after having been confronted with financial irregularities in his buildings. Three days earlier, Brown Harris had called in



Andre Harrell:
Better shop around?



Diamonstein-Spielvogel:
Estonia-faced

Kroll Associates to do a forensic audit after an accountant spotted "an invoice that looked funny," according to a company insider. By June 6, the verdict was in: Goodwin, who earned in the low six figures, had charged "a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of antiques for his home to a handful of his buildings, according to the insider. "He was a 68-year-old person who lived an exemplary life," the insider says. "Something must have snapped nine months ago that caused him to self-destruct."

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

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GOTHAM



A petrified desert of grids and lattices—**Roland Barthes**

Media

CYBER TIMES: BATTLING FOR SCOOPS IN SILICON ALLEY

ONE OF THE SUREST SIGNS THAT Silicon Alley—that enclave of high-tech companies clustered mostly along Lower Broadway—has come into its own is that two publications are duking it out for dominance in covering the business and culture of New York's burgeoning cyber community. The battle has grown both intense and personal, as they compete for inside scoops and advertisers and dis each other relentlessly in a world where surviving for two years can make you seem like a wise veteran to some—or old news to others.

The veteran is @NY, produced by seasoned journalists Tom Watson and Jason Chervokas, who bill their publication as Silicon Alley's "Hometown Newsletter." They've chronicled Gotham's cyber shops and new-media businesses since 1995, which makes them positively ancient in Internet time. @NY's mix of news, party gossip, and sometimes-windy punditry is e-mailed free to 1,200 subscribers every Friday.

Watson and Chervokas reach a narrow but important segment at the top of the new-media industry, and enjoy reputations as both careful reporters of industry news and thoughtful observers of the big issues in cyber technology. And hey're not above self-promotion: Chervokas boasts, not altogether with tongue in cheek, "You *know* we are the godfathers of Silicon Alley cyber chroniclers."

Perhaps he's a little nervous. Seven months ago, a rival stepped into the fray in the person of Jason McCabe Calacanis, whose monthly newsletter, the *Silicon Alley Reporter*, is aimed at the

same readership, New York's high-tech elite. Unlike @NY, the *Reporter* is solely a print publication, distributed gratis to cyber types, and to a growing number of subscribers paying \$90 per year. Like @NY, it's supported by advertising. Calacanis claims a readership of 25,000, though a knowledgeable source says fewer than half that are actually printed.

The *Reporter* reads like a tabloid, with brash headlines and profiles that are sometimes edgy, sometimes softball; ditto the capsule Website reviews. The back pages are filled with party snapshots. "Jason and Tom are more New York *Times/Wall Street Journal*," says Craig Kanarick, a founding partner at Razorfish, one of the top new-media shops. "Jason [Calacanis] is a scene reporter. I have a lot of respect for @NY, but at the same time I'm impressed with the reach of SAR."

Driven and combative, Calacanis, who

says he financed the start-up of the *Reporter* with \$20,000 charged to his gold card, attacks old-media publications like the *Times* and the *Journal* that "don't get the Internet," and new-media publications like *Wired* that "hate New York because they're threatened." But Calacanis—whose own fans describe him as more entrepreneur than journalist—saves his best shots for his rivals at @NY.

"I'm young and single. I'm out there," he says, comparing himself to Watson and Chervokas. "They're detached, married with kids in Westchester. It's hard to cover the scene from the suburbs. The big mistake they've made is holding themselves up to be these new-media pundits. I put Silicon Alley first, not my opinions."

"I don't want to get into a pissing match," Watson replies, while arguing that @NY is both more serious and better-written than the *Reporter*. "There is a clear contrast between us. We try to look beyond the deals and analyze the larger picture."

Calacanis shrugs off such criticism. "I didn't go to journalism school," he says, the message clear: *So what?* He's nothing if not self-assured.

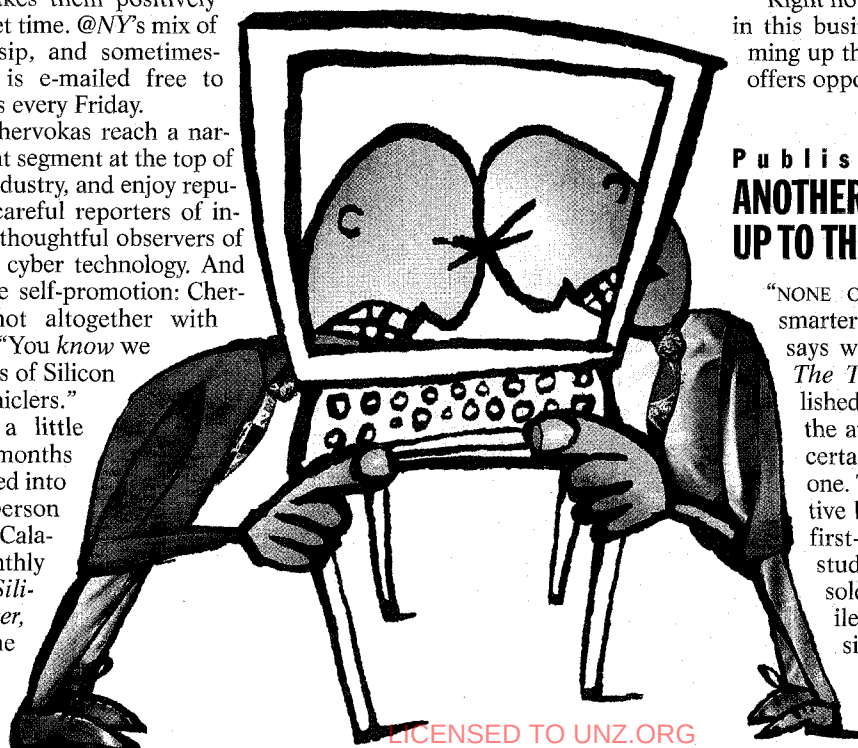
"Right now, there's a lot of uncertainty in this business," Calacanis says, summing up the situation precisely, "which offers opportunity. It's gut-check time."

RICHARD REGEN

Publishing

ANOTHER LAWYER SIDLES UP TO THE WRITERS' BAR

"NONE OF THIS HAS MADE ME ANY smarter or any nicer," Brad Meltzer says with a laugh. The success of *The Tenth Justice*, his first published novel, may not have made the author a better person, but it certainly is making him a richer one. The 27-year-old Brooklyn native began *The Tenth Justice* as a first-year Columbia Law School student. By graduation, he had sold the story about an imperiled Supreme Court clerk for six figures to Rob Weisbach,



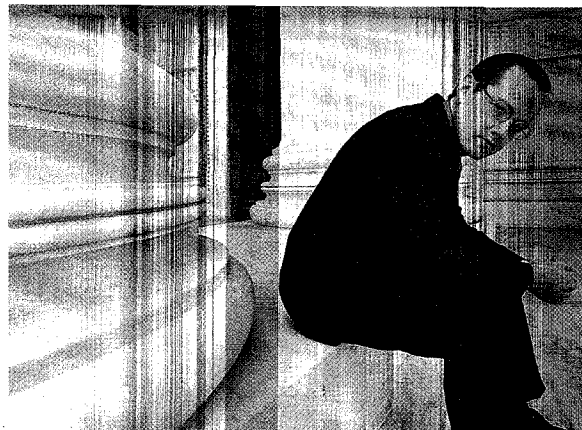
the 31-year-old upstart editor who had just been given his own imprint at William Morrow after overseeing best-sellers by Paul Reiser and Jerry Seinfeld.

The Tenth Justice was slated as Rob Weisbach Books' debut release, and skeptics in the literary world quietly predicted a bomb. After all, what did Weisbach, the man behind *Seinlanguage*, know about legal thrillers? And what did Meltzer—who'd spent not a day actually practicing law—know about an institution famed for its secrecy? The naysayers were disappointed. The book started out at No. 8 on the *New York Times* best-seller list; according to *Publishers Weekly*, it has since charted as high as No. 4. Paperback rights just sold for seven figures, and Fox 2000 has optioned the film rights. "So precocious," acknowledged *Entertainment Weekly*. "The dynamic duo's gotten a hit."

Meltzer had written three words—*clerk, Supreme Court*—in the back of a

class notebook, setting the novel in motion. When he began researching the book, he came up against a seemingly impenetrable code of silence. Bound by the rules that no one outside the press box may take notes on Supreme Court proceedings, Meltzer jotted furtively with sawed-down pencils and Post-Its, which he hid every time a guard passed. Ultimately, he found a court source who proofread for accuracy. "Who'd you talk to over here?" the source asked nervously after reading the manuscript. The dust jacket now boasts a quote from a "former court clerk" about the plot: "The scariest thing about it is it could really happen."

Thanks to his Ivy League schooling



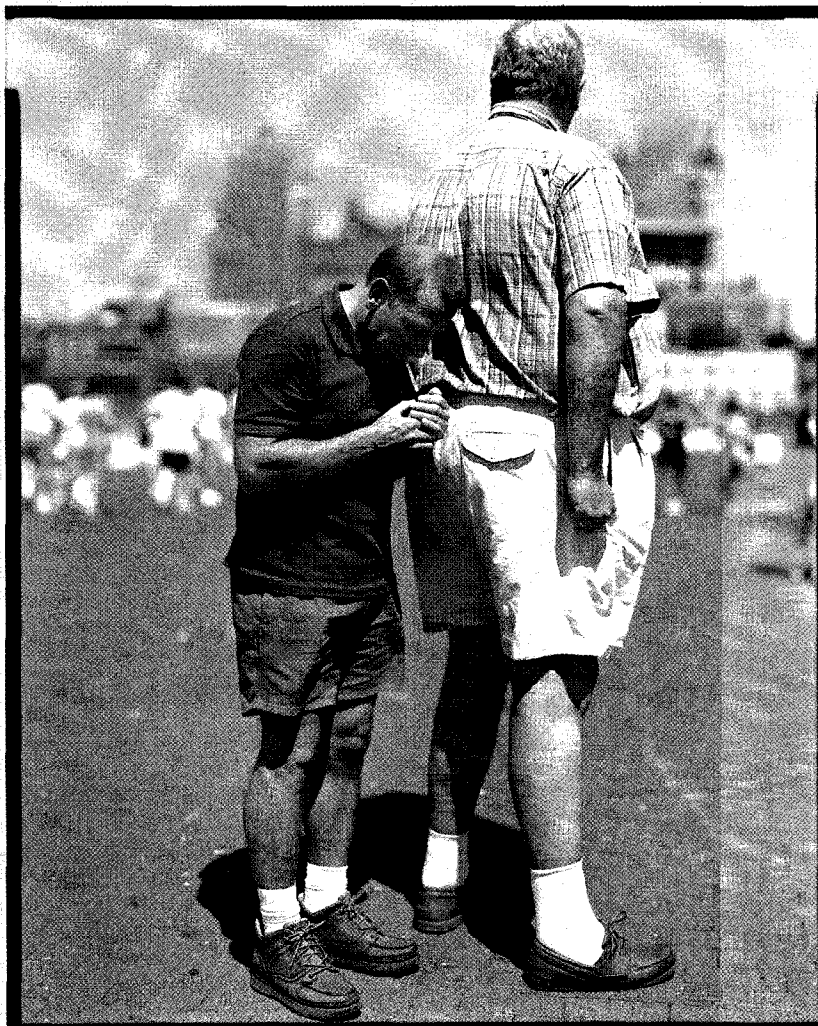
Courting success: In D.C., lawyer turned novelist Brad Meltzer.

and a brief stint speechwriting for President Clinton's AmeriCorps program, it's tempting to see Meltzer's success as a given. But his golden-boy status wasn't always so secure. "Growing up in Brooklyn, I thought you went to high school, then you went to work. I didn't know what SAT's were," he remembers. When his father's business bottomed out, he says, "my dad took his last \$1,600 and moved us all to Florida. We just started over. It's the ballsiest move I've ever seen." The parents then lied about their address so Brad could attend a better school. "I quickly learned there was a lot more out there," including his future wife, whom he met in the school hallways, and the opportunity to be the first in his family to attend college.

"Law school stimulated me intellectually, but I wasn't sure whether I actually wanted to practice law," says Meltzer. "Nowadays, I think people see lawyers as having this Key West fantasy, where they hang it all up, open a bar, and create." Of course, if all lawyers actually did shun the *L.A. Law* lifestyle, Meltzer would be out of subject matter. "People are drawn to those in power," he admits. "And it's amazing how much power these 28-to-32-year-olds have." It's unclear whether he's talking about young lawyers—or young writers.

KATE COYNE

S H O T



West Side Highway at W. 10th St., 3 P.M., Saturday, June 28, photographed by Greg Miller.

Parties

STUDIO 54 IS ALIVE AND WELL IN HONG KONG

IT WAS HARD TO UNDERSTAND HIM OVER the deafening dance music, but the transvestite cabaret performer with the white blond crew cut and fuchsia leopard-print gown finally made himself heard. "Get drunk! Get fucked up! Let's have a party!" he shrieked to the chic crowd at Caf Deco Bar & Grill, on exclusive Victoria Peak in Hong Kong, to celebrate Britain's handover to China less than 24 hours before. Shocked at first by the flamboyant floor show, the 1,000 or so guests (some of them American expatriates, who pai

\$400 and change for the "Climax on the Peak" affair to benefit the venerable Hong Kong Cancer Fund) dined on raw oysters and tandoori chicken, gyrate wildly alongside professional dancers in feathered costumes, and generally gave themselves over to the Felliniesque frenzy of the evening.

"It's like New York in the eighties," said Michael Gisser, a Skadden, Arps partner who moved to Hong Kong in 1992. "That's what Hong Kong aspires to be," added his venture-capitalist friend. But the champagne-drenched evening—reportedly attended by Hong Kong society figures, including David Tang, who plans to open his Shanghai Tang boutique on Madison Avenue later this year, and Duty Free Shoppers Group magnate Robert Miller, with his daughter Princess Alexandra von Furstenberg in tow—belied the deep-rooted ambivalence that even foreigners feel about China's reunification with Hong Kong after more than 150 years of British control.

The five-day public holiday surrounding the handover may have been crammed with dozens of elaborate balls—the Regent Hong Kong hotel imported California superstar chefs Wolfgang Puck and Jeremiah Tower for their two-day, \$1 million gustatory event—but many people seemed vague about why or what they were celebrating.

"This is a memorial," said Alan, a trader who spent the hours before the handover at midnight on June 30 toasting friends at the unimaginative American Club bash (the highlight was the pistachio-caramel sheet cake decorated with Chinese and British flags). "There's this understanding that it's the end of an era, and it was a very good era. There's a lot of uncertainty about what lies ahead."

Later that night, people walked the streets of Hong Kong as if in a daze after the formal ceremony, as they awaited the arrival of the 4,000 People's Liberation Army troops already making their way across the border. Partygoers—women in updated versions of the traditional Chinese cheongsam and men in custom-made tuxedos—left their chauffeured Mercedeses to join the crowds of young Chinese and curious tourists who flocked to the scheduled pro-democracy protest at the Legislative Council building. Some revelers worried that there would be an incident between the activists and the hypervigilant Hong Kong police (there wasn't). Others wondered aloud if, over the holiday, shoppers would line up as usual outside the Gucci shop, waiting to get in (they did). Some were simply planning their next stop on the handover social circuit, proving that a fabulous party could potentially overshadow political history.

Joey, the drag queen who was flown in from New York to perform at the "Climax on the Peak," perfectly, if inadvertently, captured the handover confusion during his show: "I'm so glad to be here in Hong Kong for the Passover!"

MEREDITH BERKMAN

Neighborhoods

A TREE DIES IN MANHATTAN: THE RETURN OF AN EPIDEMIC

THE FIRST TREE TO SUCCUMB, A PERFECT 40-year-old pin oak right in the middle of Tompkins Square Park's dog run, squeezed out green buds in the spring but soon resembled a craggy Edward Gorey silhouette. A month ago, the dry skeleton was reduced to a tall stump to be argued over by competing totem-pole carvers. The presumed cause of death: yellow effluent.

Suddenly one of the city's shadiest dog runs was flooded with direct sunlight, a condition as horrifying to canine denizens of the East Village as to their human counterparts. But that was only the beginning of the balding of Tompkins Square, which is expected to lose a dozen trees by summer's end: One of Manhattan's densest elm groves stands here, at the epicenter of the worst outbreak of Dutch elm disease in years.

The next victim was a huge bumbershoot that for 75 years had soared high above the path near East 9th Street. It had waged a good fight. Medications were injected in its roots. Infected branches had been amputated. But it went irretrievably septic after producing a full Afro of leaves in May, only to drop them upon the dog run in June.

"We had been aggressively trying to save that one," says Bill Steyer, the Parks Department's director of forestry for Manhattan, as he toured the damaged dog run last week. "Tragically, though, we lost," he says. Two weeks ago, the tree was felled and hauled away by parks workers, who were careful not to leave behind any scraps of wood that might infect the remaining elms. Volunteers then dug a trench around the stump to keep the disease from traveling along the roots to neighboring elms, the primary means of infection besides beetles. In

the next few weeks, at great cost, the toxic stump will be removed.

In recent weeks the plague has advanced to other corners of the park: Gone now is the elm that protected the monkey bars at Avenue A and 9th Street, and another one whose leviathan reach shaded a toddler's playground mid-block on 7th Street as well as the facing sidewalk and half of the volleyball court. Their average age: 80 years.

Parks Commissioner Henry Stern says Riverside Park and Central Park are also hit badly, as are Morningside and Fort Tryon parks. Citywide, 10 percent or more of the elms will depart before high summer. "We don't know why, but this summer is the worst in years," he says. As he rambles through the park, Steyer stops to examine other trees at risk—a dying crab apple (fungus), a withered linden (thirst)—while paying little attention to the sunning afternoon crowd. Along his

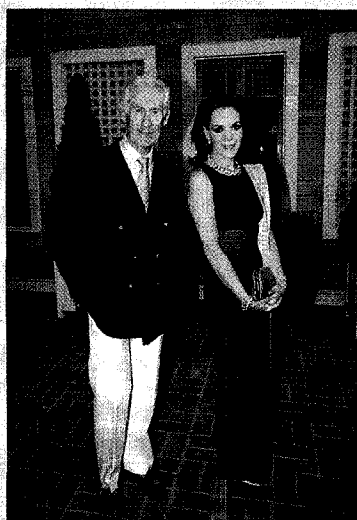


Root cause: In Tompkins Square, another victim of Dutch elm disease.

route, three men urinated on tree trunks, all within walking distance of the toilets.

"Trees have all sorts of problems, and some of them are not diseases at all," he says, gesturing toward a stand of bedraggled saplings. "We had people training their pit bulls on these younger trees, and that's a serious problem."

In Tompkins Square Park, there is a palpable sense of mourning. "It makes me want to throw up," groans Sally Chew, the features editor of *Out* magazine, who lives



Clockwise from above, John Punnett and Sybil Calhoun at the home of David and Julia Koch for a benefit party for Southampton Hospital; attorneys Mary Kane and Barbara Wilson at Behind the Hedges, a benefit for Southampton Town Aquatics and Recreation; Janeane Garofalo with Kathy Griffin at Comedy Nation restaurant, after Griffin's performance.

Back in Black

At the release of a summer movie's soundtrack, and at two Southampton house parties.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Clockwise from above left, models Kylie Bax and Tatiana Perez of Caras at the launch of Clinique Happy, a new perfume; at Columbia Records' party for the *Men in Black* album, Russell Simmons, Barry Josephson, Heavy D, and Will Smith; and at the same party, Sony Records' Tommy Mottola, manager Benny Medina, and Sean "Puffy" Combs.

(with a greyhound mix named Bird, known for the ever-present Band-Aids on her ears) on East 7th Street, overlooking the park. "The dog run has always been a little bit cooler and breezier and shadier than the rest of the park. And now there's only one little side where the benches are in the shade. And everybody is whiny and sweaty now. Even Bird." DAVID FRANCE

Mating

A BLIND DATE WHO TURNS PSYCHO (FOR \$200)

AT PANINOTECA CAFÉ, ON THE CORNER of Mulberry and Prince Streets, Nick Brown sits near the end of a seemingly successful blind date. Now finished with bagels and coffee, he and his 23-year-old prospect are chatting about rent control, Nick's management-consulting job, and his recent move to Forest Hills, when the conversation takes a decidedly cloak-and-daggerish turn.

"Actually," whispers Nick, "my real name is Jeff." He pushes a folded piece of paper across the table. "Meet me at this location in half an hour." Two hours later, his "date" ends up scoring "very strong" in conversational and nonverbal skills but "needs work" in eye contact and "listening."

"Nick Brown" is available for brunch through a new service called First Impressions. For \$200, a male therapist will play Nick at the café and then, in shrink mode at the company's sleek SoHo office, spend the rest of the afternoon evaluating your performance. For male clients, "Susan Green" is played by one of First Impressions' co-founders, Valerie White or Ann Demarais, career counselors by trade.

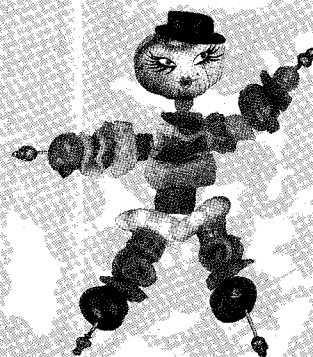
White and Demarais insist that once you get over the initial weirdness of role-playing, the workshop will make you the yin to any date's yang. But for most of us, hearing what a blind date *really* thought of you is about as appealing as water torture. Did you "talk about personal as well as impersonal topics"? Were you "able to arouse interest"? Did you "use your date's name"? I didn't. Points off "There's a connection when you use somebody's name," said my therapist-confessor. "It's a more personalized way to relate to an individual."

Clients looking for a replay are invited to meet a different therapist or, perhaps go on a second "date" with the original prospect, for \$175. Follow-up phone calls are only \$20 per fifteen minutes, but don't call too much. Just like elusive romantic prospects, shrinks spook easily. "When we keep on calling somebody," says Demarais, "that's less interpersonal ly appealing. We come off as desperate."

VANESSA GRIGORIADI

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Vanity Farrah

The Artist Formerly Known As an Angel—now 50 and covered with paint in her Playboy-sponsored performance-art video—would have you reconsider her body of work.

CHOICE-WISE, IT'S A HEADY TIME FOR WOMEN ENTERING their Premarin years.

The rock goddess Madonna has moved into a Phillip Morris-like role, sponsoring the current exhibition of photographer Cindy Sherman's "Film Stills" at the Museum of Modern Art. Taken in the late seventies and early eighties, when the Material Girl was just a baby image-scammer, the black-and-white pictures show chameleon-like Cindy transformed into various fictional B-movie-queen characters. In the shots, she slips into the fifties-ish foundation garments and erotic trimmings missed by most seventies hippie chicks—full slips, bullet bras, garters, wigs, and other bad-girl apparatus. Sherman stopped the movie-queen staging and posing, she said, only when she had run through every possible cinematic cliché.

At the same time that new mother Madonna, that eighties emblem of self-reinvention, revealed herself as an art patron, Farrah Fawcett—famous in the seventies for running braless and tossing her feathered golden hair as a Charlie's Angel—came out in the media as a sculptor and painter. Her sponsor is Hugh Hefner and the Playboy empire.

And Hef never scrimps. Fourteen pages in the July issue of the magazine, "Farrah's Naked Art Special," are devoted to Fawcett's painterly vision. She was an art student when she left the University of Texas for Hollywood, and this magazine layout and her Playboy pay-per-view special, *All of Me* (which Fawcett co-produced), seem to be a paean to her lost art life—a poignant case of *paintus interruptus*.

The video version of the special, on sale next month, documents Farrah in the act of sculpting naked, feeling up her own body (the haunches, the arms) as she creates a firm-breasted, narrow-hipped, long-legged likeness of her very Farrahness in clay. It also shows her using her body as a paintbrush, flinging her time-defying breasts, nipples, legs, and derriere cheeks on various scrims and canvases. Think

of it as a new sort of action painting, Abstract Sexpressionism, a nineties stripper version of Jackson Pollock's drips. Or performance art for the Playboy Channel, as if Karen Finley started working as "Tiffani."

Like Cindy Sherman, Farrah wears different wigs and hair-pieces; at one point, she strokes herself, her hands dipped in gold paint, until her entire body is covered (picture *Goldfinger*, or a bosomy Oscar). The video is quite possibly the only soft-core Playboy production that also includes on-camera analysis by Camille Paglia, the academic who is quickly becoming the Al Goldstein of retro gender-role commentary.

LAST MONTH FAWCETT WAS IN NEW York, appearing on talk shows to promote the Playboy-sponsored events, and she took a lot of flak in the media for seeming weird and detached. Her appearance on *Letterman* was the worst. Dave, of course, is no Johnny when it comes to the ladies. He tends to be stiff and awkward around issues of, as TV's Ellen put it, "man-woman sex."

Strangely enough, irony guy Dave got kudos for his chivalry in shepherding his fellow 50-year-old through her appearance, despite the fact that she couldn't complete a sentence. He treated her as a kindly clergyman might minister to Blanche Du Bois before the men in white came to take her away.

There are several factors working against Farrah here. For starters, there's the *Playboy* time-warped robo-body aesthetic, which suggests that unveiling your 50-year-old body is supposed to be some liberating political act. Aging boomers dis-

robe for the pages, but their almost-always surgically enhanced, airbrushed bodies invariably look like standard Playmate fare, the same kinds of bodies that sentimental, 71-year-old Hef has been promoting since Marilyn Monroe was the first playmate in 1953. It's like a factory that turns out the living image of the girl in the champagne glass. They all become some combination of Marilyn, Brigitte Bardot, Bo Derek, Anna Nicole Smith, Pamela Anderson Lee, and Jenny McCarthy. Standards of sexual allure are, to be sure, changing to suit older demographics, and that's all to the good. But *Playboy* isn't doing menopausal women any

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It's a wrap: Farrah, all of her, stands by her art.

great favors by showing 50-year-old heads on 20-year-old Barbie bodies.

Also complicating matters for Farrah is that in the ongoing reverence for all seventies pop-cultural artifacts, we've rejiggered the jiggle shows, so that *Charlie's Angels* is seen not merely as cheesy crap but as a proto-feminist expression. So we're supposed to think of Farrah's appearing as Jill as some subversive act, akin to having run with the wolves. Twenty years later, you expect sweat-lodge elder-woman Farrah to dispense great wisdom, but instead her sensibility seems stuck in the beauty-queen, man-pleasing mode.

Lest the very essence of Farrah's appeal be overlooked, her ex-manager Jay Bernstein, shown in the video, puts his finger on it: "Nipples," he says proudly. "That's what I was pushing." He's referring to the famed bathing-suit poster that became the biggest seller of all time. Now, for just \$19.98, we can all view those same prodigious selling points sans bathing suit.

That Farrah could appear naked in *Playboy* twice, but become a deer in the headlights when the subject on the talk shows turned to sex, represents an eerie form of denial. Perhaps this is the sort of severe cognitive dissonance caused by three decades of being handled by layers of agents and advisers.

In the "Naked Art" special issue of *Playboy*, in the opening spread, under the topless picture of Farrah in French sex-kitten-courtesan gear, the text reads, "Farrah's artistic influence is the infinitely hip French artist Yves Klein (1928-1962), the painter who used the unclothed female body . . . swathing them in pigment . . . and dragging them across canvases."

This is how far Farrah has come, that she swathes her own nude body in paint and drags it across a canvas while 50 *Playboy* staffers watch. In the little bit she *did* reveal on the talk shows, there seems to be a "coulda been a contender" poignance to how Farrah feels about her athletic and artistic talents. In "taking control" of this *Playboy* thing, she maintains that she's doing something as artistically risky as *The Burning Bed*. But self-exploitation, she doesn't seem to realize, is not empowerment—it's just the same old exploitation, unless you show intelligence.

In one of the archival clips in *All of Me*, a very young, dazzling Farrah is shown with Joe Namath in a Noxzema commercial. She's introduced with a chorus singing, "They call her creamy, woo woo woo woo." Now Farrah is 50, but she's still trading off the same old creamy (if renovated) apparatus. Woo woo. ■

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Back From Siberia

Despite PETA's best efforts, fur is flying down more runways than ever, and models who loudly renounced Revillon are, one by one, slipping into minks again.

AS THE MODELS GLIDED AND pouted down the runways during May's fall fur shows, it wasn't the fuchsia mink parka from Marc Jacobs or Michael Kors's broadtail miniskirt that had fashion's faithful crowing.

It was the euphoria that accompanied the realization that the event was now relatively activist-free. Only a handful of bedraggled protesters from the animal-rights group PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) stood in front of the Manhattan Center on West 34th Street. One volunteer was dressed like an angel. Two others drove up in a pickup truck, and somebody in a squirrel suit tossed a shovelful of manure into the crowd. The pageant was the downsized epilogue to past demonstrations, when dozens of PETA members and a covey of drag queens wore vintage furs and rolled around in red paint on the sidewalk.

PETA's tiny turnout confirmed a suspicion that Seventh Avenue swells had been nursing for months. "PETA," says Alan Millstein, who tracks retail trends in his influential *Fashion Network Report*, "is a dead duck."

The fur industry, while certainly not as robust as it was in 1987, when sales topped \$1.8 billion, has slowly rebounded from 1991's low of \$1 billion. Sales grew 10 percent in 1995 and another 5 percent in 1996, to \$1.25 billion—despite record mild temperatures last winter. The fur salons at Neiman-Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Nordstrom have all seen sales ascend slowly but steadily since 1993. With the economy strong, retailers are projecting that sales will spike to \$1.5 billion this year.

PETA is learning a cruel lesson about the soul of the fashion industry: It has none. While cultivating supermodels and intimidating designers was a brilliant short-term strategy, PETA forgot

fashion's fickle charter: What's simply smashing today is dead and buried tomorrow—and that goes for bandwagon causes as well as hemlines.

PETA's notorious tactics included provoking Ricki Lake into raiding Karl Lagerfeld's Fifth Avenue salon with a posse of protesters in 1994 and tossing a frozen dead raccoon on *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour's plate as she lunched last December at The Four Seasons. Wintour, long dogged by PETA, had taken off the velvet gloves in *Vogue*'s September issue. She confessed to the magazine's 1.4 million subscribers in her letter from the editor that she not only wears fur but also eats juicy steaks. "If you are appalled at my political-incorrecness," wrote Wintour, "you should know that I, for one, don't see any difference be-

tween raising animals for hamburger and farming mink for fur coats."

In its heyday, PETA successfully browbeat many top names into giving up fur (Armani, Donna Karan, Calvin Klein). But several, including Karan, Christian Lacroix, and Isaac Mizrahi, have quietly begun to use fur trim or shearling. Isaac Mizrahi's fall collection included coats made with old fur—"reincarnated mink trim" and a gown with a "recycled-mink bodice." Others, such as Michael Kors, Anna Sui, Dolce & Gabbana, Alexander McQueen, and Gucci's Tom Ford, recently added fur to their collections. A decade ago, only about 42 designers were using fur; this year, nearly 150 did, according to the Fur Information Council of America. And while sales of traditional Nancy Reagan

full-lengthers are still weak, high-end designers say they are doing a brisk business in bomber jackets, stoles, and "chubbies," the short jackets that mimic cropped down-filled parkas.

Marc Jacobs, who has worked with fur throughout his career, says he isn't surprised that some of his colleagues who sanctimoniously renounced fur are creeping back into the fold. It was trendy in the early nineties to appear eco-cool. "I think that when you're talking about fashion people," says Jacobs, "you have to remember that they're programmed to move on." Now that the stock market is cooking with gas, and cocktail culture has ushered in cigars, porterhouses, and fur-trimmed Balenciaga knockoffs, designers have tired of PETA's furry friends. In January, PETA topped the *Washington Post*'s "Out" list.

For PETA's Dan Mathews, good times like these are bad times indeed. The 32-year-old charmer, who is PETA's most visible spokesman, was largely responsible for getting designers and models to forsake fur in the first place. A peerless cultivator of celebrity with a talent for the



So Sui me: Naomi Campbell, back in fur at Anna Sui's spring show.

grand gesture, Mathews attributes Seventh Avenue's short attention span to "plain greed. The designers think doing something vulgar enhances their wild image."

PETA is still thriving, he says, with four overseas offices and 75 paid full-time employees internationally. But according to documents filed with the IRS, donations are down 10 percent for the past two years. Although PETA's anti-fur stance is actually only a small part of its master plan to get people to abandon everything from honey (the bees are nastily smoked from the hive) to wool (sheep can get nicked when they're shorn), this is the issue that's been the group's cash cow, so to speak.

Some former supporters were annoyed that PETA selectively targeted Establishment designers like Lagerfeld while sparing downtown talents like Jacobs. Jacobs counts himself among Mathews's friends despite their opposing

rather go naked than wear fur."



It means animals died a painful death by drowning, or being gassed. **DON'T WEAR FUR!** PETA PROHIBITS THE ETHICAL TREATMENT OF ANIMALS. For more information: PETA, P.O. Box 42510, Washington, DC 20015 USA.

Missing lynx: Supermodels bare their beliefs.

stances on fur. "Dan and I were having dinner someplace that had a tropical-fish tank," says Jacobs. "He insisted on changing places with me because he couldn't stand to see fish confined like that. I said, 'Hey, don't you live in a studio apartment with two cats? What the hell are you talking about?'"

PETA also hasn't been helped by those supermodels who renounced sable to appear in the group's propaganda only to about-face in recent months. First there was Naomi Campbell. The willful 27-year-old supermodel, who was the centerpiece of PETA's high-gloss 1995 "I'd Rather Go Naked Than Wear Fur" print campaign, wore furs at the shows in Milan last season and posed for a ten-page fur spread in *W* this winter. PETA shot back by obliquely blaming Campbell's recidivism on drugs. "I don't know what you've been taking," wrote Mathews in an open letter to Campbell mailed to newspapers in March. "But it isn't an ethics course."

It was harder to explain away Christy Turlington's behavior. The well-liked, famously professional mannequin also shed her clothes for PETA ads but then trashed the group in November in the *San Francisco Examiner*, saying that it "behaves badly, sometimes gets out of line. . . . After so many huge demonstrations and outbursts, people stop listening." Among those who strolled the catwalk in fur this year are Claudia Schiffer, Patricia Velasquez, and Irina Pantaeva.

Some Seventh Avenue PETA supporters continue to hang tough. Todd Oldham has long been obstinately anti-fur, and Boss Models declines all fur bookings for its predominantly male stable of models. Bookers around town say that one major furrier has had a hard time signing any of the "really big girls" to do a print campaign ("though pretty much all of the girls are back to wearing furs themselves," concedes Christy Turlington's booker, Lisa Jacobson. "So it's probably just a matter of time").

Industry analysts claim that despite all the publicity PETA has generated, fur hasn't been significantly affected by activism. "The only two things that matter are the economy and the weather," says Lawrence Shulman, whose family controls Alixandre. Most analysts trace the decline to the stock market crash at the end of 1987, not PETA. Then, for a time, retailers sabotaged themselves with ad campaigns to bring cheap fur to the masses. "Who'd want a fur if their cleaning lady could buy one?" says Millstein. "Younger women preferred a Prada bag."

But the robust economy is changing the outlook for fur, especially with the stock market flush again and movies like *Evita* (Madonna, once vehemently anti-fur, draped herself in pelts for the role), *Portrait of a Lady*, *The Pillow Book*, and *The English Patient* celebrating a return to an earlier standard of elegance. On a strictly sociological level, Millstein believes fur's greatest champions are the prosperous Eastern Europeans flooding New York. "There are five or ten new retailers in Brighton Beach. If you go out there in midwinter, it looks like St. Petersburg."

Mathews is not daunted by the fashion industry's shabby treatment. Instead, he's refocusing his efforts on Hollywood. Recently, he got Oliver Stone and *Batman's* Joel Schumacher to agree not to use fur in their movies. "I've learned a lot about loyalty," he says. "And luckily, we have some really deep, serious people whose commitment we really can count on," he adds. "Like Kim Basinger. She is not going to just flake out."

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triumphant return
engagement. This time, he
promises to be good.**

By Andrew Ross

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANA LIXENBERG

Rock 'n' Roll Revival

W

HEN JON PODELL BECAME EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT AND WORLDWIDE HEAD of music at ICM, the mega-agency, last year, he regretfully informed the decorator working on his spacious 57th Street office that he wouldn't be hanging any gold or platinum records there. During his 27 years in the rock business, Podell had collected dozens of the coveted commemorative discs, markers of his status as rock-and-roll royalty. But Podell's gold records are now gone, along with many of his other most personal possessions. "I don't know. I lost them," he sighs. "My Coca-Cola-memorabilia collection—I don't know where it went. My pocket-knife collection that my father started when I was 9 I sold for half a gram of coke in a crack house on 78th Street." ■ Jonny Podell was once the hottest agent in rock, a lunatic legend as large as Keith Moon with a taste for drugs said to rival that of Keith Richards. But ten years later, Podell hit bottom—divorced, homeless, and cross-addicted to

heroin, crack, Dilaudid, Valium, and a virtual pharmacopia of exotic uppers and downs. We've been talking about his astonishing comeback for several days. "I'm a guy that is very, very, very, very, very grateful," he says in a stone-washed whisper. "I had nothin'. Nothin'. I lost almost everything."

Since then, Podell has slowly been crawling back to the top. It wasn't too long ago that he was assumed dead and ICM's share of the concert-booking business was dying, eaten up by CAA and other rivals. But then Podell came onboard, breathing new life into the firm and wooing performers away from the competition. International Creative Management now represents acts from the Butthole Surfers to Michael Bolton. And after a decade in the desert, Podell is once again a kingpin; if you're playing clubs and dreaming of stadiums, he's the man to see. In the harshly competitive music business, he ranks as one of the three most powerful agents. "Jon is the finest agent in the history of rock and roll," gushes Phil Walden, the legendary founder of Capricorn Records. But Podell is more than just another high-profile drug casualty: In a business that's no stranger to self-destruction, he's the ultimate rock-and-roll revival act, a rare happy ending.

ON A BALMY SPRING AFTERNOON, THE RESURRECTED SUPERAGENT is sitting in his office, with its mahogany blinds, chocolate-brown leather furniture, and green granite desk, covered with stacks of contracts for his personal clients—George Clinton, the Gipsy Kings, Alice Cooper, the Allman Brothers, Erasure, Love Spit Love. Podell's a flurry of nerves, simultaneously chain-smoking a pack of red Marlboros, chomping gum, doing arithmetic in his head, and yammering impressive numbers into the phone ("On a 90-10 we could make a million seventy-four") while giving "face time" to one of the twenty booking agents he supervises ("Rent? Capacity? Split? Commissions?") and jotting down notes in a hand as wired and spindly as Jonny himself.

At 51, Podell is not quite handsome: Whippet-bodied and slightly weathered, he has thinning brown hair, olive skin, and carefully cultivated stubble. In his druggie days, what you first noticed was his eyes—magnetic and demented, they flashed and rattled like the stack of silver bracelets that decorate his arm. Nowadays, you are drawn to his smile, which can seem demented, too, until you realize his joy is genuine.

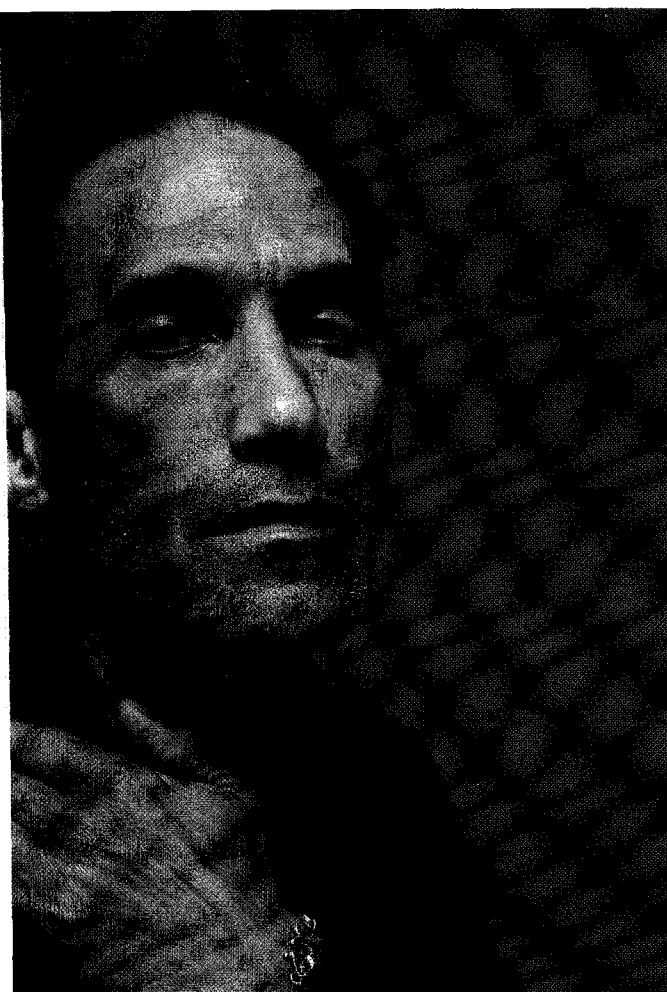
He spins around in his swiveling office chair, proudly pointing out the "stars" whose framed photos line every surface: Andy Warhol, Jimmy Carter, Lou Reed, Johnny Depp, Biz

Markie ("the surprise guest at my son's bar mitzvah," he says), Teddy Pendergrass ("I'm bringing him back. I just got him a \$400,000 book deal"). Photos of Jimmy Page and Robert Plant share shelf space with his most recent success story, David Blaine, whose million-dollar ABC special—packaged by Podell and heralded by an unprecedented two months of prime-time promos—aired in May. "He doesn't just book the deal; he makes sure it goes right," says the 24-year-old magician, the latest in a long line of Podell's protégés. "Jonny makes people's dreams come true."

Podell made his first foray into the music business in 1965, scalping Beatles tickets at Shea Stadium. In the seventies, he single-handedly redefined the rock-booking business by creating the first boutique agency, toured Alice Cooper into a fortune, put Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young in the *Guinness Book of Records* (for the then-highest concert gross of all time), and booked the first post-Beatles tour by a Beatle. But by the early eighties, he had descended into the spiral of drug addiction that would leave him destitute and suicidal. Now Podell is a man transformed—the perfect poster boy for this sober decade. "Jonny's proved you can come back and succeed," says music-business man Michael Klenfner. Podell appreciates the irony. After last year's Grammy Awards, he hit a round of parties before heading home at 4 A.M. Once, he would have left with three babes on his arm and an eight ball in his pocket. Now, "walking out behind me," he smirks, "there's 16-year-old Bijou Phillips, 21-year-old Elijah Blue Allman, 22-year-old Sara Gilbert, 24-year-old David Blaine, and 15-year-old Cassidy Podell. My little ducks."

RECORD BREAKER: Podell has been racking up gold records since his twenties.





SOUL SURVIVOR: Podell tries not to dwell on his past.

freed Podell from the grip of hard drugs. That night, Graham wore a necklace with the word BAD spelled out in gold letters. Podell had one, too; his said BADDER.

I trailed Podell from the backseat of his Rolls to the bowels of the Garden. As we disembarked, the agent handed me his bulging cosmetics bag; he didn't want to spoil the line of his skintight white suit. We went backstage. The minute Podell turned his back, a security goon was upon me; my pass wasn't sufficient to get me into the Garden's tightly guarded inner sanctum. I was pushed outside a velvet curtain and ordered to wait. A few minutes passed before Podell reappeared and rescued me. Twice more, the goon pushed me out; the last time, he warned the sentries they'd be fired if I got past them again.

Finally, Podell summoned Graham, who squeezed my cheeks like a grandfather and shoved my head in the sentries' direction. "You see this face?" he barked. "*It stays!*" Only when we were back in the Rolls after the show did I discover the reason for Podell's intent solicitousness. The pouch I'd been holding for him contained a mountain of cocaine.

A few nights later, we were in Podell's apartment: a plush, dark cave in the East Fifties decorated with gold records and thousands of dollars' worth of music boxes and Coke memorabilia. We pushed an official Alice Cooper promotional cocaine mirror back and forth between us as Podell reminisced on his life up to the age of 28, the conversation punctuated by the sound of razor hitting glass and sharp sniffs.

BORN IN THE BRONX TO MIDDLE-CLASS JEWISH PARENTS, PODELL breezed through Forest Hills High, Queens College, City College, and NYU but never got his master's degree because he neglected to write his thesis. "I was a genius," he boasted that night. "It's only recently that drugs dulled my brain." In college,

Finally, Podell was down to one client—the Psychedelic Furs. When he disappeared on an extended binge, they disappeared, too.

I FIRST MET JON PODELL IN A BLIZZARD OF COCAINE. IN 1974, I spent several days following him around for a profile in a men's magazine. "They're doing my life story for Ripley's Believe It Or Not," he bragged. At the time, Podell was the most flamboyant agent in rock, and something of a wild man. His toothy, coke-fueled grin was a beacon that attracted people to him; his outsize generosity insured that they stayed. He was a carefully cultivated character: He delivered sexual innuendos, social slurs, and wild fabrications in a manner that combined a manic Queens patois with a flamboyant rock-star queeniness. He and his wife, Monica, were the prettiest, skinniest people on earth, swaddled in plush, pricey furs and creamy leathers. When Monica wasn't around, other women usually were.

"He was truly a rock star, a *legend*," says Alice Cooper. "We'd get up in the morning and read his reviews in the paper." One night after an Alice Cooper concert, Podell visited Ashley's, the Balthazar of that moment. He parked his Rolls right in front, and as a crowd gathered and a photographer furiously snapped pictures, he mounted his car like a bull, the car's famous winged hood ornament, the Spirit of Ecstasy, sprouting between his legs. Two groupie types, decked out in trash and flash, clamored up there with him.

Podell was also on hand the night George Harrison was playing the last of three sold-out shows at Madison Square Garden. Podell was Harrison's agent, thanks in large part to Bill Graham, rock's golden-age impresario and Podell's professional mentor. In time, Graham also became the agent's moneylender, his protector, and finally the leader of the intervention that

Podell was introduced to the music business; he worked mixers and sometimes scalped tickets. After college, he briefly taught at P.S. 17. He fell in love with a girl he met on National Boulevard in Long Beach. Monica Faust looked like a cross between Jean Shrimpton and Little Orphan Annie. She wouldn't give him the time of day.

He got a job as a jewelry salesman. Then, hoping to meet girls, he went to work for a record plugger with the memorable moniker Morty Wax. A year later, in 1969, he got a job as an agent at Associated Booking Company (ABC), an agency that had specialized in booking rhythm-and-blues bands. As the house hippie, Podell started out with minuscule responsibility—booking "junior colleges in Providence, Rhode Island, starting with the letter W," he joked. But by the early seventies, he was booking big rock acts like Creedence Clearwater Revival and Canned Heat. His social life improved as well. After a dogged courtship, he finally won over Monica in 1970.

Podell's first musical coup was the Allman Brothers, whom he met at the start of their career. "At first I thought he was a little bit jive," admits Gregg Allman. "'Course, everything back then was a little overdone 'cause everybody was high as a kite. But you could see through all that to the realness behind the man." Under Podell's shrewd tutelage, the Allmans went from playing college dances to headlining the closing night of the Fillmore East. His next project was shock-rocker Alice Cooper, whose co-managers, Shep Gordon and Joe Greenberg, kidnapped Podell, handcuffed him in a limousine, and flew him first-class to Detroit to see their band play. "In New York, they weren't worth \$100," Podell said,

but he saw potential where others saw putridity. When Bill Graham heard Podell had signed the outré Cooper, he sent the agent a letter notable for its prodigious use of profanity.

"Jonny's plan was to play anyplace that will have you," says Cooper. By the time of its Billion Dollar Babies tour in 1974, the band had become one of the biggest acts in the world. At one stadium date, Podell stuffed \$100,000 in cash—the night's proceeds—in his socks. A hefty percentage of it would end up in his nose. One night, Cooper barged into a backstage bathroom where Podell was using a gold spoon to snort coke from the hollowed-out gold peanut he wore around his neck. "You're really starting to believe this Billion Dollar Babies bullshit, aren't you?" he snapped. "I'm surprised the *coke's* not gold, too."

Despite his excesses, however, Podell inspired intense loyalty from his bands. "It's a camaraderie that has to do with heart and music and tragedy and overcoming tragedy and making beautiful music," Gregg Allman says. "I love him like I did my brother Duane." He also became a legend among the young promoters who would soon come to rule the rock roost. John Scher—now a top promoter, then a student booking shows in a Jersey skating rink—arrived at ABC's Park Avenue headquarters one night to pick the agent up for dinner. Knocking on a half-closed office door, he accidentally pushed it open, and there was Podell, in a T-shirt, leaning back behind a massive oak desk, wearing a big, stupid smile and moaning. "Then out from under the desk crawls this incredibly waify, supermodel-gorgeous, doe-eyed woman," Scher marvels, laughing. "She said, 'Bye, Jonny,' and we went to dinner."

Podell quit ABC in 1972, when he started seeing Allman Brothers routing sheets in his head while making love. "In a

trolled the lucrative publishing rights to early acid-rock hits and spent the proceeds on the stuff he dubbed "glow."

By 1974, Podell was making half a million dollars a year at BMF. He blew much of it on cocaine. "The clients were fucked up, the managers were fucked up, but it was tolerated," says John Scher. "Jon got business done. Then there came a time when he couldn't do it anymore." Podell's drug of choice was cocaine, with a Valium chaser. He hired seaplanes to fly his stash to Fire Island. "I was out of control," he says. "But I was fun and people liked me, so no one wanted to confront me." Not even Jimmy Carter. When the Georgia governor announced he was running for president, Capricorn's Phil Walden, an early supporter, arranged a meeting with Podell. Later, the candidate complained he hadn't understood a word the strung-out agent had uttered.

People laughed when he turned up for concerts a day early, but his life had slowly turned into a real-life version of *This Is Spinal Tap*—played as tragedy instead of farce. A few days before I interviewed him in 1974, he'd smashed up his Rolls and been arrested for hitting several cars and for public intoxication. Hauled before a judge, he fell down on the courtroom floor. Back in jail, he made an ass of himself. "Give us a cigarette," he heckled the guards. "There's no mustard on the bologna. Where's the sugar? The cuffs are too tight. You pulled my hair." He laughs. "I was a piece of work."

Over the next ten years, he would be arrested at least six more times. One particularly memorable rampage began in Las Vegas, where he'd booked a series of casino gigs for Alice Cooper. After an all-nighter spiced by an encounter with several burly casino security men, Podell flew to Los Angeles to cop some heroin, then

"You are the miracle that made me a miracle," read a letter from Steven Tyler that awaited Podell in rehab. "Can you dig that?"

flash of brilliance, I quit, asked Monica to marry me, and moved to an apartment that was twice as expensive, all in the same week." He acknowledged he'd been taking psychedelic pills called 'blue fucks' every morning for some time. Alice Cooper saved the day by paying for a first-class honeymoon—and inadvertent detoxification—in Maui; as his gift, Shep Gordon offered Podell the chance to book an Alice Cooper tour for commissions that matched his salary at ABC.

Not long afterward, Podell decided to open his own booking boutique, which he named BMF, after Cooper's description of him: "the baddest motherfucker you ever met." Determined to run his company as a guerrilla operation, Podell refused to list BMF's phone number, a pretense that infuriated Gordon. "I took out a full-page ad in *Billboard* and put his home phone number in it," Gordon gleefully recalls.

At the time, the business was dominated by huge, bureaucratic agencies like Premier Talent and ABC. Quirky and fearless, BMF quickly shook things up. "Jon made his own rules, and the acts loved it," says Chip Rachlin, an ICM agent at the time. "He was the first national agent. No single agent had that kind of control." In 1974, BMF landed the Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young summer stadium tour and George Harrison's winter arena tour. In the next two years, Podell signed Lou Reed and the burgeoning Blondie. He was sitting on top of the rock world. And then his life began to unravel.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS AFTER OUR FIRST INTERVIEW, PODELL AND I meet to do another. This time the focus is drugs. Podell sampled his first joint in the sixties. He started getting high on a regular basis as a way to combat his natural reticence. "I found out the key to getting dates was drugs," he says. "They made me older, taller, faster, sharper, better." He first tried cocaine with the manager of one of his acts—a stretch-limo cowboy who con-

caught a plane back to New York. "I was a mess, I guess," he says, explaining how he got into an argument with a flight attendant and a pilot, pulled out a pocket knife, and began stabbing the seat next to him. He woke up to find himself in chains at Newark airport. The charges were eventually dropped. "I didn't do anything," he says, smiling sheepishly. "I got mad at a seat."

PHIL WALDEN RESPONDS WITH A LONG, THOUGHTFUL PAUSE WHEN I ask him what happened to Podell. "Peer pressure, youth, and ambition; insecurity, pain, shortcomings," he says. Podell himself blames his troubles on fear. "I was scared," he says. "I was having too much fun. I didn't know how to handle it. I couldn't have a conversation like this, so I got high. Did I stop and think, *This is not normal?* I knew it wasn't normal, but I liked being different. I was invulnerable."

ROCK PACK: David Johansen, the Podells, Yuya Uchida, and Lou Reed at Ashley's in 1974.





FAMILY VALUES: Podell with his daughter, Brittany, and son, Cassidy.

His daughter, Brittany, was born in 1977. Podell claims he quit drugs while Monica was pregnant, "which meant I would only do a little coke and a little Valium and try to come home for dinner." At the same time, the Podells bought a huge house with a swimming pool in Englewood, New Jersey. He finally had it all; unfortunately, that included impeccable sources for heroin, opium, Dilaudid, and cocaine.

By then, an era was ending. The Allman Brothers broke up as a result of drug and personality problems. Alice Cooper stopped drinking and eased out of the fast lane. Podell's business relationship with Lou Reed—which singer Elliott Murphy described as "a marriage made in the emergency room"—flatlined. Blondie said good-bye, too. BMF went out of business soon after. "We all just faded into black," Podell says.

Ostensibly, he was still in business, working out of his attic in Englewood, but he spent most of his time up there smoking freebase, his glass pipe burbling behind his ever-more-incoherent phone calls. Soon, he gave up the pretense of normalcy and began spending his days in New York getting high. Though he'd head back to Englewood at 6 P.M., he wouldn't arrive until early morning, stopping his car every few feet to smoke more freebase, "ducking below the dashboard, lighting the torch, paranoid—'What if somebody sees me?'" he says.

One morning at 4 A.M., somebody did. Podell was inching through Englewood when a patrol car suddenly pulled up behind him. "It's like a movie," he remembers. "I'm dead. I start to drive. I do a series of right turns to put my car out of their vision. It's a lot of paraphernalia involved—you got a pipe, you got a torch, you got lighters, you got stirrers, you got shakers—it's making martinis. With each right turn, I open the door and drop a little more paraphernalia, the stirrer, the pipe, the coke. There's four cars behind me. There's sirens. There's a car on every corner in front of me—eight [police cars]." A moment later, he was lying facedown on the pavement with a bloody nose and a broken rib. "I can only think of Monica killing me," he says, "killing me!" When he called his wife from jail, she slammed down the phone.

His friends began to grow alarmed. "I heard rumors," says

Walden. "We had a meeting and Jonny literally couldn't talk. His motor system was in disarray." Walden staged an informal intervention and persuaded Podell to enter a clinic in Georgia. But the rehab didn't take. "I was petrified," Podell says. "Am I going to become the hole in the doughnut? I thought I'd lose my personality. You're so sure it's all fueled by heroin and cocaine."

Soon after he emerged from rehab, Walden made him a partner in Paragon, the booking agency he co-owned in the South. Podell opened a New York branch. But every morning before work, he would withdraw \$200 from a cash machine to score some smack. Soon, Paragon New York went broke and shut down. Podell left Monica, tried unsuccessfully to kick heroin alone in a 53rd Street studio, attempted rehab again, and moved back home. Cassidy was born in 1981. "We hoped *that* would straighten me out," Podell says. "But it didn't. It didn't."

His world grew smaller. The few friends who didn't shun him were as messed up as he was. "Both our drug use got out of hand," says Walden. "Our relationship was very strained. Then I fell off the edge of the world and disappeared." The two rarely spoke again until the late eighties, when

Walden joined a recovery program, too.

Podell got another job, with an agent named Norby Walters, but he was still scary, thin, and hyper. "He unraveled right in front of my eyes," says Ron Stone, a notable rock manager who remained a friend. "He went from a brilliant, positive life force into a disastrous human being. He'd show up at my house in Laurel Canyon at all hours to borrow money, and I wouldn't see him again for months." One day, Walters caught Podell shoving drug toys into his desk drawer. "What was that?" he demanded. "Never mind," Podell answered. "I quit."

Finally, he had only one client left—the Psychedelic Furs. "The manager calls every day," Podell says, "and I cannot pick up the phone. I get some courage, I calm down, I take another hit, it gets me paranoid, *I can't pick up the phone*. I'm driving into New York every day, freebasing, can't come home. Finally, he goes, 'Jonny, we have to let you go.' That was the end." Podell's marriage crumbled. He finally left for good at the end of 1982.

Podell spent the next year moving in and out of friends' houses. When his contacts ran out, he slept in his car, trading his possessions for drugs or borrowing money from a shrinking circle of friends. For a time, he crashed on a couch on West 98th Street, owned by two star-struck musicians from Chile. "I'd con somebody out of a couple hundred bucks, freebase all night, and finally get to sleep," he remembers. "I was only clear when I'd get up in the morning. I could feel my energy being drained. I'd sit there morning after morning and say to myself, 'I can't do this anymore. Stop or kill yourself. OD or suicide.' And then I'd see my kids in school, with somebody walking down the hall behind saying, 'His dad OD'd,' or 'Her dad committed suicide.' Over and over again."

Soon, Podell had even run out of friends to get high with. He started carrying all his paraphernalia with him in a cosmetics case; he'd ask dealers to let him smoke on the spot. One night in 1983, he flagged a cab outside a crack house at 5 A.M. The driver sped to a remote, secluded clearing where he and a confederate grabbed Podell's last valuables, beat him and left him bleeding in the street. "I felt like a cockroach," he says. "I had no money, I had no anything. That was the bottom."

TWO YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE PODELL'S SPLIT WITH MONICA. He was despondent and close to the breaking point when a friend from the music business threw him a lifeline. "She told me, 'I'll feed you, you can use my phone, you can have your friends over, you can even get high.'" In exchange, she demanded \$3,000 and a promise that Podell would see a psychiatrist, which she'd pay for with his money. "I said I didn't have it," he recalls. "She said, 'You always find money for drugs. You need help. You're going to lose your kids.'"

As low as he sank, however, Podell never abandoned his children. "There was no time when we didn't see him," Brittany says. "He was always together enough to play some part." It was on such a visit, under Monica's wary supervision, that he received a serendipitous call from a friend in Alcoholics Anonymous, inviting him to a meeting.

The call proved to be a turning point. Slowly, Podell set about patching his life together. His sister suggested he sell clothes at Charivari, where he was once a regular customer. But Podell didn't want anyone to see him. "So we agreed I'd be a box boy at the Red Apple on 98th and Broadway," he says. "It was far enough away that nobody was going to see me." Presented with a job application, Podell crumbled. "I had forgotten how you live, brush your teeth, go to work," he says. Then a friend spotted a want ad: "Young, intelligent, motivated sales people wanted." The next day, Podell met Pam Hurn, a young entrepreneur who was looking for people to sell her novelty "massage" pillows

"I've always kept my credibility," says Podell. "I've slipped, but people gamble that I can keep it together."

(she later became the third wife of *Tonight Show* sidekick Ed McMahon). "I went door-to-door," Podell recalls. "First day, I make \$6. Second day, \$12. Third day, I make no dollars. Fourth day, I make \$40 and I go, 'Look out, God! Here I come!'"

Soon, Hurn had made Podell her manager. They rode the bus home together every night. She gave him motivational books to read; today he passes them out to his ICM staff. "I knew he was special, and I told him he was destined to do wonderful things," she says.

In fact, he started almost immediately, as Steven Tyler, lead singer of Aerosmith, can attest. Tyler and Podell first met in the seventies. "I can't say that I partied with him or copped from him or gave him drugs; I just remember meeting him," Tyler says. Their next encounter was more memorable: In 1984, a surprised Tim Collins, Aerosmith's then-manager, ran into Podell in a club and asked, "You're still alive?" The agent's answer kicked off a series of events that ended with all the members of the band getting clean and sober together. Though rumors have surfaced recently that Tyler is using again, the singer angrily denies them. "The five members of Aerosmith have ten-plus years sober," Tyler says firmly. "Thanks to Jonny Podell."

PODELL WAS A NEW MAN. BUT NOT FOR LONG. LATER THAT YEAR, after a promising \$2 million business deal went bust, he landed back in rehab. When he got out, he found it impossible to land a job. In desperation, he called his old friends George and Charlie Fina, who'd inherited Michael C. Fina, the silver-and-jewelry company, where he'd worked after college. "Everyone in show business was fed up with him," says George Fina. "But I believed he was going straight." The Finas let Podell open a corporate sales department, which crafted awards for organizations. The first client he went after was the MTA, which was soliciting sealed bids for safety awards. "I not only got the job—eleven years later, Fina still has it and they've made over \$3 million," Podell says. "I started getting my confidence back."

Increasingly, he became restless to get back into the music business. In the summer of 1985, he got his chance. Willard Alexander, an agency that made its name booking the big bands, asked Podell to start up a new contemporary-music department—a \$50,000-a-year job. "Alice Cooper shows up," Jon says. "He's sober. I'm his agent. I sign the Beastie Boys, the Red Hot Chili Peppers. I still had it." Unfortunately, Willard Alexander didn't. In 1988, the struggling agency went bankrupt. Podell panicked, but once again, Bill Graham rode to the rescue. Mick Jagger wanted to tour South America. Graham convinced him that Podell, who'd booked Brazil for Alice Cooper, was the man for the job.

Podell flew to Rio to meet with promoters and corporate sponsors. On arrival, he called AA for an English-language-meeting schedule. Come on Thursday, they said. "Unfortunately, I called on Sunday and a funny thing happened on my way to the meeting. I saw a beautiful girl. I asked if I could buy her dinner. She explained she was a prostitute, do I want to party? And I said, 'Can you get me some coke?'" He ended up cooking up batches of freebase cocaine in his hotel room. He even excused himself from a meeting with the president of an ad agency and returned 45 minutes later, drenched in sweat. Luckily, he ran out of money and called several friends in New York asking for some. Tim Collins said he'd get some money—but only if Podell came back to New York.

The homecoming wasn't sweet; shortly after he arrived, his fed-up girlfriend broke up with him. Soon, Cassidy Podell was telling his sister, "I think something's wrong with Dad again."

Finally, a couple of friends from AA broke down his door and dragged him to a meeting. Several days later, he was shakily dressing for a wedding when his ex-girlfriend summoned him. Unbeknownst to Podell, she had contacted Collins—who was in a meeting with Bill Graham at the time—and together, they hatched a plan for an intervention. They had rehearsed for days, and now each person addressed Podell in turn. Graham spoke last. "I will always be your friend as long as you seek help. If not, you can just throw out my number."

As far as Jonny was concerned, this was ridiculous; he'd been straight for the better part of four years. "After each person gives their speech, I go, 'Fuck you, I don't need you.' I was consumed with hate," Podell says. "But after eight of them, I'm running out of friends." The group appointed Graham to finish up because he was the only one who could close this deal. It still wasn't easy. They insisted that Podell go straight into rehab in Reading, Pennsylvania. He wouldn't leave without seeing his children.

"I say to my kids: 'Can I talk to you guys?'" Podell says. "Britt sits down. Cass is playing video games. 'Listen, while I

PARTY PEOPLE: Jonny and Monica with Gregg Allman.



NATIVE SON: Jonny Podell walks the walk on his home turf.

was in Brazil, I started using drugs. If I've been acting funny, that's why. My friends have kind of interrupted and feel that I should go get help. I'm going to take their advice. I'm sorry if you're, y'know, disappointed.' Everybody's crying. Britt's crying, Monica is crying, Cass is playing video games, I'm crying, and off I go."

When he got to rehab, there was a letter waiting from Steven Tyler, who was honeymooning in Bora Bora. "So," it began, "you got caught with yo' knickers down. . . . I heard about your journey to Brazil. . . . We have to get you a leash, boy. You almost lost it all this time. . . . But you are the miracle that made me a miracle. Can you dig that? You saved my life. . . . I was sinking like a rock. Now I'm rising like a rock star. . . . You like me have got more people that love you and would do anything for you on your side, now do for yourself. . . ."

ONCE AGAIN, PODELL CAME BACK, WITH A little help from his friends. A colleague from Willard Alexander arranged a job for him at an agency named Variety. "They were willing to gamble I could keep it together," he says. "I'd slipped, but I was on the path." Then several more friends conspired to bring him back into the big leagues at William Morris. "We vouched for Jon and said, 'This is somebody we want,'" says Ron Stone, whose management company represented several acts at Morris. "My faith was not misplaced." He landed a job at William Morris soon after.

For Podell, corporate life was not easy. He took it "a day at a time, learning how to do it, forgetting to return my associates' calls, not putting who's more important's name first [on memos]. It was a struggle." But there were also perks: a new girlfriend—a model—and a new apartment with a terrace and a bedroom for the kids.

By 1989, Podell had been promoted to director of East Coast contemporary music. One of his first moves was to persuade Dickie Betts and Gregg Allman, the surviving stars of the defunct Allman Brothers Band, to put aside years of drugs, drink, and managerial differences and reform their band. This spring, the Allman Brothers Band was the No. 5 touring attraction in America. "He kept checkin' on both of us and gettin' us to check on the other until we both realized that the closer we stick together, the better off we are," Allman says.

By the early nineties, *Billboard* was lauding Podell for rebuilding the lucrative concert business at William Morris. In the fall of 1994, ICM came courting with an offer to double Podell's salary. He defected soon after, taking over ICM's New York music division during a particularly troubled period at the agency. "ICM had taken a beating over the years," says Bob Grossweiner, New York bureau chief of *Performance* magazine. "[It was] a sinking ship that was hemorrhaging clients because its top agents were feuding and refused to speak to each other." Six months later, Podell lured Michael Bolton away from CAA. Last June, after he was promoted to worldwide head of music, Podell vowed to make ICM No. 1 in music again—a position it hasn't held in years. Since then, he's pursued his goal with typical singleminded zeal. Podell has per-



sonally signed George Clinton, Bijou Phillips, Billy Idol, and Meat Loaf, and other ICM agents have landed Rod Stewart, L.L. Cool J, Julio Iglesias, Willie Nelson, and Michael Flatley, whose Lord of the Dance show is now the top-grossing touring act in America. At the same time, Podell has broadened ICM's touring roster to include non-rock acts with broad-based appeal like David Blaine, "reinventing himself and ICM," as John Scher puts it. Now, finally, he has the confidence to take a shot at his own dream: being the biggest—if not the baddest—again. "Tom Ross [Podell's counterpart at the No. 1 music agency, CAA] started out the same time I did," Podell says. "He didn't take a detour like I did, so all things considered, I'm doing good. I haven't lost my enthusiasm, my energy, my heart, my memory. I never thought I could catch him." The grin. "I can catch him now."

TIME AND AGAIN AS WE TALKED, PODELL SPOKE OF HIS children as the one thing in his life that prevented him from falling into the abyss. The turnaround for him was a Thanksgiving night soon after his umpteenth "recovery" when a skeptical Monica allowed the kids to sleep over at Podell's home—a roach-infested apartment on Third Avenue with mattresses on the floor. He woke up in the middle of the night and suddenly knew he would make it. "The kids are asleep and I wake up and I can't believe that I have them," he says. "I'm sober, people like me again, my life is filled, and I just start to cry. I had averted the disaster. I didn't die. That Thanksgiving night I'll never forget." Since then, Podell has tried not to look back. "From this point forward, I always need to give back," Podell says, "'cause the miracle has already happened, I had my life restored, and I was restored, as they say in AA, to sanity. I'm not ashamed of where I've been; I'm very fortunate that I was able to come back from that and establish a life. And you know it's all by the grace of God. God's *grace*. There is no other way to explain how something like this happens," he says, happily surveying his plush domain. "'Cause I'm not that smart. And I ain't that good-looking."

DECLINING BIRTH RATES. RAMPANT INTERMARRIAGE. THE "SEINFELD EFFECT." ARE AMERICAN JEWS ASSIMILATING THEMSELVES OUT OF EXISTENCE?

AT KEHILATH JESHURUN, A LARGE STONE SYNAGOGUE tucked among the brownstones and townhouses on East 85th Street, Esther Jungreis stepped up to the podium, opened her tattered Bible to the book of Leviticus, and looked out at the large crowd that filled the sanctuary. It was 7:30 P.M., show time, and even the balcony, with its soaring marble arches and two-story stained-glass windows, was jammed. One thousand people. On a Tuesday night. All drawn by word of mouth. ■ Most of the crowd was young (25 to 45) and with their supple leather briefcases and laptop computer bags would have looked more at home decompressing after

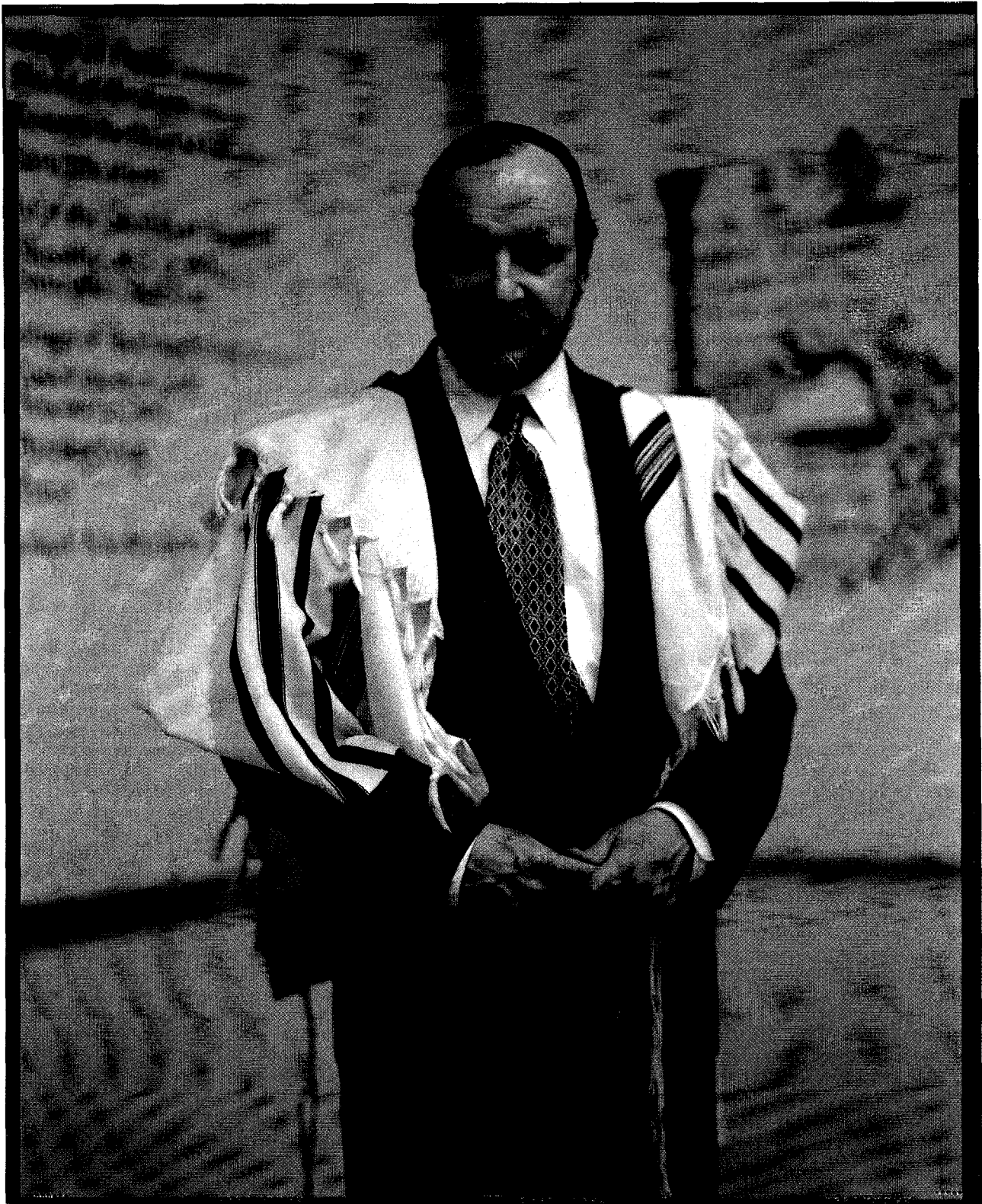
work in a bar. But here they were, an attractive mix of investment bankers, lawyers, ad execs, techies, and media types, sitting in a Torah class, spellbound by a 61-year-old wisp of a woman, a

Hungarian native who survived Bergen-Belsen. ■ "I spoke at Oxford University recently," Jungreis told the rapt audience, which was so quiet you could almost hear the rustle of an Armani blazer anytime someone shifted in his seat. "And I said to them, 'I'm not impressed with

your scholarship and your technology, your culture and your art. It's what you do with all of it that matters. Living a Torah life is what counts.' You know," she said, leaning forward



BY CRAIG HOROWITZ ■ PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREG MILLEI



RABBI EPHRAIM BUCHWALD, FOUNDER OF THE NATIONAL JEWISH OUTREACH PROGRAM.

**“MAKE NO MISTAKE, THIS IS A SPIRITUAL HOLOCAUST.
THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMUNITY IS COMMITTING SUICIDE.”**

a little to create the illusion of intimacy in the vast interior of the synagogue, "the Torah is an instruction manual for life. When you study Torah, your soul develops, it is elevated. You can have all the material things. A house in the Hamptons. A house in Palm Beach. A private plane. You can have all of that and more. But if you don't have inner peace, you have nothing."

Jungreis prodded, challenged, implored, and comforted the audience during her 90-minute lecture. There were few rhetorical flourishes but little doubt about her message. "No Jew ever woke up one day and said, 'I'm not going to be a Jew anymore.' It's a process. It occurs over time. The first step is when you give up studying. And the second is to stop observing the Commandments."

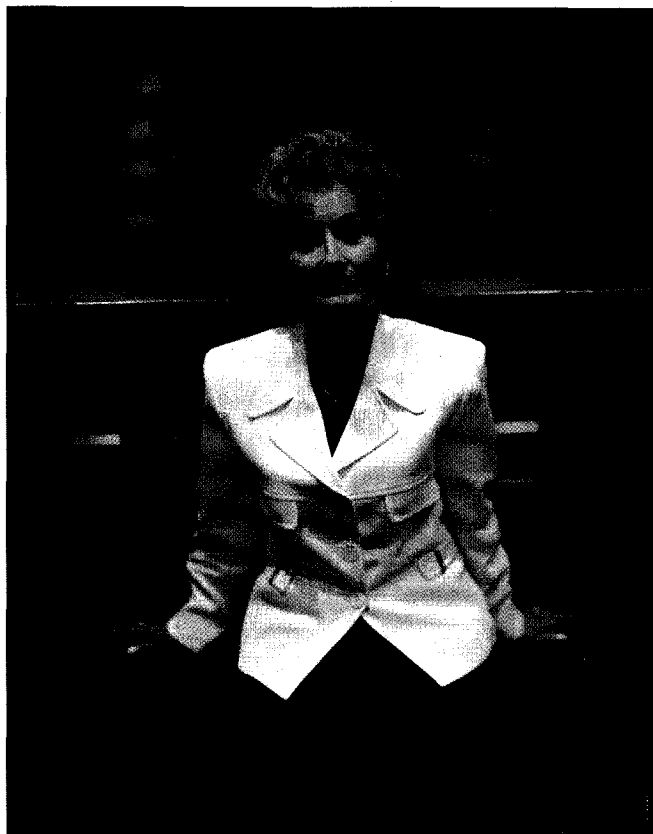
As Jungreis worked the crowd, it was difficult not to think of her, at least momentarily, as a kind of Jewish Tammy Faye Bakker (minus the false faith and false eyelashes). It was partly gender (there simply aren't that many female evangelists) and partly the attention she pays to her appearance, from her frosted hair to her stylishly tailored clothes—a short, off-white jacket belted at her tiny waist, a black ribbed turtle-neck and three-quarter-length tapered black skirt, heart-shaped earrings and a silver-and-diamond pendant spelling the Hebrew word *Hineni*.

Hineni is the name of the outreach organization Jungreis founded 24 years ago (the word means "Here I am," which is what Abraham says to God to indicate his readiness when he is called on in Genesis). Hineni runs classes, social activities, and trips to Israel. But the main event is the weekly Jungreis lecture, which began nearly ten years ago in her office as an intimate class for Patricia Cayne, wife of Bear Stearns CEO Jimmy Cayne, and several of her friends. The women were so moved, they began to tell their friends, and the classes quickly outgrew the office.

The young professionals who attend now are looking for some kind of meaning in their lives beyond their next promotion. Many come hoping to feel they belong somewhere, to connect with other Jews.

Most of this connecting takes place over coffee and cake after class, when the emphasis is on romance rather than religion. Eager to create Jewish couples, Jungreis and her staff do whatever they can to promote the mingling, even, on occasion, passing Polaroids and critical personal data from one interested single to another.

But the evenings with Jungreis are also remarkable for what they reveal about the conflicted state of the American Jewish



ESTHER JUNGREIS, FOUNDER OF THE OUTREACH ORGANIZATION HINENI.

**"LIVING A TORAH
LIFE IS WHAT COUNTS.
YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE
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community. On the one hand, the fact that Jungreis is able to draw a thousand people to her lectures without any advertising or promotion is evidence of a yearning many Jews have to return to religion. All over the city there are signs of a grass-roots Jewish revival, of a hunger for the comfort and certainty of an unambiguous set of rules and values. Some synagogues have nearly been overwhelmed by the surge in interest. At B'nai Jeshurun on the Upper West Side, for example, Friday-night services are so popular that there are two sessions—and still, there's often a line down the block to get in.

At the other end of the spectrum, however, Jews are discarding their heritage and opting out in record numbers. Indeed, the American Jewish community—the most vibrant, diverse, productive, creative, and powerful Diaspora Jewish community in history—believes it is under siege. The danger comes not from some hostile outside aggressor but from enemies within: a low birth rate, rampant intermarriage, assimilation, rejection of organized religion, and widespread indifference. As a result, even the celebrations of Jewish identity—like the Jungreis lectures—are informed by a crisis of confidence, an almost desperate sense that it is time to circle the wagons, to turn inward, to huddle together.

It's ironic that the success Jews have had in integrating into American life is the very thing that many now believe threatens their future. All across the country, worried Jewish parents wonder, with good demographic reason, whether their grandchildren will be Jewish. And it requires only a small stretch of the imagination to see an America 75 or 100 years from now in which the only readily identifiable Jews will be the Orthodox and the ultra-Orthodox. Everyone else will have assimilated themselves out of existence.

"Our grandparents prayed for a melting pot, but what we have now is a meltdown," says Rabbi Ephraim Buchwald, the founder and director of the National Jewish Outreach Program, which, like Hineni, runs classes and lectures as well as more broadly based programs like Shabbat Across America ("For the price of a chicken you can bring a Jew home"). "Over the last three decades, the rate of intermarriage has doubled every ten years, and it is leading us into oblivion," says Buchwald, who for fifteen years was director of education at Lincoln Square Synagogue, one of the country's premier centers of Jewish renewal.

"There are no barking dogs and no Zyklon-B gas," Buchwald says, "but make no mistake: This is a spiritual Holocaust. For all

practical purposes, the American Jewish community is committing suicide, and no one is saying anything about it."

IN FACT, THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE SAYING A LOT ABOUT IT. THE critical issue within the Jewish community right now is survival, or what's voguishly referred to as Jewish continuity—as in, will Jews continue to be Jewish and continue to be a significant part of American life into the next century? Ever since the release of the now-infamous 1990 National Jewish Population Study—which reported that the intermarriage rate among America's Jews had ballooned to 52 percent—there have been panels, commissions, reports, and studies. From the boardrooms of the thickly muscled major Jewish organizations (UJA, the American Jewish Committee, et al.) to coffee klatches at local synagogues, the continuity debate has raged with the uncontrollable intensity of a forest fire. But there has been little consensus about a viable response. The Jewish Establishment, traditionally so effective at fund-raising, arm-twisting, and problem-solving, seems almost paralyzed by the complexity of the issues and their long-term implications.

"What we don't need right now is more surveys," says Dr. Norman Lamm, president of Yeshiva University. "We are being surveyed to death. By the time another survey is completed, we'll lose another generation of kids. We know what needs to be done," he says. "We need to make some real choices. But a community that's trying to make everyone happy—you know, this 'I'm okay, you're okay' attitude—is not going to make real choices. Because real choices mean that for everything you accept, there is something you must reject."

In order to make real choices, there must first be some agreement on what's important and on what the nature and the character of the American Jewish community should be. And for a group about whom Abba Eban once said, "Jews are a people who simply can't take yes for an answer," consensus-building does not come easy. Should the American Jewish community continue to be open and pluralistic? Should it continue to fully embrace American standards and values? What does it mean, at the end of the twentieth century, to lead a purposeful life as a Jew in America? Should intermarried couples be welcomed in synagogues? Will this result in more converts and more kids being raised as Jews? Can you prevent intermarriage in a free and open society? And if it's true that nearly half of America's Jews have remained either moder-

ately or seriously engaged, how do you allocate your resources? Do you spend money to maintain the committed or do you use your resources to try and turn on the disengaged?

This is all essentially uncharted territory. For most of this century, America's Jews have been obsessed with becoming good citizens, with blending in, and with succeeding in a competitive, democratic society. Their Jewishness took care of itself. They lived in predominantly Jewish neighborhoods. They shopped mostly in Jewish stores. They socialized primarily with other Jews, and their kids all grew up and married within the religion.

And along with their shared experiences and immigrant backgrounds, they were galvanized as a community by external events. The Holocaust. Building and protecting Israel. The battle against anti-Semitism. The effort to rescue Jews in trouble around the world. For decades, American Jews were bound together by a political-cultural-social glue that superseded any belief in God or religion.

"It was always the ethnic impulse that seemed to be a preserver of Jewish identity," says Leonard Fein, a leading Jewish writer and activist. "A generation back, no Jew had to apologize for being an agnostic or an atheist. Even the Jewish atheists knew what the God in which they did not believe expected of them."

But the bagels-and-Bloomingtondale's brand of Judaism is disappearing almost as fast as Yiddish did in the last generation. To begin with, many of the key ingredients in the ethnic alchemy that produce the Jewish persona have been soaked up and absorbed by the larger culture. As a result, the secular Jewish world is losing its distinctiveness. Jewish humor, the Jewish perspective, the Jewish sensibility, are all being subtly blended into the American mainstream.

The cultural signposts of this transformation are everywhere. *Seinfeld*, for example, with all of its neurotic, edgy, whiny, and self-absorbed humor, would once have been considered far too Jewish to have broad appeal. Now, of course, it's America's favorite sitcom and one of the highest-rated programs on television. Philip Roth, the avatar and chronicler of American Jewish angst, creator of such hauntingly perverse Jewish characters as Alexander Portnoy and Mickey Sabbath, has written a new novel—*American Pastoral*—whose main character is so completely immersed in the American way that he is totally devoid of identifying Jewish quirks. No ennui. No self-doubt. No interminable bouts of introspection. And no lingering feelings of being the

THE YOUNG PROFESSIONALS WHO ATTEND ARE LOOKING FOR SOME KIND OF MEANING IN THEIR LIVES BEYOND THEIR NEXT PROMOTION.

JUNGREIS'S 1,000-STUDENT TORAH CLASS GREW BY WORD OF MOUTH.



outsider. He even marries a Christian beauty-pageant winner (every little Jewish boy's dream), and they settle into a grand, countrified life in a town called Old Rimrock. (This being Philip Roth, there is, of course, a heavy price to be paid for the seemingly ideal American existence.)

The decline of Jewish ethnicity has also been hastened by the high number of converts—primarily as a result of intermarriage—now active in Jewish life. "Think about it," says Fein. "They converted to the Jewish faith, not to some ethnicity. You can't convert to an ethnicity. It's a new phenomenon, and it's very confusing."

In a post-ethnic America, a country in which Jews hold two seats on the Supreme Court, 10 percent of the Senate, and five of eight Ivy League presidencies, and in which Christians are happy, even eager, to marry Jews, being Jewish is becoming less and less about ethnicity. Indeed, after decades of willful self-effacement to try to fit in—an Anglicized name, an altered nose—the secular Jew is morphing into a kind of American Everyman.

As a result, being Jewish in America in any meaningful way is beginning to have an explicitly religious overlay. Though 40 or 50 years ago it was the Orthodox Jew whose demise seemed inevitable, it is now the secular American Jew who is at serious risk. And the sudden rise in importance of Judaism as a faith is precisely what has immobilized the leadership of America's major Jewish organizations—many of whom are not observant.

"For the last century, being an American Jew," says UJA vice-president Dr. John Ruskay, "was all about one question: How do we become good Americans? But now the question is, How do we become good Jews? Can we fully embrace modernity and an open society and live fully engaged Jewish lives? That's the big question facing Jews over the next 50 years.

"What's really changed is America," he says, referring to the near-total acceptance Jews now enjoy. "So our institutions need to be reconceptualized to respond. What's required is a willingness to strengthen our educational programs and ultimately to strengthen the intensity of Jewish life. Is America's Jewish leadership ready to make that change? It's taken place at the rhetorical level, but whether there's really a readiness to engage more intensely in Jewish life is uncertain."

Though Ruskay gingerly steps around it, there is widespread ambivalence inside the Jewish Establishment over the crisis facing American Jews. "The mixed emotions among the leadership run very deep,"

a high-level executive at a major Jewish organization told me. "I think that this is truly about a change in the very nature of American Jewry. If what it means to maintain a Jewish life is that you have to live an insular existence and reject much of modern culture and modern values and modern scholarship . . ." he says, letting his voice trail off. "Look, if the choice comes down to Borough Park or assimilation, then we're all taking assimilation."

ESTHER JUNGREIS AND RABBI EPHRAIM BUCHWALD AREN'T PLAGUED by such doubts. They are part of a relatively new, decentralized movement in Judaism, a vigorous all-out effort to bring back Jews who have drifted away. While Jungreis was speaking at Kehilath Jeshurun, a rabbi named Noah Weinberg was addressing several hundred people just across the park on West 83rd Street on the "importance of loving every Jew."

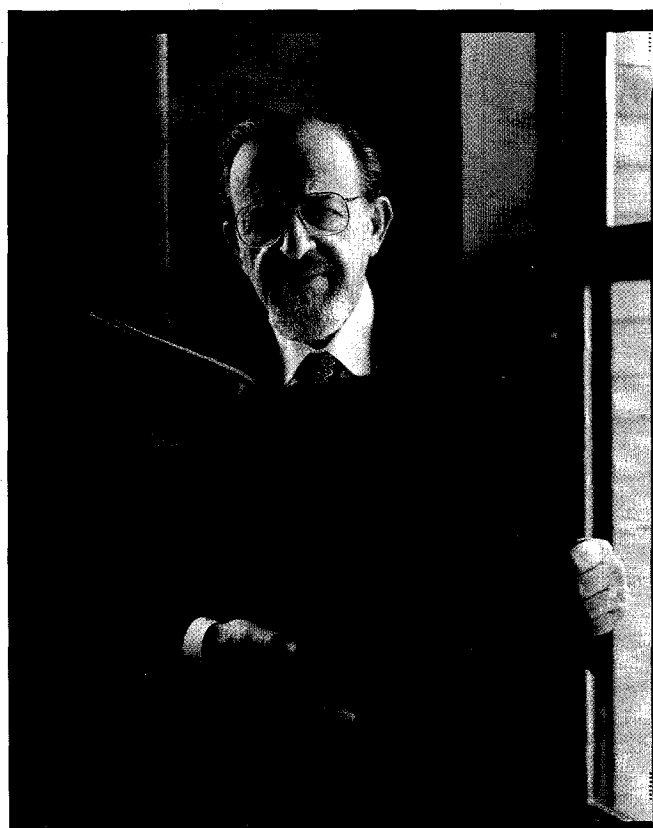
Weinberg, a large, white-bearded man who lives in Jerusalem and affects a folksy speaking style somewhere between that of Jackie Mason and Ed Koch, is the founder of another aggressive outreach organization, known as Aish HaTorah. With a brand-new building off West End Avenue, a \$4 million annual

budget for New York (\$20 million internationally), and an army of volunteers, Aish will teach you the Torah in an hour, Hebrew in five lessons, or 3,300 years of Jewish history in three hours. In fact, it will teach a Jew anything he wants to learn about Judaism. The organization was founded on the idea, as discussed by Weinberg in his lecture, that "every individual Jew is part of the overall destiny of the Jewish people."

Throughout history, there have been Jews who have tried to persuade other Jews to be more religious, to be more Jewish. The most visible American example have been the Lubavitch Hasidim, who work the streets of America's cities with their "mitzvah tanks"—"Mister, you Jewish?"—trying to get Jews to observe the Commandments. For years, they were viewed within the assimilated Jewish Establishment as at best a source of amusement or curiosity and at worst an object of ridicule and disdain. (It's revealing that when the Crown Heights rioting took place in the summer of 1991, no major Jewish organization—not even the Anti-Defamation League—made any kind of public statement or expressed any outrage for more than a week. Imagine the thunder-and-lightning speed of the response if the riots had taken place in Forest Hills or on the Upper West Side, if the

"A COMMUNITY THAT IS TRYING TO MAKE EVERYONE HAPPY—YOU KNOW, THIS 'I'M OKAY, YOU'RE OKAY' ATTITUDE—IS NOT GOING TO MAKE REAL CHOICES."

NORMAN LAMM, PRESIDENT OF YESHIVA UNIVERSITY.



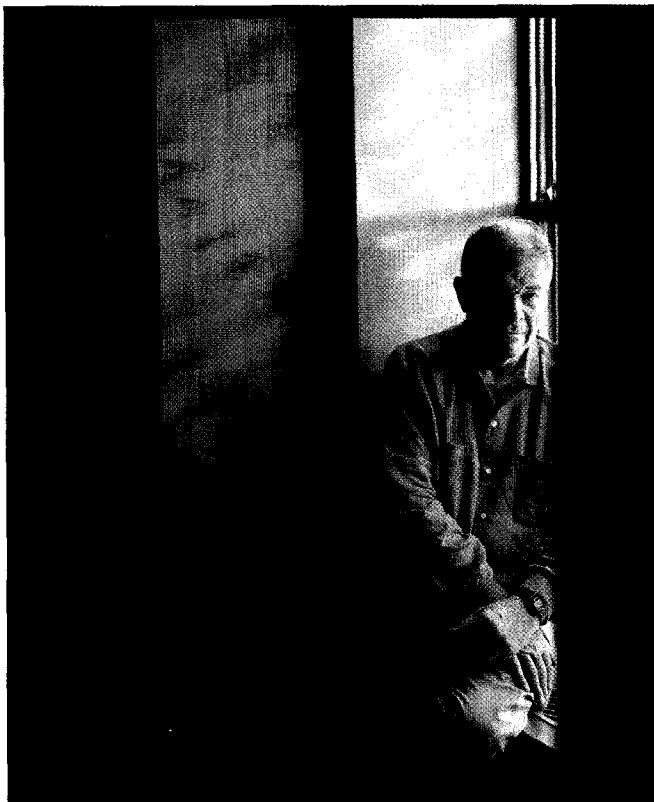
people under attack hadn't been *those* people.)

Nowadays, however, the cheerful proselytizing that Lubavitch has practiced for decades—and which is now mimicked by so many others—has become an accepted part of the mainstream. However grudgingly, the Jewish Establishment seems to have little choice but to help fund and support the outreach efforts, particularly since it is largely at a loss as to what else to do.

"We need to make some dramatic progress in the richness of Jewish community life available to people," says Leonard Fein. "Because I really think the principal problem is not assimilation or intermarriage. It's boredom. The fact is that being Jewish is a boring experience for many Jews who are incapable of finishing this sentence: 'It is important that Jews survive in order to . . .'"

THERE ARE 5.5 MILLION JEWS IN America today, more or less exactly the same number there were in 1950. But in that period, the country's population has grown from 150 million to 250 million. So as a percentage of the total population, Jews have fallen from just under 4 percent to just over 2 percent. "The numbers are of serious concern," says Steven Bayme, national director of communal affairs at the American Jewish Committee. "The real impact of the intermarriage numbers hasn't been felt yet. If someone intermarried in the last couple of years, we don't know what their kids will be raised as. That's the joker in the deck. It's possible we could go from 5½ million down to 4 million over the next twenty years. In the shadow of having lost one third of our population in the Holocaust, losing people through cultural assimilation is demoralizing. A society losing numbers is a society of decadence."

Though no one is willing to establish a threshold or a tipping point below which the falling numbers begin to have catastrophic impact, as a practical matter, given how small the Jewish community already is, almost any shrinkage raises troubling questions. Without a certain critical mass, it becomes difficult to maintain the network of institutions and the cultural richness that have been the cornerstones of the twentieth-century American Jewish community. Diminished numerical strength means diminished influence: politically, intellectually, economically, and culturally. Realistically, if Jews do fall below 2 percent of the population, it is hard to imagine that the enormous power of Jewish ideas, Jewish money, and Jewish creativity will not, over time, begin to wither. At less than 2 percent, Jews could conceivably start to slip toward the level of a bou-



LEONARD FEIN, REFORM WRITER AND ACTIVIST.

"A GENERATION AGO, EVEN THE JEWISH ATHEISTS KNEW WHAT THE GOD IN WHICH THEY DID NOT BELIEVE EXPECTED OF THEM."

a Washington think tank. "Their militant secularism needs to be reassessed. How is it possible for the Jewish community to thrive in a country that truly marginalizes religion? That separates religion from our collective life as a society? It's possible to do it as a Hasid, but most Jews are going to live a much more integrated life. It helps us stay Jewish when we live in a society that values and reinforces religious commitment."

This argument is not likely to win much support in the Jewish community. Historically, any significant breakdown of the barriers between church and state in countries where Jews have been a minority has been disastrous for them. In the worst cases, of course, it has led to unbridled anti-Semitism and persecution. At best, you have a situation like the one in England, where there's a state-sponsored religion and Jews live a kind of quiet, unobtrusive existence in the background.

And an alliance with the Christian right may be an even tougher sell. Whatever the intellectual merits of this strategy, it is unlikely most Jews could get past their gut feeling that the Christian right is, deep down in its collective soul, anti-Semitic and out to convert them to Christianity. The writings of Pat Robertson have not gone unnoticed in the Jewish community,

tique religious group like the Amish or the Quakers.

"In the wake of World War II, in the late forties and early fifties, we created this fiction of Judaism as one of America's three great religions (along with Catholicism and Protestantism)," says Elliott Abrams, former assistant secretary of State in the Reagan administration. "This was done at a time when Judaism was not really an American religion. Jews were immigrants. But this gave Jews a certain status in American society. Now it may be," says Abrams, who has just written a book called *Faith or Fear: How Jews Can Survive in a Christian America*, "that you can maintain that fiction at 4 percent, but it's questionable at 2 or one. Especially when you've now got growing Asian religions and, of course, Islam. I think it's clear that the status of Jews in American society is greatly endangered by this kind of numerical change."

Not surprisingly, given his conservative credentials, Abrams believes that Jews have made a critical mistake in their unflinching support of liberal causes and of the separation between church and state. He argues that Jews should unite with the Christian right in an effort to win a more significant role in society for religion. "American Jews really ought to rethink their attitude toward religion," says Abrams, who runs

nor have the comments of people like Bailey Smith, former president of the Southern Baptist Convention, who said, "God does not hear the prayers of a Jew."

BUT THERE ARE ELEMENTS OF A more conservative outlook that have, as the continuity crisis in the Jewish community deepens, begun to gain acceptance. The pivotal issue in this movement toward the right is the enormously complicated question of intermarriage. No other trend is as troubling to Jewish leaders or poses as great a threat to the future vitality of the American Jewish community. "It's not only the rate of intermarriage that's unprecedented," says Jack Wertheimer, a historian, and provost of the Jewish Theological Seminary, who has spent a great deal of time studying the crisis. "It's also the psychological toll, which simply cannot be underestimated. Parents in our time do not have a realistic hope that their children will marry Jews and that their grandchildren will be Jewish. This has created an uncertainty bordering on despair that I see even when I talk to some rabbis."

Yeshiva University's Dr. Norman Lamm puts it in even more starkly dramatic terms. "We have three and a half thousand years of history and tradition invested in us. And if we abandon that to intermarry, it's an act of criminal, historic vandalism."

Simply as a practical matter, preventing large numbers of Jews from marrying non-Jews, in a society where 98 percent of the people are not Jewish, looks like an unachievable goal. In addition, since secular Jews have become increasingly more like everyone else, why not marry out? If religion is the only real difference, and that religion is not taken seriously anyway, what's the justification for drawing a line of separation at the altar?

For the Jewish leadership, the problem of intermarriage has two parts: how to prevent it and how to respond when it happens. On both fronts, the momentum is now on the side of adopting a harder line. As far as prevention is concerned, the logic of a more rigid philosophy is pretty simple. What's been done up to now—i.e., the softer, more fluid approach—hasn't worked. Wertheimer, like Abrams, believes that Jews must begin to question what have for decades been widely accepted liberal values and norms. In particular, he believes young people must be taught to think critically, even to see Judaism as countercultural.

"We've got to challenge some of these liberal teachings like the shibboleth that we're all the same," says Wertheimer. "That the most important thing is whether somebody's a good human



THE CROWD OUTSIDE FRIDAY-NIGHT SERVICES AT B'NAI JESHURUN.

WHILE THERE'S A RENEWAL AT ONE END OF THE SPECTRUM, AT THE OTHER END JEWS ARE DISCARDING THEIR HERITAGE IN RECORD NUMBERS.

Glaser decided to write the book after she met and married New York Times editor Stephen Engelberg, a Jew, while working in Washington. Glaser never really considered converting to Judaism until her husband was assigned to cover Poland for the Times in 1990. He was writing about the country's emerging capitalism; she was writing about its new nationalism, and its anti-Semitism.

"My husband had this immediate connection to complete strangers because of his Jewishness," Glaser says, "and I began to understand this connection for the first time. I began to see what it meant to be married to a Jew in a Christian society. The whole Poland experience made me make a choice. We could hang back and kind of be Jews, and maybe celebrate both religions. But I knew at that point that I didn't want to be in an interfaith marriage anymore. I wanted one religion in our household."

When Glaser and her husband came back to the U.S. after three years in Poland, Glaser converted to Judaism following seven months of study. "It was a lovely time in my life," she says, "except for the tension between me and my mother. I'd

being. We've got to get everyone to look more closely at the religious, cultural, and ethnic differences and the value of preserving those differences. We need to demonstrate what's lost to the individual, to the group, and to society by all this leveling that's taking place. We've got to rethink the extent to which we can teach people that the way to live a moral life, at least for Jews, is through Judaism as opposed to through these more universalist teachings."

But a blanket antagonism toward intermarriage ignores not only those cases in which it ends up producing a Jewish family but also the notion that Judaism will always—even in the best of times—mean different things to different people. Gabrielle Glaser, 33, a converted Jew, is a case in point. A Westchester mother of two who was raised on a farm in rural Oregon as a Protestant, Glaser has written a book called *Strangers to the Tribe*. Due out in September, the book is a moving account of the ways in which twelve couples struggle to deal with the issues of intermarriage.

"What I learned from doing the book," says Glaser, "is that there are so many ways to be Jewish. It's not just this unique experience in the Northeast corridor of having two Jewish parents with European ancestry. There are so many people who are not within the Halakic tradition of being a Jew and so many unusual ways in which Judaism has struck people."

once told her I'd never convert. She was concerned about losing her grandchildren—I was pregnant with my second daughter—and she saw my conversion as a rejection of her. There was a sadness for me, I won't deny that."

But even after what Glaser has gone through, she is still often seen as an ersatz Jew. "I was standing with one of my daughters in the hallway several weeks ago at the synagogue we belong to," says Glaser, who also serves on its board, "and I was talking to another member. She said, 'I know you're not Jewish.' And I said, 'What do you mean by that?' She said, 'Look at that child. This doesn't look like a Jewish child.'"

A MORE CONSERVATIVE PHILOSOPHY REGARDING THE TREATMENT of interfaith couples has also begun to have some traction. Once courted and welcomed under almost any circumstances, interfaith couples are now often expected to demonstrate at least *some* level of religious commitment to Judaism. "Even at your most hospitable, you're only going to attract a minority of intermarried families," says Wertheimer. "Others will never be interested. So it's a phony argument to say that if we only do X, Y, and Z, we'll attract all these families."

This argument about how much synagogues ought to bend to attract people is not limited to interfaith couples. "You do want people to return to Judaism," says Abrams, "but there is a question about what they're going to be returning to. If you lower the bar too much, it diminishes the meaning of being a Jew. Look, even the Reform movement has recently said it doesn't want kids in its Hebrew schools who are also getting instruction in another religion. Do you lose some of those children? Tough. You have to draw the line somewhere."

It is remarkable, however, that for all the breast-beating, all the teeth-gnashing, and all the fretting over the extraordinarily high rate of intermarriage and the fate of the Jews, there hasn't been more debate about the sorry state of Jewish education. It is the community's dirty little secret. If the assumption is that a Jew who understands where he comes from, knows what it is that makes him unique, and is familiar with the rituals and practices his forebears have engaged in for more than 3,000 years is a Jew who will not easily reject his heritage, then the lack of attention to Jewish education is surprising.

"You can't have people loyal to something they know nothing about," Norman Lamm says of Jewish illiteracy. "Jewish pride must be about more than crowing over how many Nobel Prize winners we have. That kind of pride is rather empty. There has to be pride in tradition, history, destiny, language, and a way of living. That requires a real Jewish education. A watered-down education is sometimes counterproductive."

There are essentially two kinds of Jewish education. Private, all-day religious school, which takes kids out of public

education and away from people who are not like them. And afternoon Hebrew school, which kids who go to public and non-religious private school attend at a synagogue a couple of times a week. During the fifties and sixties, when Jews were racing toward assimilation, afternoon Hebrew school was not exactly a priority. Though parents wanted their kids to get bar mitzvahed—for upper-middle-class Jews in particular, the parties became extravagant, essential social events—they didn't really want them tortured with too much of a Hebrew-school load. In an effort not to offend and not to drive anyone away from Judaism by asking them to bear too heavy a burden, the Conservative and Reform synagogues—which are the denominations that 90 percent of all American Jews identify with—didn't ask for much of a commitment.

But the argument now is that this effort to make Judaism more palatable actually had the opposite of its intended effect. Kids intuitively recognized that no one was taking this too seriously, so why should *they*? And why would they want to give up baseball or soccer or time with their friends to go to Hebrew school, where they weren't really learning even why it was important for them to be there? It also left the baby-boomers to go through life with a 13-year-old's view—since the bar mitzvah is often the last time many of these kids learned anything about their religion—of a Judaism that no one seemed to have that much invested in.

"If the people who run Jews for Jesus were smart," says Rabbi Ephraim Buchwald, "they'd pay to send every Jewish kid to an afternoon Hebrew school, because in most instances it proves to be a great turnoff to Jewish life."

There is a growing sense today that the best strategy to disable the ticking demographic bomb that threatens to destroy America's Jewish community is education. Many people would

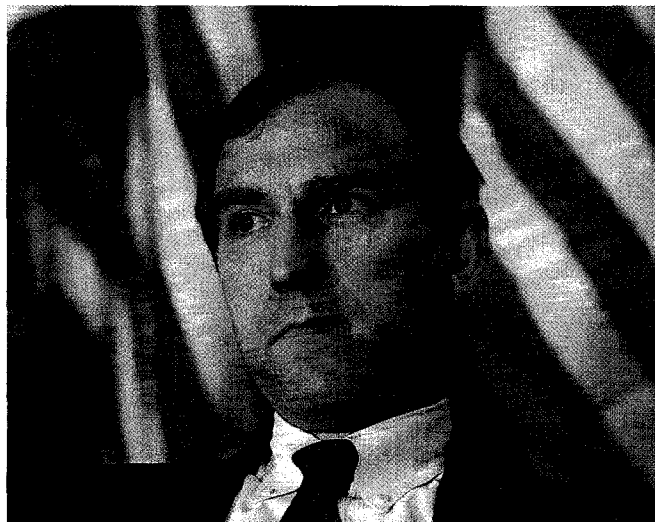
like to see UJA, which is one of the top money-raising charities in the U.S., redirect some of its funds away from things like hospitals and senior citizens' homes, to address the quality of Jewish education. And to lower the cost of Jewish day school, where tuition can run more than \$10,000 a year.

"The ultimate question," says Leonard Fein, "is, can you have a Jewish community if it doesn't have some elements of a distinctive culture? And can you have the elements of a distinctive culture given the immense power of popular culture and the immense failures of Jewish education?"

NOT EVERYONE AGREES THAT THE Jewish community is in serious trouble. At the City University Graduate Center on 42nd Street across from Bryant Park, Dr. Egon Mayer, a soft-spoken sociologist, runs an organization called the Jewish Outreach Institute. It's a kind of national clearinghouse of services for interfaith couples. They can find support groups, local synagogues where they'd be welcome, (continued on page 101)

"AMERICAN JEWS REALLY OUGHT TO RE-THINK THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARD RELIGION. THEIR MILITANT SECULARISM NEEDS TO BE REASSESSED."

ELLIOTT ABRAMS, AUTHOR AND FORMER REAGAN ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL.



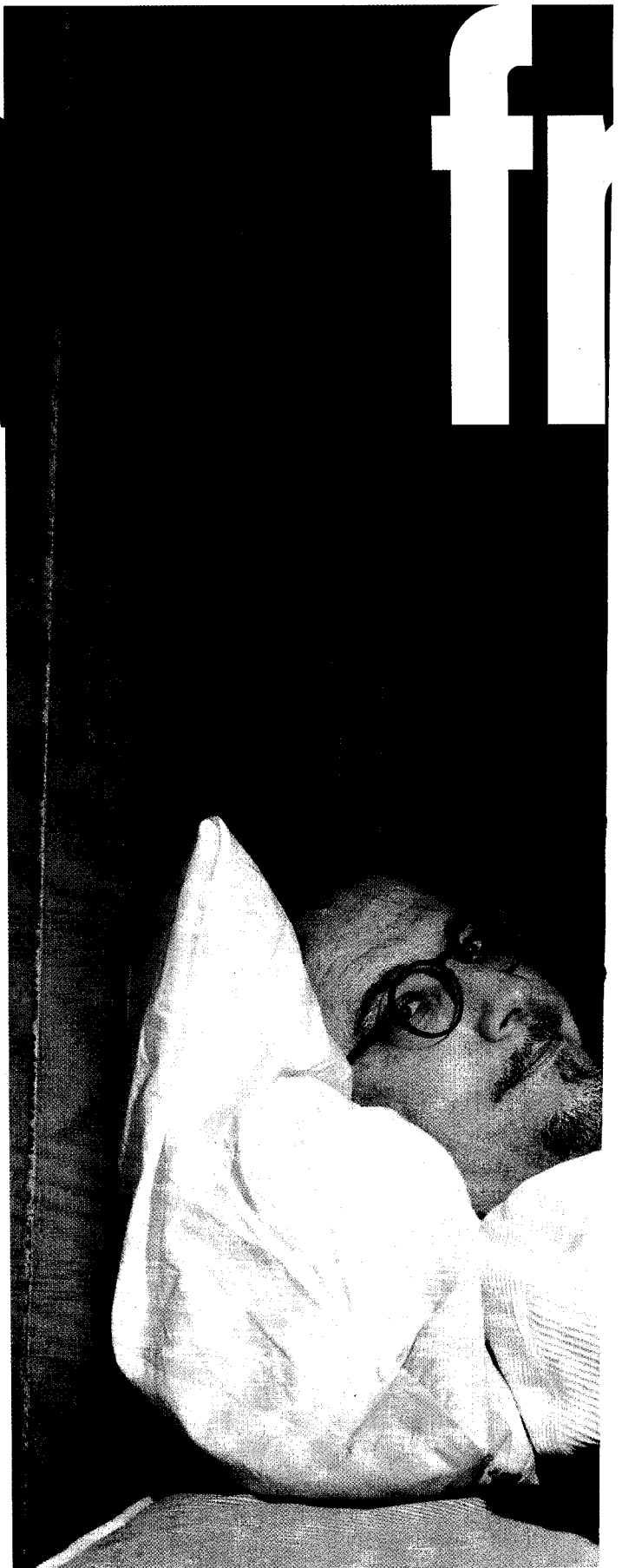
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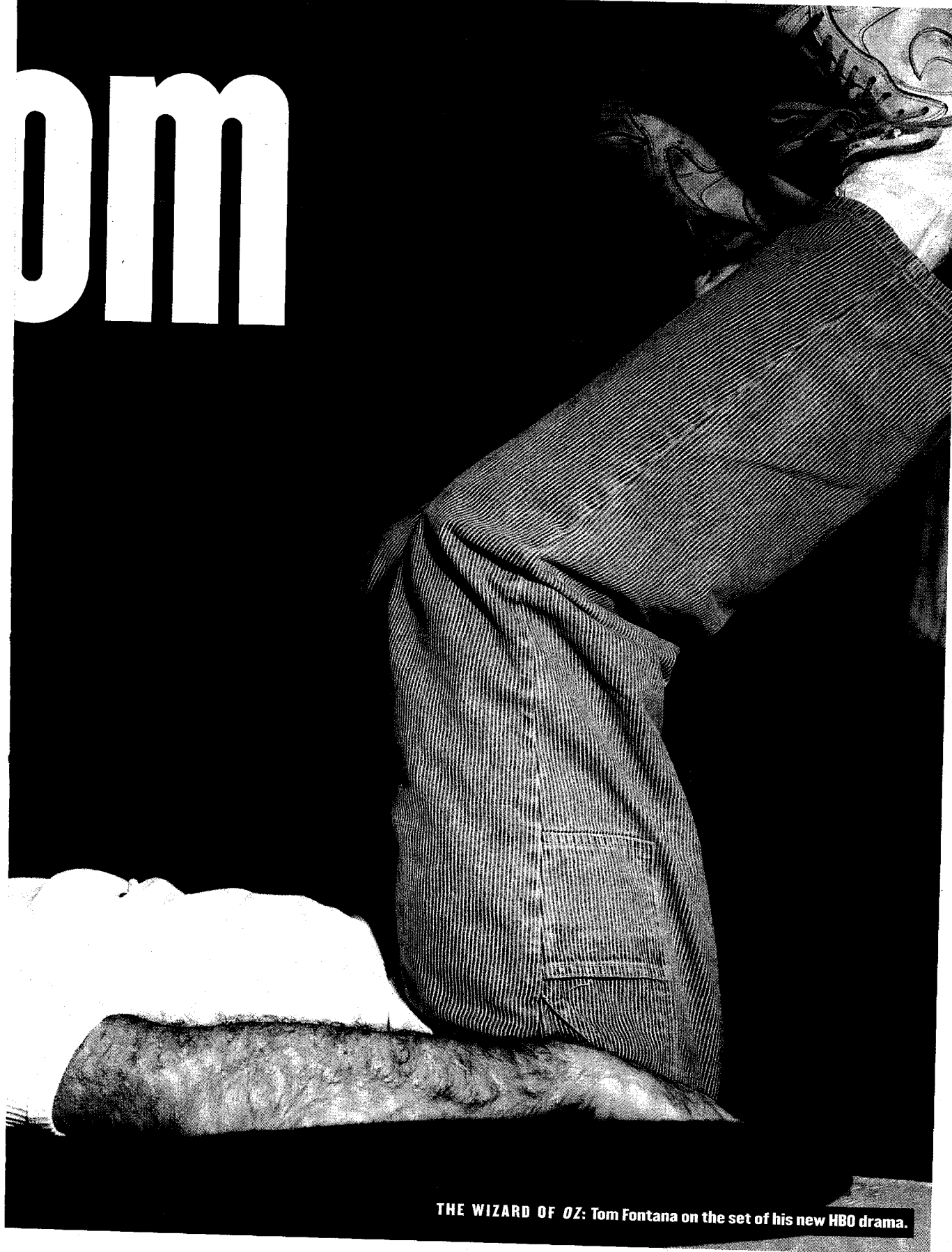
HOMICIDE PRODUCER TOM FONTANA GETS EVEN GRITTIER WITH HIS LATEST SHOW, *OZ*, ABOUT A MAXIMUM-SECURITY PRISON. SHOT IN NEW YORK, IT'S ABOUT AS FAR FROM *FRIENDS* AS TV CAN GET. EXPECT JAILBREAKS, NOT COFFEE BREAKS. BY TRISH ROHRER

tHIS PAST APRIL, A RIOT ERUPTED IN A loft building on Ninth Avenue between 15th and 16th Streets in Manhattan. It started as a food fight among a menacing-looking crew of around 100 or so television extras, most in drab colors, a few with women's stockings tied tight over their hair and cinched in the middle of their foreheads, all with arms like Christmas turkeys. They were hired for the day by 45-year-old Tom Fontana, the television writer and producer behind the show *Oz*, a new HBO series about a maximum-

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN CHAVKIN



om



THE WIZARD OF OZ: Tom Fontana on the set of his new HBO drama.

security prison (see "Television: Not in Kansas Anymore," by John Leonard, page 77). Their job: to sit quietly around the set of a large prison cafeteria until given the cue to throw the food put in front of them.

But things on the set of *Oz*—Fontana's first new show since the thinky six-year-old *Homicide*, and HBO's first hour-long drama series—didn't go as planned. When the cue was given, the air in the room suddenly ionized and darkened the

slipped on a slice of American cheese, flipped up into the air, and slammed down to the ground onto his back.

Fontana noticed. He suddenly tore from his director's chair behind a video monitor and ran in a crouch in the direction of the downed man, breaking protocol, risking a shot that would be impossible to replicate. But before he crossed the lens of the camera man—who was creeping around the room, surrounded by a

son tore him away from an impending journey to Tuscany (where, Fontana says somewhat implausibly, he planned to write epic poetry) and hired him on as executive producer of Levinson's then-upcoming show *Homicide*, that Fontana became one of the five most powerful television producers in the world.

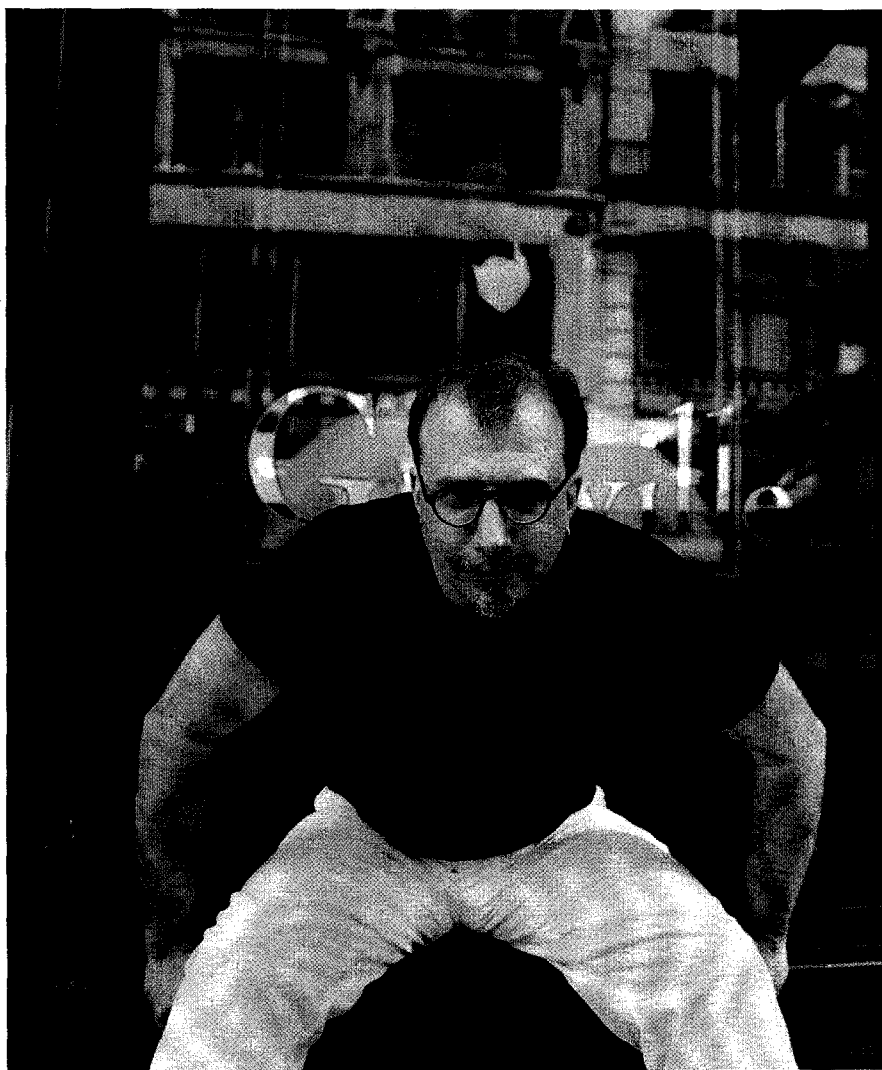
"Tom commands serious respect at all of the networks," says Peter Benedek, co-owner of the United Talent Agency in Los Angeles. That may be, but *respect* and *serious* aren't by any means among the first words the jokers who work with Tom would summon to describe him—a man who genially calls his male colleagues on the set "shitheads" and who, on at least one instance, found himself in a bar holding a guy in the crook of his elbow and punching him repeatedly in the head. He's also a guy who hires his inexperienced assistants on as six-figure writers, who has young actors on his shows crashing in his guest rooms, who gave the part of a prison guard on *Oz* to a firefighter who was having a hard time after a divorce.

As for Fontana's respect for the networks, that fluctuates. One day, walking from his office to the set of *Oz*, he says, "Network executives don't give notes about structure or content. They give hair notes. 'What's with her hair?' they want to know. 'Can't you do something about her hair? And how about those baggy clothes? She's such a pretty girl—why doesn't she dress better? What is she supposed to be, a dyke?'"

When you ask Barry Levinson about Fontana's unpredictable side, he says, "Well," and a renegade laugh burbles out of him. "Well," he says again, into the phone, "I think that he's a big personality in his own right, but the important thing is that he knows how to deliver on the work."

AT THE END OF THE FIRST WEEK OF SHOOTING *Oz*, Fontana stops in at a tiny bar on 23rd Street to grant one of *Oz*'s lead actors, Lee Tergesen, injured in a stunt an hour before, his one, pressing wish: Jagermeister. While Tergesen soaks up attention by doing forward bends on the floor, Fontana sits against the wall, smiling a characteristic small smile, drinking Wild Turkeys, and waiting quietly for his credit card to return from behind the counter. He's a physical kind of guy in general (he's always bear-hugging the women he meets on the street and playfully punching the techies who jostle him when they walk by on the set), and when you start up a conversation with him about *Oz*, he leans in close to you, like you're out on a good date.

It would be understandable if Fontana were exhausted or testy or at least preoccupied after a week of waking at 5:30 to



TV CHARACTER: Fontana in front of Granville, a restaurant he partly owns.

way it does just before a storm. Then all at once, 100 men were out of control, standing on tables, screaming their guts out, hurling props at one another, hard, in a nasty, gleeful way. One man swan-dived from a table into a knot of bodies on the floor.

The director started screaming, "Cut! Cut!" but nobody cut, and so she started yelling, "No! No!" and ran down the edge of the room, an irate and helpless coach during a gruesome play. She may not have even noticed when a beefy tattooed man who'd been running down a long table

ring of bodyguards—someone managed to signal him that the guy with tattoos was a stuntman, the pratfall an improvisational flourish. Fontana crept back to his chair and stepped again into his role as unflappable leader. "My job is to make everyone feel like everything's going okay, even when it's not," Fontana said later.

Fontana made a name and the beginning of a sizable fortune in the eighties as one of the three top writer-producers of the much-loved sensitive-if-soapy hospital drama *St. Elsewhere*. But it wasn't until 1991, when film director Barry Levin-

'Network execs

DON'T GIVE NOTES ABOUT STRUCTURE OR CONTENT," SAYS FONTANA. "THEY GIVE HAIR NOTES. 'CAN YOU DO SOMETHING WITH HER HAIR?'"

write new episodes before showing up on set at 10:30 that same morning to oversee the shooting of ones he's already written, a workday that lasts until 8:30 at night. But instead, Fontana seems cheerful to the point of festive. He's got a Cuban cigar tucked into the corner of his mouth, a silver goatee, a small hoop earring, a black leather jacket, a bright-red long-underwear shirt, a pair of well-worn engineer boots, graying hair cropped short enough to sell insurance (he says), and that smile.

You'd never know from his demeanor that just hours later, he'd be at his desk writing dark, ambiguous stories about crime and punishment, control systems, prison rape—that from his pen would come branded swastikas, stabbings, naked cavity checks. Fontana doesn't want to write a family show, he says. Even though shows like *thirtysomething* have a built-in audience, which *Oz* does not (even Fontana's current assistant stands in the middle of his cubbyhole saying, "Who's going to want to see this show?"), that format's not Fontana.

"I like shows," he says, "where the stories have a real sense of life and death, and a size to them, with issues that we deal with on a day-to-day basis in our lives—drugs, God, death, love—but more intensified because of the environment, like prison. With a family show, you have to say, 'This week, how are we going to keep the family in some kind of emotional crisis? Okay, Mom's having menopause, and sister's getting her leg amputated.'" Fontana brushes these scenarios away with his drink, and his ice clinks in the glass. "But I think about the death penalty," he says, "and I just have to put my head in my hands." He puts his head in his hands and wobbles it from side to side like an old man fretting. "I don't know the answers," he says. "I don't have a political agenda with the show. I'm not advocating one thing or the other. I'm a storyteller. I want to tell stories that make people ask questions, like, How does one survive in an impossible environment? Which is, again, not all that different

from what all of us deal with day to day."

Fontana's own difficulties, for the most part, though, seem to be those of abundance. He has, at the moment, deals with three different television companies (NBC, ABC, and HBO) and is simultaneously, actively executive-producing two different hour-long dramas (*Homicide* and *Oz*) in two separate cities (Baltimore and New York). He's writing one of the shows entirely by himself, and taking responsibility for scores of people's lives, as well as more than \$35 million of other people's money. He has his own television company, Fatima Productions, and has just officially partnered up with Barry Levinson, starting a new, multi-million-dollar production company, Levinson/Fontana, based, unusually, in New York. Fontana owns shares in three restaurants in Manhattan (Granville and the two Matches, uptown and downtown), and in the past few months, he has bought a five-story townhouse on the corner of 13th and Greenwich Streets—the old Jackson Square Library, built by the Vanderbilts in 1887—the bottom two floors of which he is turning into offices for a diverse group of writers.

But Fontana denies being a producer, denies being a businessman, and denies being powerful. He refuses to buckle under the pressure to live in Los Angeles—a city he has lived in before and despises—and refuses to spend his spare time with the men and women of Hollywood who have similar résumés, similar bank accounts, and similar problems in managing other people's wishes and needs. And though he gives vast amounts of money away to arts organizations, theaters, young people in need, and family members, not many people outside of the television community know his name.

As far as Fontana is concerned, he is a writer, period. He produces so that he can have control over what happens to his words. He lives in New York, not in L.A., where all of the other top TV producers—Steven Bochco, David Kelley, Dick Wolf, Chris Carter—live, partly because he loves to walk.

"I walk down the same streets one day and then the next, and they're two totally different streets," he says. "The people on them are suddenly different, the attitudes, the colors, the lights, the way the sun is hitting a building. All of a sudden, you go, 'Oh, my God, I've never seen this building.' You look above the second floor, see gargoyles, and go, 'Where the hell did those come from?'"

Fontana eats out six nights a week, mostly at his own restaurants, mostly with young actor friends. He goes to parties at the homes of people like Peter Maas, where Gabriel García Márquez is the guest of honor, and then to dives where women dance naked on the bar. It's been said that he made a deal with HBO that if he was going to do *Oz*, it would have to be shot in Manhattan, and preferably within walking distance of his apartment, the new library, and his offices at the Chelsea Piers. "There's no place more exciting to make television than New York," he says. "And at the end of a long day of shooting, you go to a nice restaurant." He leans in and says conspiratorially, "You've got to count in the restaurant factor—very important."

LEVINSON ORIGINALLY HIRED FONTANA AS executive producer for *Homicide* to fight the fights with network executives over hiring film directors like Ted Demme instead of television directors, and to risk the risks that come with using writers like novelist Jane Smiley—recommended to Fontana by *New Yorker* fiction writer Henry Bromell, on Fontana's staff at the time—instead of, as Levinson describes them, "all the usual suspects." Fontana would be the one to explore, with a handheld camera, the more personal, unglamorous lives of Baltimore policemen and -women, instead



PRIME-TIMERS: Fontana and Levinson.

of creating melodrama through gunfights and car chases.

Gail Mutrux, once an executive at Levinson's Baltimore Pictures (and now a producer at Fox 2000), says, "With *Homicide*, even though it was Barry's name, everyone knew that it was Tom getting that show ready and on the air every week. Barry's name provided a certain protection for *Homicide*, and NBC sort of stepped back and gave Tom the space to try things. And even though Barry is the 800-pound gorilla, they still had to fight the fights with the studio. But the network really needed Tom, because Barry couldn't do a television show."

Though Fontana will start working on *Homicide* again this summer, right after he finishes writing and producing the first nine episodes of *Oz*, he has, in many re-

at HBO, says, "We had been talking for a long time about HBO trying to get into the hour-drama business. But it's a business that the networks actually do quite well. So we asked, 'What is it that we can do that would be different?'—because the networks certainly have got hospitals and policemen and lawyers locked up."

The relative permissiveness of cable allows Fontana a new, rule-breaking freedom. When asked why this is important, he says, "It'll keep me from getting fat and stupid." Then he pauses for a moment and adds, "Fatter and stupider."

ON LUNCH BREAK FROM *OZ*, FONTANA WAS giving a tour of his new library. When he passed the words WE LOVE FONTANA, scribbled, during a recent party, in big, black Magic Marker across one wall, he waved

where he was coming from: Tom believes people should be what they are. You shouldn't try to control people."

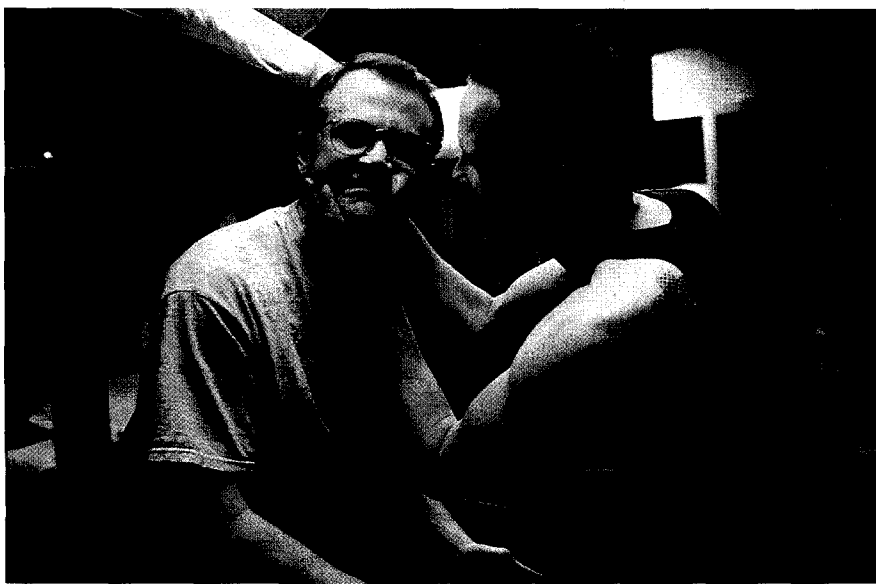
In the dark and empty warden's office on the set of *Oz*, Fontana, who spent the first five years of his life living over his Italian grandmother's bar, says, "I went to a Jesuit high school in Buffalo called Canisius. And that's where I learned my discipline. Then I went to a public college, Buffalo State, in the sixties, and that's where I learned to lose all my discipline. The combination of those two have been the things that have guided my life."

When he was a Catholic boy in Buffalo, Fontana wrote, but he hid it. His father was a wine salesman, his sister a nun, his brothers a gas man, a civil servant, and a schoolteacher, and if he ever showed his writing to anyone, he ended up feeling humiliated ("Either the person didn't get it," he says, "or I would suddenly realize that I had revealed something about myself that I hadn't intended to reveal: It was too personal, it was too painful, whatever"). Still, in 1975, when he was 24, he moved to Manhattan—to the only building on 4th Street between B and C that wasn't boarded or bricked up—with a plan to do only two things: Write plays and survive. Though he characterizes himself in those days as an "unsuccessful playwright," he managed to become, in the early eighties, playwright-in-residence at the Williamstown Theater, where he met Blythe Danner and her two young children, Jake and Gwyneth Paltrow. It was Jake and Gwyneth who saw one of Fontana's plays—*The Spectre Bridegroom*—in Williamstown and insisted that their father, the producer Bruce Paltrow, give Fontana a job on his new show, *St. Elsewhere*.

Though the young playwright's first television script "stunk," according to both him and Paltrow, Fontana, under Paltrow's tutelage, went from making \$5,000 as a playwright to \$90,000 in his first year on the show.

Paltrow describes a scene that Fontana wrote for *St. Elsewhere* years ago in which a young doctor the audience has grown to love loses his wife after she slips in the shower one morning. But there is a dying schoolteacher the audience has also been rooting for, and she is given the heart of the young doctor's wife. That night, the young doctor walks down the dark hallway of the ICU, stops at the schoolteacher's bed, sits down beside her, pulls his stethoscope out of his pocket, puts it to the schoolteacher's chest, and listens.

Paltrow whispers over his desk "Thump, thump, thump, thump . . ." and you say, "His wife's heart?" And he says "... beating in another woman's chest—thump, thump, thump. That's writing." Paltrow sits back in his chair. "He's



FACE-OFF: Lee Tergesen and Dean Winters in *Oz*.

spects, moved on to things more challenging for him. He says *Homicide* is more "Murder, She Wrote than Sam Peckinpah," and that he's tiring of the structure he essentially helped start with *St. Elsewhere*: several narrative threads woven together in one hour, a formula that successful shows like *ER* are still coasting on.

"I've done that for so long now," he says, "that I know how to do that. With *Oz*, I'm flying without a net. Instead of having stories that overlap, each story will last as long as that story needs to. So if we need to tell a story in fifteen minutes, we'll tell a fifteen-minute story. And then the next story may be a one-minute story, and the next a 35-minute story, within the hour. Each story lives on its own dramatic engine and is told from the perspective of a different character. I've never done it before, and as far as I know, nobody else has done it before."

Chris Albrecht, head of programming

his hand dismissively, saying, "It's easy to get love when you're giving someone a job and a place to live." Fontana is famous for his generosity with dinners out, jobs, apartment space, big breaks. His pop-psych theory: "I think I started out wanting to be loved. But I think over the years it's just kind of developed into a habit."

"SMOKE IT, DRINK IT, SHOOT IT, SNORT IT—come on!" Bruce Paltrow is doing an imitation of Tom Fontana talking to Paltrow's daughter, Gwyneth, when she was 16. Paltrow's fists are in the air, and his long, impish face is turned toward the ceiling of his L.A. office, in fake ecstasy. "Live!" He finally shouts, the way Fontana must have shouted less than ten years ago, when he was being what he calls the "wayward uncle" to a girl who would eventually become a movie star. "I didn't get mad," Paltrow says, his eyes gleaming behind big tortoiseshell designer frames. "I knew

The permissiveness OF CABLE ALLOWS FONTANA A NEW, RULE-BREAK- ING FREEDOM: "IT'LL KEEP ME FROM GETTING FAT AND STUPID." THEN HE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT AND ADDS, "FATTER AND STUPIDER."

Faulkner. He's Williams. He's O'Neill. Under other circumstances, this is a Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright."

Although Fontana's recently formed partnership with Levinson compounded Fontana's clout, the mention of it leaves him uncharacteristically blasé. Ask him what his title will be at Levinson/Fontana Productions—a company funded by Rysher Entertainment, granting ABC a first-look agreement—and he says, "The Guy." Press him further and he says, "The Guy Who Isn't Levinson."

What excites Fontana about this partnership, he says, is that he'll be able to nurture young writers. He wants to do this, he says, partly because he doesn't think his commitment to television—a medium he has grown to love—begins and ends with himself. Also, he was instructed by Paltrow, after Paltrow saved him from a life of no money, no chances, no jobs, to "pass it on."

IN A BIG BOOTH AT GRANVILLE FINALLY, AFTER the Jagermeister-Wild Turkey stop, Fontana is making appetizers to order for his five guests out of caviar, capers, and crackers. One of the group—not Tergesen, who went home in pain, and who Fontana will later take to the emergency room, where they'll spend the night—says, "A little toast to Tommy," and everyone clinks glasses, more so after Fontana says that whoever doesn't clink thoroughly will die.

A few minutes later, tired of playing praise-the-boss, everyone switches to "What's Wrong With Tom?" These are the only answers his friends come up with: He's not good at pool, and he once lent money to his own assistants to keep them in a poker game, then proceeded to rob them blind.

Fontana readily offers a list of his own drawbacks. He lives in his head, he says. He's anal: If you touch his desk, if you come in the room while he's editing, if you interrupt him while he's writing in the mornings, he'll kill you. Finally, he launches into a tirade about how he looked into

the mirror a couple of years ago—when he still had very long hair—and suddenly saw himself for what he really was: A bald-headed guy with a ponytail.

"I realized I'd been that way for a long time and no one had told me," he says. "All these people who are my quote-unquote friends didn't tell me that I was an asshole."

FONTANA SAYS HE'S READ EXTENSIVELY ON world religion and is always bringing up God, in one way or another. He thanks God, for example, after he tells you that he makes more money than he's worth. And he says that he's not so egotistical as to think that God would give him a second chance at a deep, lasting relationship with a woman, after he blew his marriage by neglecting it in favor of work.

Around the time Fontana was writing for *St. Elsewhere*, he went to Ethiopia, researching an episode, where he watched starving men, women, and children wait calmly on line for food they knew they might never get. Then he came back to L.A. and watched as people on line at the

movies shoved and swore at one another to get to the popcorn.

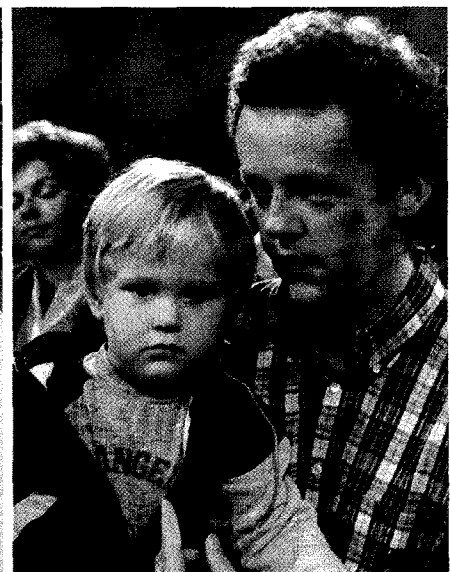
"That's why I can go to these parties, and clubs, and places—whatever they are—and not take it all very seriously: Because in the big continuum of life and death and God, it's all relatively silly."

So why write for television? Why not move to Tuscany, live off his fortune, eat focaccia, write epic poetry?

"How do I put this without sounding completely mad?" Fontana says, waiting for the light to change near his duplex apartment in Chelsea. It is a Sunday afternoon in springtime, and he has just finished writing for the day. "I believe that the whole evolutionary process is about mankind becoming God," he announces, and he steps into the street, headed for the cash machine across the way. "The whole planet's movement is toward becoming God, and this"—he looks around at the people and the buildings and the street and the cars of Manhattan—"becoming Heaven." Fontana walks up to the door of a bank, tries to put his card into the slot to open the lock and keeps trying, until a stranger points out that the machines inside are in ruins on the floor. As he walks away unfazed, Fontana says, "I think that eventually, down the line—and I'm talking how many millions and zillions of years from now—we will evolve into something that is God. Writing is my contribution to that."

You look at him skeptically, and he says, "For all the negative, dark things I write, I'm a fairly optimistic guy."

You get to a working cash machine then, and Fontana, having pushed all the right buttons, turns and says, "And there's this spaceship coming." And then he smiles that small, serene smile you've come to know.



GRIT AND TEARS: Scenes from *Homicide* and *St. Elsewhere*.

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Oh, Blow Up!

Upon discovering that the world was woefully lacking in pool toys for grown-ups, designers from INFLATE, the ultra-hip London design studio, set about correcting the situation. They've cut and assembled one-of-a-kind plastic inflatables by hand, using a technique in which geometry meets the pattern-cutting of dress-making. The results are *meant* for the water but are as much scatty art works as flotation devices, reminiscent of Niki de Saint-Phalle's infamous *Nana* sculptures of the sixties (\$195).

MOSS/146 Greene Street/226-2190.



No Swat

Last summer it was sunflowers; this season, the motif mavens seem to have bugs on the brain: Tiffany's diamond-encrusted butterflies and Gabriella Kiss's gem-studded gold-leaf wasps are all the rage. The newest addition to the genre—a Spratling-inspired sterling-silver-and-rosewood dragonfly—is a lot less flashy and way more affordable (\$65).

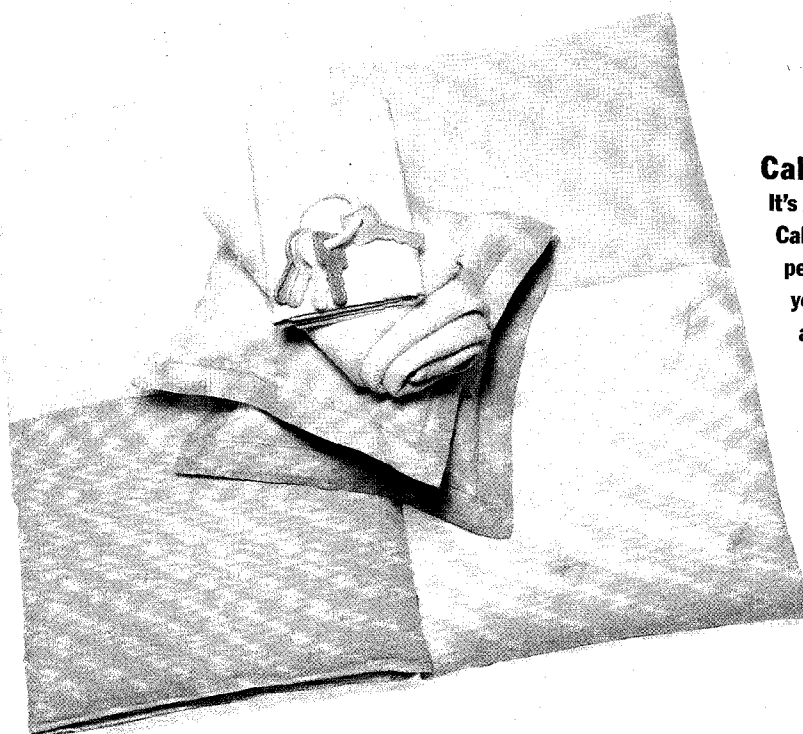
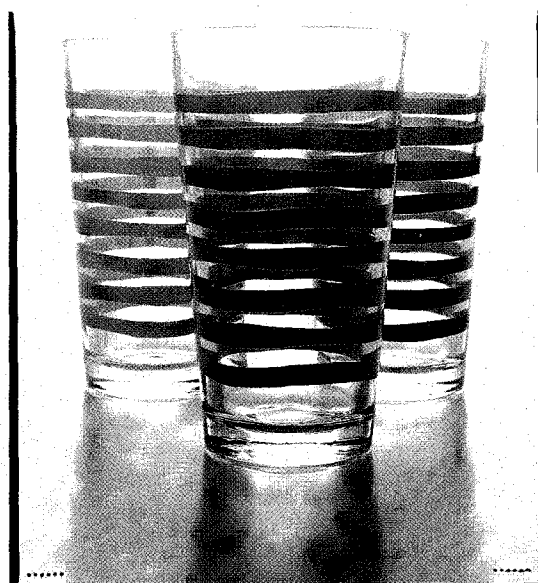
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Porch Swigs

The cool part about drinking from a Libbey glass is that you get a bit of nostalgia with your Coke. The company has been continuously turning out drinking glasses since 1818 (with few design changes), so there's a good chance your great-great-grandmother sipped her sarsaparilla from glasses such as these (\$3.50; in blue and multi-stripes, too).

MXYPZYK/125 Greenwich Avenue, at 13th Street/989-4300

WOLFMAN-GOLD & GOOD COMPANY/117 Mercer Street/431-1888



Calvin Cribbs

It's never too early to introduce kids to minimalism. In Calvin Klein's new infant-bedding collection, cotton-percale comforters are banded in pale-blue or pale-yellow linen (no pink), cotton basket-weave blankets are white or natural, and percale fitted crib sheets are solid white or parchment, or dove-and-parchment striped. Not a bunny, teddy bear, or chick in sight (\$30 for a crib sheet, \$60 for a blanket, and \$70 for a comforter).

CALVIN KLEIN/654 Madison Avenue, at 60th Street/292-9000

Think Globally

We cover the earth: Antiques from the Far East; discounts at a Euro-style salon; and—right here at home—one last chance at a literary landmark.

TARDINI'S SLEEK TOTAGE—BAGS THAT give rise to the notion of skinny chic—sells at tony shops all over town. This week's sample sale has handbags (in nylon, napa, and calfskin) that retail for \$375–\$650 priced at \$220–\$270; leather belts that retail for \$75–\$100 are \$35–\$45. *Tardini*, 12 W. 57th St. (664-1965); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 9–6; 7/10–7/11.

Tom's Cabin

THOMAS ZIMMERMAN EXPLAINS THE THEME of his two pint-size antiques shops with a frank "I specialize in not specializing." Now on sale are items such as a Chipendale-style solid-mahogany console table, circa 1930, was \$1,500, now \$1,125; mahogany drop-leaf pedestal dining table, circa 1840, was \$1,800, now \$1,350. *Thomas*, 41 Perry St. (675-7296); checks accepted; Tues.–Sun. 1:30–8:30; 7/7–7/27.

Signature Offerings

YOU'D BE HARD PUT TO FIND A REAL FILOFAX for under \$50, but not at Madison Signatures, where the Richmond (the loaded leather one that's \$75 everywhere else) is \$49.95. All other styles are 10 percent off. *Madison Signatures*, 743 Madison Ave., near 64th St. (717-1386); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6; 7/7–8/15.

Food for Thought

DINNER PROBLEMS SOLVED: FLAVORS, THE Flatiron gourmet-food shop, marks prepared foods and baked goods half off after 5:30 Monday through Thursday and after 2:30 Friday. So you can load up on goodies like grilled tuna (was \$20 a pound, now \$10) wheat-berry salad (was \$6.95 a pound, now \$3.48), and gazpacho (was \$3.50 a portion, now \$1.75). *Flavors Catering & Carry Out*, 8 W. 18th St. (647-1234); A.E., M.C., and V.; Mon.–Fri. 8–6:30; 7/7–8/29.

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Great Expectations

TOUTED AS THE ORIGINAL SURVIVAL KIT FOR expectant moms, Belly Basics's four-piece wardrobe-in-a-box retails for \$150. But this week, the separate items in last season's styles are available at the showroom: tunic, \$24; dress, \$35; leggings, \$26; and skirt, \$15. Discontinued colors and styles are even cheaper. *Belly Basics*, 276 Fifth Ave., at 30th St. (685-6825); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 9–6; 7/10–7/11.

Waxing Eloquent

SOPHIE'S EUROPEAN TOUCH OF BEAUTY, a neighborhood salon with spotless charm, is discounting all services: pedicure, was \$25, now \$20; collagen facial, was \$50, now \$40; full-leg and bikini wax, was \$45, now \$36. Spa packages are even further discounted. *Sophie's European Touch of Beauty*, 240 E. 75th St. (452-0730); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon. noon–8, Tues.–Fri. 10–7, Thurs. and Fri. till 8; 7/7–8/29.

Double Take

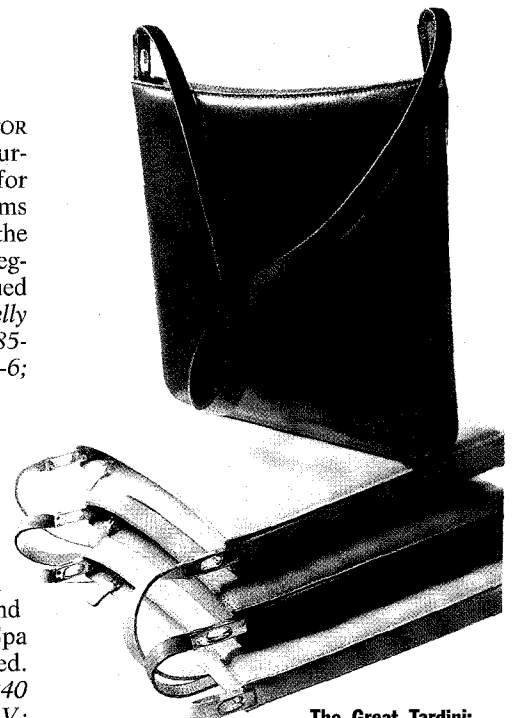
THE TWO-FOR-ONE SALE AT IL-MAKIAGE offers plebes the chance to load up on makeup worn by the likes of Kim Basinger and Boy George at, yep, two for the price of one. *Il-Makiage*, 107 E. 60th St. (371-3992); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon., Thurs. 9–8, Tues., Wed. 9–7, Fri. 9–5; 7/4–8/29.

Under Score

ROBERTA, AN UPTOWN LINGERIE SHOP RIFE with pretty skimpies, starts its summer sale this week. Selected lingerie, bathing suits, hosiery, and such by Gottex, Lejaby, Donna Karan, and others is marked 20 to 50 percent off. *Roberta Lingerie*, 1252 Madison Ave., at 90th St. (860-8366); checks accepted; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 7/7 until supplies run out.

The Upper (Far) East Side

AT THE ANNUAL SALE AT THINGS JAPANESE, nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century wood-block prints, were \$50–\$2,500,



The Great Tardini: These chic handbags don't actually perform magic, but seen sideways they do practically disappear—and their sale price will certainly leave you enough change for coin tricks.

now \$40–\$2,000; old and new pottery and porcelain plates, bowls, sake containers, and cups, were \$5–\$5,000, now \$4–\$4,000; lacquerware, was \$25–\$250, now \$20–\$200; kimonos, were \$75–\$300, now \$60–\$240. *Things Japanese*, 127 E. 60th St., second floor (371-4661); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Sat. 11–5, Tues. till 6; 7/7–9/30.

History-Bound

SADLY, THE NEW YORK BOUND BOOKSHOP, A midtown bookstore that specializes in New York City arcana, is closing its doors at the end of the summer. All books, prints, photographs, maps, and ephemera are on sale: black-and-white eleven-by-fourteen-inch photographs, were \$35, now \$24.50; *Harper's Weekly* prints are 50 percent off; old newspapers and nineteenth-century maps are 50 percent off. *New York Bound Bookshop*, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, lobby (245-8503); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 12–4; 7/7 until closing (mid-August). ■

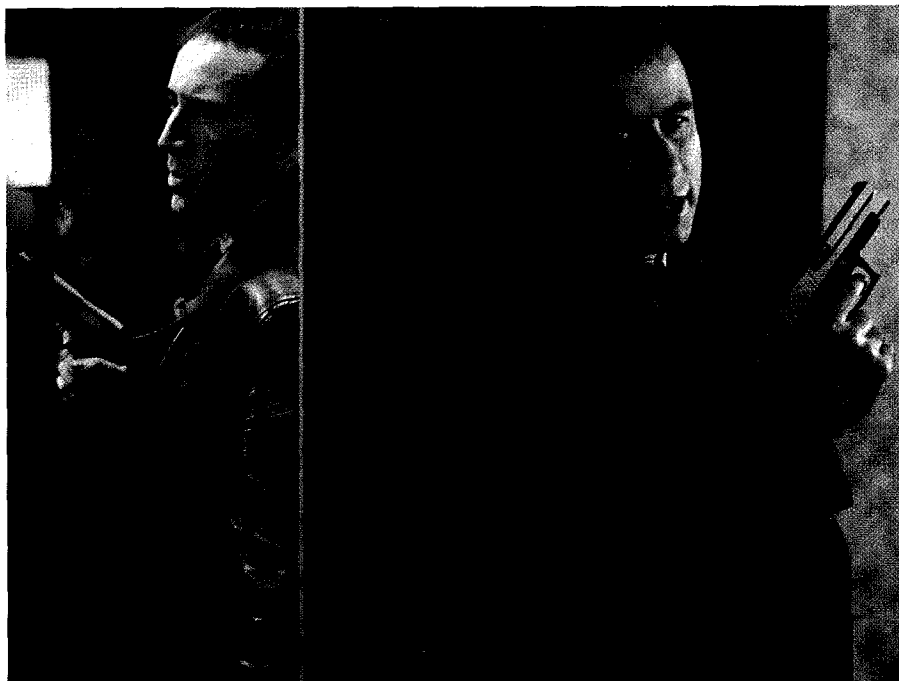
Masquerade

Nicolas Cage and John Travolta trade faces—and places—in 'Face/Off,' a macabre mix of ritualized violence and keen-eyed character observation.

IN *Face/Off*, THE SURPRISINGLY DARING and extremely odd John Woo action thriller, John Travolta is an agonized FBI agent and family man, and Nicolas Cage is the terrorist and assassin Travolta is obsessed with catching. The Travolta character, whose name is Sean Archer, is a scrupulous and caring fellow, but he's cut off from life—consumed (as they say) by rage—and Travolta plays him as a miserable obsessive, with a rigid body and a constant grimace of pain. Some years earlier, Cage's Castor Troy tried to eliminate Archer with a high-powered rifle and wound up killing Archer's little boy; Archer has been paralyzed by thoughts of vengeance ever since. The Castor Troy he hates is not only a killer but a jaunty nihilist with a brazenly disruptive sense of humor. Arming a bomb that could release biological agents into the air of Los Angeles—a "biblical plague," in terrorist-speak—Castor dances and swings his arms in mock reverence, a celebrant of his own dastardly transgressions. Cage does what can only be called heterosexual camping—he's flamboyant, ironic, mocking. Sean Archer and Castor Troy are temperamental as well as moral opposites, about as far apart as two men could be. Or so we think.

From the beginning, the cinema has reveled in spooky transformations, in transactions, sometimes solemn, sometimes mischievous, between essence and persona. Is the actor acting "himself," or is he the mimic of another person? Usually the questions are asked, the riddles posed, in artistically serious movies, but Woo and the screenwriters Mike Werb and Michael Colleary (who first conceived this movie back in 1990) are making a violent commercial thriller. The aesthetic risk-taking in *Face/Off* has a special excitement precisely because it arrives so unexpectedly amid the shootouts and falling bodies.

Early in *Face/Off*, the virtuous Archer captures Castor Troy and his genius-lunatic brother Pollux (Alessandro Nivola), who designed the biological bomb, which is still ticking. But where is the bomb? Archer doesn't know; Castor, injured in the arrest, lies in a coma and can't tell him. Only the imprisoned Pollux knows, so Archer, in order to get close to Pollux, agrees to take part in a bizarre medical procedure. Lasers remove his face (eyes, nose, chin, everything) and Castor's face too. Archer then gets the killer's face sewn on, and after some liposuctional work is done on his body (there are



amused references to Travolta's love handles), he looks exactly like Castor Troy. Archer enters the prison to cosy up to brother Pollux. Troy, meanwhile, awakens from his coma and takes Archer's face, which has been floating like a mask in a saline solution. Have you understood the situation? The actor John Travolta is now playing Castor Troy but in his own face and body; and Cage is playing Sean Archer but in *his* face and body.

Realism is not at issue here. John Woo is a ballet-master action director, the veteran of countless Hong Kong productions featuring people floating through the air in slow-motion. In Hong Kong movies, a villain is really villainous, a snarler, and everything is exaggerated, cartoonish; the standard of characterization is brevity and vividness, not actuality, and nothing has any weight. Woo is part magician, part schlock-movie maker, a director who loves violence and guns. His last American production, *Broken Arrow* (1996), also with John Travolta, was literally weightless; the film was conducted mainly in the air, with people flying, dangling, falling, jumping, hoisting.

There's plenty of Wooian high jinks in *Face/Off*. A helicopter harasses a plane that is trying to take off, shooting at it, mashing the tail fins, until the plane plows into a hangar. Inside the hangar, Woo stages the first of many shootouts. Bodies whirl, tumble, fall through glass windows; gunmen shoot while flying through the air, which may be a new Woo signature. In all of this mayhem, there's death but no pain—the heroes keep jumping up

My body is a dimple: Cage (left) and Travolta mix it up in John Woo's revenge tragedy.



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to shoot again. In later scenes, police in black jackets, fodder with little function except to die, get mowed down by the dozen. The new aesthetic of weightless action is producing a new morality of weightless death—that is, death that has only a formal meaning as a compositional element in Woo's air ballet. Woo is saying this violence is not life, not real, but there's still, for us, an element of uneasiness in his manic aestheticism. When will death ever matter to this director?

On several occasions, Woo shows us a bullet hurtling straight toward us, and at one point in the hangar sequence, Cage, his body itself turned into a projectile, is shot like a bullet into a wind tunnel. Woo's natural bent is to turn bodies into flying objects. That's why the movie is so odd: because some of it is rather touching, even anguished, as when Castor Troy, now in the body of Sean Archer, makes love to his wife (Joan Allen), and she's puzzled by his new attentions; or when Sean Archer, now in the body of Castor Troy, lies abandoned in prison, the authorities convinced he's a terrorist.

Every time Sean Archer looks in the mirror, he sees the face of the man who shot his son. Woo, where is thy rue? A director raised in a humanist tradition would realize that violent air ballet and tender character observation don't really go together, but Woo pushes the extremes as far as he can; the movie is exciting, unstable, flimsy, and profound at the same time, a gimmick that hurts.

What most people are likely to remember is the two stars playing each other. Travolta, taking over Cage's body language, is liberated into swinishness. He smiles, intrudes on everyone's privacy; he's suddenly a free-and-easy egotist, dancing his way into rooms, insinuating, vicious. He freaks out Dominique Swain (the Lolita-to-be, if the movie is ever released), who plays Archer's rebellious teen daughter. Brazenly coming on to the girl, he suddenly gets tough with her—monster that he is, he sees that she's going wrong, and acts like her father.

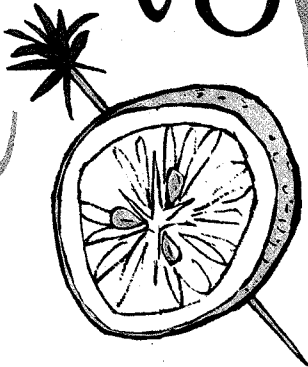
Cage, by contrast, taking Archer's anguish into himself, is now frozen, stricken, his eyes suffused with pain. Goodness locks him up. But in another way, he's liberated. Archer no longer needs to commit only righteous violence, the violence certified by the state. He has the appearance of a cruel and anarchic man; he can do what he wants. The gimmick becomes unsettling when the two personalities merge. A man, we realize, may have no essence at all; the suppressed side of him will be released the minute he can get away with it. We are not a single unchanging personality. We are evil and goodness, cynicism and faith. So is John Woo, who is ready, perhaps, to return to

earth. Hong Kong's airy days are gone. Gravity awaits.

JOEL SCHUMACHER'S **Batman & Robin** IS THE most ugly-looking, slovenly, incoherent, and redundant big movie I've seen since *Batman Forever*, which was also directed by Joel Schumacher. The dark-toned, elegant beauty of Tim Burton's two earlier *Batman* films—the nightmare city as dream and desire—has now disappeared altogether, replaced by styleless urban-pop grandiosity and a profusion of interiors of unparalleled gaudiness. Does Schumacher aspire to redecorate Donald Trump's homes? I'm sure no one could do it any better. Schumacher has gone past bad taste and ineptitude. As a director he's achieved an eerie kind of boredom in the midst of frenzy, a void of meaning in the middle of violent sequences composed of shots thrown together from nowhere to nowhere without the slightest relation in space. Two years ago, I insisted that the comparable mess in *Batman Forever* was a sign that basic film aesthetics were collapsing, and despite receiving some chastisement on this point from James Wolcott in a recent *Vanity Fair*, I find no reason to revise my opinion. When you have seen Schumacher's two *Batman* movies, you have seen The End.

Arnold Schwarzenegger shows up as Mr. Freeze, menacing Gotham with blasts of chilling air, and Schwarzenegger, bald, purplish, fanatical, and snarling in his peculiar accent, is frightening enough. But Schwarzenegger does the same thing over and over (there are innumerable shots of him holding a gun and covering people in what is meant to be ice but looks like clear plastic), and after a while, he begins to resemble some goony old wrestler freaking out on a late-night cable show. Chris O'Donnell regresses into teenage nowhere as a combative Robin, envious of Batman and longing for independence, and he's been given an unappealing mate—Alicia Silverstone, who wants to join the same crime-fighting team. Is this really the actress who seemed so promising in *Clueless*? Some way has to be found of photographing Silverstone so it doesn't appear that a pad is stuck under her upper lip. She seems plagued by baby fat, and her threadbare gung ho enthusiasm turns the picture into a cloying TV teen show. George Clooney, wagging his head as he speaks, and then setting and pointing his chin like a hunting dog, makes a sententious Batman. Give this man a role he can play! The movie's only redeeming feature is Uma Thurman as Poison Ivy, who vamps her way amusingly through naughty-girl clichés, puckering her lips into a satirical pout. Showing off her long-waisted figure as she slinks around, Thurman resembles, believe it or not, Nijinsky as the faun.

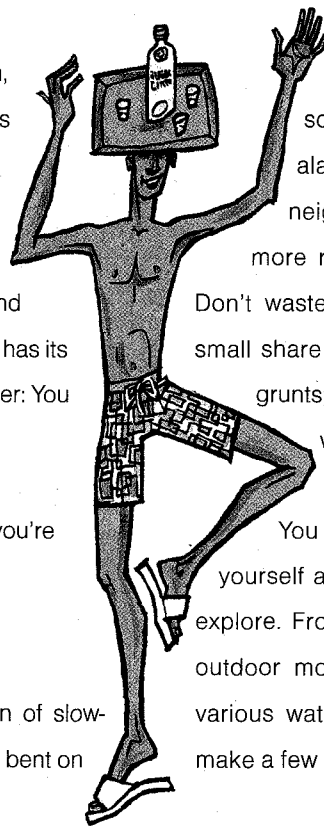
hot town



Summer in the city

Ah, summer in the city. Think of it as a resort town, just off-season. You and your cronies can own this place, due to the outflux of carpetbaggers who bolt the moment it's kosher to wear white shoes. They would like you to *think* Manhattan is a hellish place to be once the temps near ninety. And while no one is arguing that beach-front property has its allure, please accept this gentle (but firm) reminder: You moved to New York for a reason, and it wasn't to escape. You moved here, my dear urban dweller, because it's the greatest place on earth to live if you're reasonably interesting and adventurous. If you're reading this guide, let's assume you're both.

So turn your back (immediately!) on the notion of slow-cooking cement. You are a true-blue New Yorker, bent on



experiencing the heated romance and cool sophistication of city days and nights, so you aren't alarmed by the migration of your less-than-hearty neighbors. In fact, you're delighted by it—all the more room for dining al fresco at your favorite café. Don't waste a moment calculating how you can afford a small share in the Hamptons with 12 other under-privileged grunts; instead, spend your summer right here in the city with a red-hot reputation for fun.

You won't need an enormous pocketbook. Just pull yourself away from your air conditioner, and get ready to explore. From tar-beach barbecues to Broadway theater to outdoor movies to lounging (and posing glamorously) at various watering holes, you'll beat the heat and probably make a few friends while you're at it. Are you ready?

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Making the best of tar beach

What do the seashore and your blackened rooftop have in common? Lapping waves, soft white sand, the scent of the ocean tingling in your nostrils? Get real: other than the occasional predatory bird overhead, absolutely nothing. So rid yourself of abject comparisons and celebrate the differences instead. For instance, you may not be able to swim at tar beach, but it does offer other fabulous amenities: relative solitude, a great view of the skyline, easy access to the WC—and, parking is *never* a problem.

Solo and serene

Saturday afternoon and it's 85° without a cloud to mar the deep blue sky. With just a few provisions, you can make a trek to the rooftop as enjoyable as a day at the beach.

The essentials

Savvy summer shoppers know that everything under the sun can be found at the nation's most affordable retailer, **Target** (100 Parsonage Rd., Edison, NJ; 908-744-1100). For solo outings, you'll want to purchase items that are easy to lug up four flights of stairs by yourself. A collapsible deck chair is the most important item on the list—to catch those killer rays with a modicum of comfort. Target sells deck chairs in a variety of colors and styles, including fan-back stacking, canvas tote, and sling chairs. And, speaking of sunbathing, do remember that while a healthy glow may look great, excess of anything is just *so 10 years ago*. It's the '90s, and going without sunscreen is simply not an option. Here, you'll also find an array of brands and SPFs for every skin type to get that savage tan—or to protect your fair complexion—safely.

Rooftop Rendezvous

So what happens when the sun goes down? It's Saturday night, the time when all the beautiful people emerge dressed in their cocktail best. Give them a place to go—have a tar beach bash!

But first, you'll need to start cooking. Pick up a smaller grill—

ideal for city dwellers with limited space and limited cash—then, if your landlord or coop board permits, invite a dozen Gothamites to the roof and let the barbecue begin.

The city's skyscrapers are the ultimate backdrop for your summer soiree.

Inevitably, party-goers at tar beach will feel a bit parched as they mix and mingle. Quench their thirst with a truly appropriate drink for this convivial summer-loving event: **Absolut Citron**. Mix up a pitcher or two of any of the following recipes, and guaranteed—your guests won't mind that you burned the burgers.

Cool cocktails

Citron Cooler

1 1/4 oz. Absolut Citron
1/2 oz. Fresh Lime Juice
Tonic

Pour Absolut Citron and lime juice over ice in a tall glass. Fill with tonic. Garnish with a wedge of lime.

Absolut Appeal

1 1/4 oz. Absolut Citron
Lemonade
Club Soda

Pour Absolut Citron over ice in a tall glass.

Fill most of the way with lemonade.

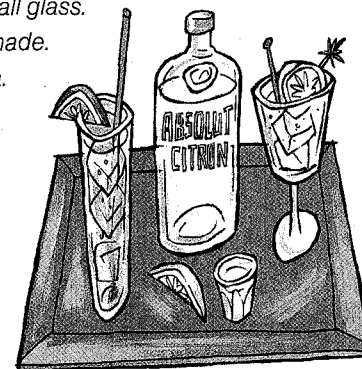
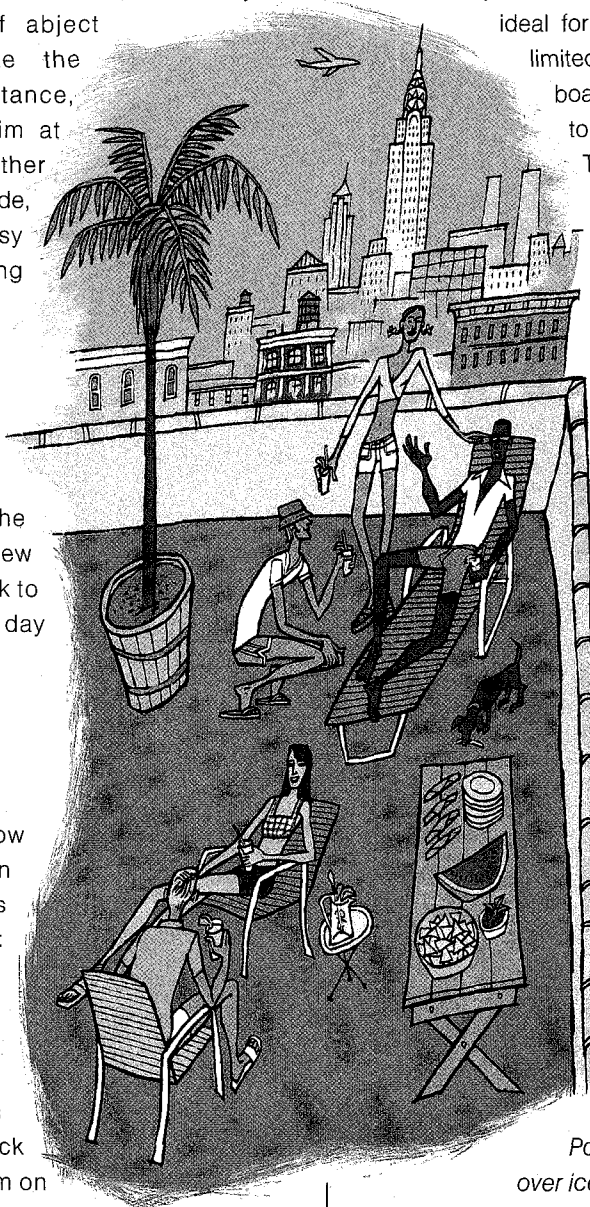
Top with a splash of club soda.

Garnish with a lemon wedge.

Absolut Lemondrop

1 1/2 oz. Absolut Citron
1 Teaspoon Sugar Syrup
3/4 oz. Fresh Lime Juice
1 tablespoon Triple Sec

Serve ice cold in a shot glass.



TARGET

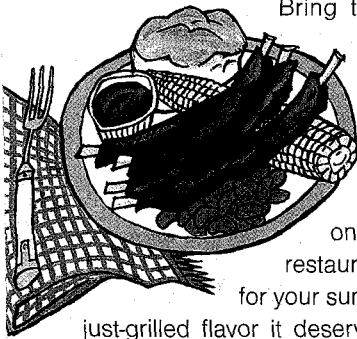


chefmate™ waffle baker \$24.99

v-neck sweater \$19.99

Indoor adventures

Suppose you want the taste of authentic barbecue but aren't willing to risk eviction by partying on your rooftop. This is New York, and flexibility is an essential attribute for summer survival.

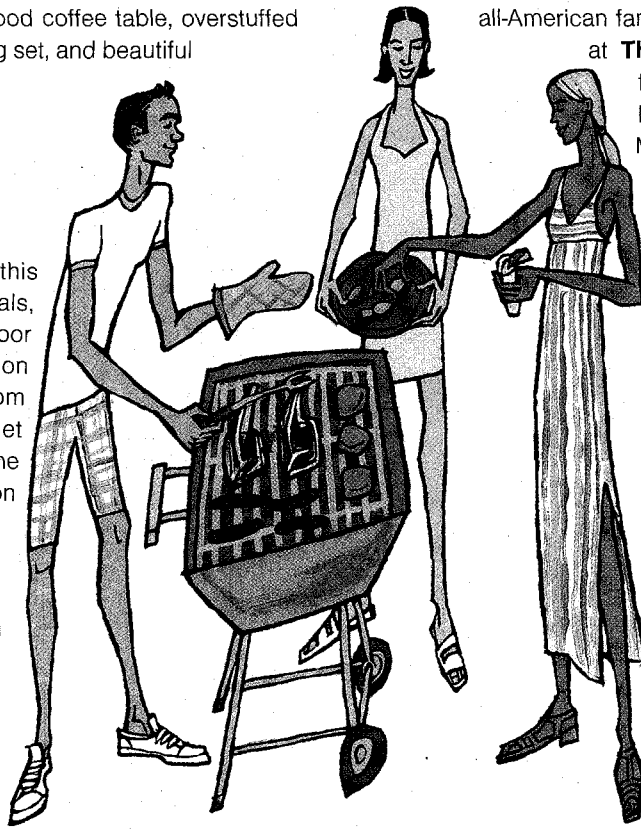
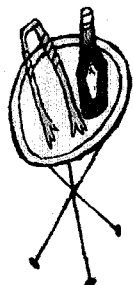


Bring the great outdoors inside by ordering good old Southern soul food: succulent ribs lathered in original sweet or spicy black-jack sauces—with all the fixings—including biscuits, baked beans and corn on the cob—from a local barbecue restaurant. They will do all the cooking for your summer affair to give it the smoky, just-grilled flavor it deserves. Barbecue enthusiasts will want to stop by and make themselves right at home.

So your fête has settled inside, and the only view of the skyline is through your living room window (if you're lucky, that is.). Obviously, you'll need other diversions to keep your guests happy and occupied. Why not make your party a novel one by offering your friends a nice place to sit? As anyone who's ever been to a New York party knows, scoring a comfortable seat is about as easy as landing the apartment in the first place. This is where **Foremost Furniture** (8 W. 30th St.; 889-6347) comes in. Their collection of affordable, contemporary interior furnishings will stun your guests with your good taste. Plus, there won't be a lull in the conversation as tongues wag about your handsome and highly functional cherrywood coffee table, overstuffed chair and ottoman, sleek dining set, and beautiful oak entertainment center.

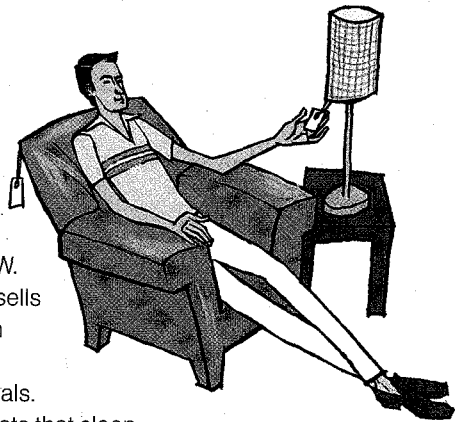
Out-of-towners

With so much going on in this city of cities—summer festivals, street fairs, sample sales, outdoor theater, hot clubs—just *plan* on being popular. Your pals from the other side of the planet are certain to emerge from the woodwork with the suggestion that they stay with you, oh, for just a week or two. Are you prepared? Convertible sofas are the solution for sequestering your friends for days



on end, and **Carlyle Furniture** (1056 Third Ave., 1375 Third Ave. and 122 W. 18th St.; 838-1525) sells them in five sizes—in handsome styles, patterns, and materials.

From leather loveseats that sleep one to white linen couches that pull out to a queen-sized hide-a-bed, the convertible will keep you comfortable even after your guests have taken over your bedroom. For some excellent deals, check out Carlyle's Clearance Center on West 18th Street for savings of up to 30-60 percent.



Ligne Roset (200 Lexington Ave., 6th Floor; 685-1099) is well-known for its large selection of specially designed furnishings, including sofa beds. Created with top-quality craftsmanship, these slumber pieces not only look great, they also feel like heaven—which will keep your guests well-rested and therefore sweet tempered. (Perhaps you should consider buying one for yourself.) Ligne Roset holds promotions throughout the summer, so stop by and ask to take a test drive. Plus, look for their new store location, opening this Fall at 1090 Third Ave.

Come July, you'll inevitably get a call from your old college roommate—who now has two lovely children and a spouse you once nicknamed "the Fridge." Kindly suggest to this all-American family that they'll be more comfortable

at **The Mark** than in your 800-square-foot-apartment. This beautiful Upper East Side hotel (25 E. 77th St. at Madison Ave.) is offering a special summer rate for its suites and deluxe rooms through Sept. 7 (based upon availability). Suites feature a parlor with a queen-sized convertible sofa and separate bedroom for \$395 per night plus tax; this includes a Continental breakfast for two each morning. A deluxe room is \$260 per night plus tax and also includes breakfast. What's more, The Mark also provides guests with complimentary shuttle service to the Theater District on Friday and Saturday nights as well as on weekdays to Wall Street (please notify the concierge in advance). For reservations and additional information on summer specials, please call 744-4300 or 1-800-THE-MARK.

Free in Central Park

Central Park is the city's magnificent magnet, drawing people from all walks of life and providing endless (and free) entertainment. Consider the hours one could fritter away celebrity-sighting as the stars stroll the grounds like common folk: Woody and Soon Yi, Susan and Tim, David and Téa, Madonna and her P.T. (personal trainer)—the list goes on. Or, the jaded and intellectual may want to pack a lunch and head to Sheep's Meadow for a game of Scrabble® in the sunshine with a word-challenged friend. (It's always nice to win.)

For those of you who rise early—or for the rebel-rousers still up at dawn—**Good Morning America**, ABC's morning news and information show, is hosting a summer-long series of live broadcasts from Central Park. This weekly event airs live from Tavern on the Green every Friday through Aug. 30. Well-known GMA personalities will host the outdoor program, and a lineup of established musicians are scheduled to appear, including Kenny Loggins, Sheryl Crow, and Art Garfunkel. Fans will witness the production of the show and sneak a peak at their favorite celebs. Capacity is limited, so arrive no later than 7:15 a.m., or earlier if you can crawl out of bed to ensure a good view. And remember, rain is never good for the hosts' perfectly coifed hair, so if it's pouring expect a cancellation.

The art of cooling down

It's so hot outside you're actually considering that job offer in Gnome, Alaska. But wait. There is a better plan, one that will beat the heat and get you in touch with your artistic side at the same time. Instead of booking a flight for the Arctic Tundra, why not head to one of the city's great museums for an afternoon of education, inspiration, and high-wattage air-conditioning?

What could possibly be cooler than **The Museum of Modern Art** (11 W. 53rd St. between Fifth and Sixth avenues; 708-9400)? MoMA is holding several exhibitions this summer that are not to be missed. First, check out *Paris—The 1890s*, featuring 200 works by 26 artists including Pierre Bonnard, Pierre-Auguste Renoir, and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. A vivid portrait of fin-de-siècle Paris, this show presents prints, illustrated books, advertising posters, political journals, theater programs, and sheet music from world-renowned talents. Runs through Sept. 2.

Next, *Objects of Desire* is a fascinating look at how twentieth century artists have interpreted the 400-year-old tradition of still-life painting. This provocative exhibition consists of 130 paintings, sculptures, and objects created by 71 European and American artists including the masterpieces of Henri Matisse and Pablo Picasso, as well as avant-garde

"Great's the word!"

— Joel Siegel, WABC-TV

"A first-class production! As welcome as a spring daffodil!"

— Pat Collins, UPN 9

"As wonderful as ever!"

— Jeffrey Lyons, WNBC-TV

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This ANNIE is a winner!"

— Roma Torre, NY1 News

Nell Carter
as Miss Hannigan
in

Annie

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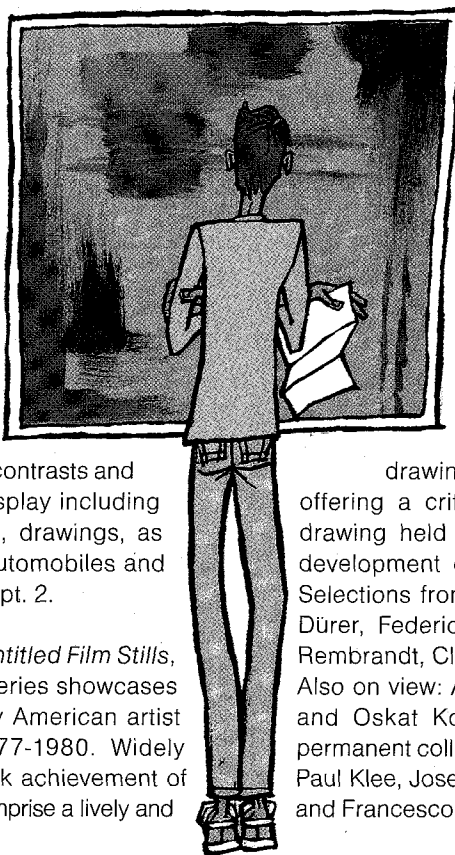
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experiments by Surrealists and other unconventional artists. Pop art and other contemporary works will also be on view. Runs through Aug. 26.

Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Soviet Design is the largest graphic design exhibition MoMA has ever organized. The show is a comprehensive retrospective of the work produced by Vladimir and Georgii Stenberg, prominent designers of the Russian avant-garde. Some 100 examples of their Constructivist style with its severe color contrasts and compositional dynamism will be on display including cinema posters, sculptures, paintings, drawings, as well as modern designs for bridges, automobiles and even women's shoes. Runs through Sept. 2.

Also, *Cindy Sherman: The Complete Untitled Film Stills*, is running from June 26-Sept. 2. The series showcases 69 black and white photos created by American artist Cindy Sherman (b. 1954) from 1977-1980. Widely regarded in the art world as a landmark achievement of past two decades, the photographs comprise a lively and



imaginative catalogue of female roles inspired by the movies—all played by Sherman herself. To give you an idea of just how hot the Cindy Sherman exhibit is, consider the mega-celeb who is sponsoring it: Madonna. Need we say more?

And while you are making the cultural scene, make a point to stroll over to the **Guggenheim** (1071 Fifth Ave. at 89th St.) for its special exhibition, "*From Dürer to Rauschenberg: A Quintessence of Drawing, Masterworks from the Albertina and the Guggenheim.*" Ten

drawings by each of 17 artists will be featured, offering a critical and historical look at the role that drawing held in these artists' oeuvres, as well as the development of the medium over the past 500 years. Selections from the Albertina's collection include: Albert Dürer, Federico Barocci, Raphael, Peter Paul Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude Lorrain, and Jean-Honoré Fragonard. Also on view: Austrian giants Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele and Oskar Kokoschka. And, from the Guggenheim's permanent collection, you'll view works by Vasily Kandinsky, Paul Klee, Joseph Beuys, Robert Rauschenberg, Jim Dine, and Francesco Clemente, among other notable artists.

A MUST-SEE!"

THE NEW YORK TIMES

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THROUGH AUG. 30

Luis Bravo's

FOREVER

TANGO

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FOREVER TANGO!
An evening of sheer
pleasure!"**

—NY DAILY NEWS

**"The most
theatrical show
on Broadway!"**

—ASSOCIATED PRESS

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More than
steamy—it's smart,
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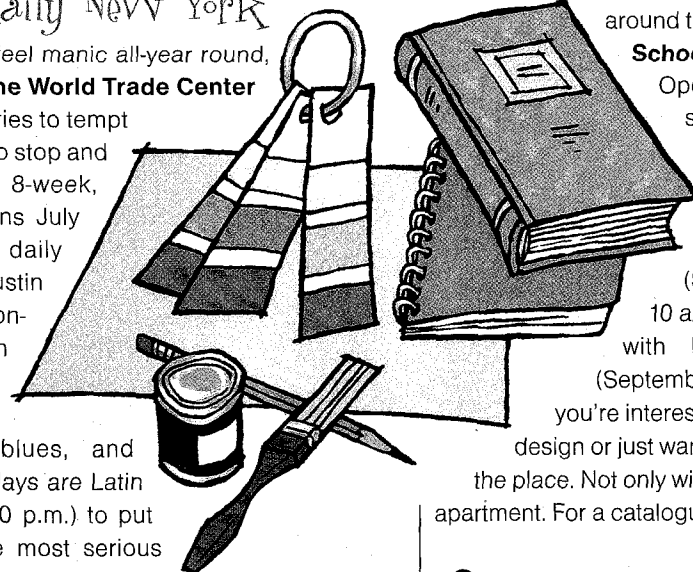
More museum madness

To celebrate this convergence of American and European masters, the **Guggenheim** is hosting two wine tastings on July 16 and Aug. 13, both of which will feature some of the finest vintages from Austria. The public is invited to purchase tickets, then tour the show and refresh themselves in the Museum Cafe, featuring Austrian cheeses and pastries from 6-7 p.m. Regular admission is \$10. For those who stay for either wine tasting, admission is \$30 (\$25 for seniors and students over 21; \$20 for members). For reservations, call 423-3587.

For art-lovers who like to mix their mediums, the museum stages weekly WorldBeat Jazz performances in its Rotunda on Fridays and Saturdays, from 5-8 p.m. For the month of July, renowned musician/composer Marty Ehrlich is scheduled to play—and do expect a crowd. Ehrlich is a master of the flute, clarinet and saxophone and has been lauded as the premier melodist of his generation by more than one national publication. The August lineup showcases American guitarist Paul Meyers and Brazilian vocalist Vera Mara. This husband-and-wife duet sing Brazilian standards as well as their own lyrical compositions. The Guggenheim's hours: Sunday-Wednesday, 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Fri. and Sat., 10 a.m.-8 p.m.; closed Thurs. For more information, call 423-3500.

Quintessentially New York

Wall Street execs may feel manic all-year round, but **Center Stage at The World Trade Center** is hosting a summer series to tempt even die-hard workers to stop and smell the roses. This 8-week, outdoor celebration runs July 8-Aug. 29, offering daily performances at the Austin J. Tobin Plaza from noon-2 p.m. Nationally known acts are scheduled to serve up live jazz, comedy, rhythm & blues, and modern rock. Wednesdays are Latin Swing Nights (5:30-7:30 p.m.) to put a little boogie into the most serious of "suits" after a long day of trading in the Pit. And, movie buffs will be thrilled to hear the rumor (yet to be confirmed but from a reliable source) that a Thursday night outdoor Film Festival is in the works, screening contemporary works—as opposed to the classics the other festivals feature—throughout the month of August. For more information on this summer's schedule, call The World Trade Center at 435-4170.



Cool summer classes

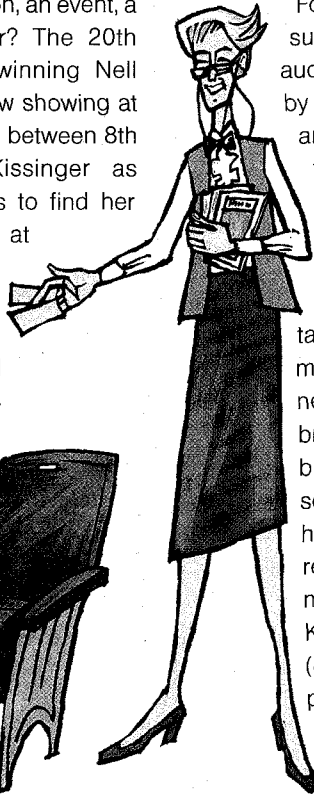
Humidity has a way of making your brain feel soggy, as if the bridge between the synapses has washed out for the season. Being a New Yorker, you've got a reputation to uphold (hyper-energetic, whip-smart), so fight the good fight against mental lethargy and weather-induced dullness. **Talk Power** is an intensive weekend seminar that guarantees to "rewire your brain for any kind of performance—job interviews included," explains its founder, Natalie Rogers. Geared for the savvy professional who is uncomfortable with public speaking, Talk Power promises to transform you from a stammering, sweating bundle of nerves to the picture of cool confidence and comfort (even when the thermometer inches skyward). Trained in acting, Rogers went on to get her degree in psychotherapy, deriving skills from both disciplines to teach her clients how to still those rapidly beating hearts, halt the adrenaline rush, and think calmly in the heat of the moment. "Talk Power gives 100% results," she states. "I've worked with thousands of executives over the last 20 years who are very smart people—they just feel anxiety when forced to address a group. We start with one sentence at a time. It's a step-by-step program." Relying purely on behavior modification, Talk Power costs \$595 for the two-day seminar. Upcoming classes will be held Aug. 2 & 3 and Sept. 13 & 14 at the Doral Court Hotel, 130 Lexington Ave. at 39th St. Call 1-800-525-3718 or 684-1711 for information.

It's also important to plan now for what's just around the corner: Fall classes. **The New York School of Interior Design** is hosting an Open House on Aug. 20 for prospective students (170 E. 70th St.). This career seminar will introduce the faculty and alumni, tour the building, and discuss upcoming courses such as a popular faux-finish workshop (Sept. 9-25, six sessions, Tues-Thurs, 10 a.m.-1:55 p.m.) and a design workshop with Lady Henrietta Spencer-Churchill (September 16-18, 9 a.m.-5:30 p.m.). Whether you're interested in jump-starting a career in interior design or just want to hone your decorating skills, this is the place. Not only will your brain be better for it, so will your apartment. For a catalogue or to register, call 472-1500 x15.

Broadway beckons

What famous lyric could be more appropriate for the summer than, "The sun will come out, tomorrow"? That's right, **"Annie"** is back on Broadway, and seeing it again is the best way to reclaim the innocence of youth. Remember when you couldn't stop singing this catchy theme song (off-key) to anyone who'd

listen? "Annie" is more than a musical—it's a tradition, an event, a rite of passage, so what are you waiting for? The 20th Anniversary production, starring Tony-award-winning Nell Carter as the cantankerous Miss Hannigan is now showing at Broadway's Martin Beck Theater (302 W. 45th St. between 8th and 9th avenues). With upstart Brittny Kissinger as the orphaned red-head who desperately wishes to find her real parents, the new production still tugs at the old heartstrings—and no one is immune. Besides "Tomorrow," "Annie" features other favorite songs such as "It's A Hard-Knock Life," "You're Never Fully Dressed Without A Smile," and "I Don't Need Anything But You." The schedule is as follows: Wednesday, Thursday and Friday: \$70, \$55, \$40 (7:30 p.m.); Saturday evenings: \$75, \$60, \$50 (7:30 p.m.); Sunday evenings: \$75, \$60, \$50 (6 p.m.); Wednesday matinees \$60, \$50 (2 p.m.); Saturday matinees \$75, \$60, \$50 (2 p.m.); and Sunday matinees \$75, \$60, \$50 (1 p.m.). Call Tele-charge at 239-6200.



For something a little more steamy starting this summer, "**Forever Tango**" is making Broadway audiences hot and bothered. Created and directed by Luis Bravo, it features 16 dancers, one vocalist, and an on-stage 11-piece orchestra for an evening that celebrates the passionate music and dance of Argentina. "The tango," says Argentine-born Bravo, "is the music of the emigrant, of someone who is always leaving and never finds a home." Originating in poverty-stricken Buenos Aires, the tango was a dance of violence, desperation, and melancholia, performed by the men who worked in nearby packing houses and the women of the brothels. Over many years, it eventually entered the better dance halls and became a symbol for sensuality and of South America. "Forever Tango" harkens back to the days of emigrant despair, recapturing the raw emotion of the ghetto through movement and music. It's now playing at the Walter Kerr Theater (218 W. 48th St.) Monday-Saturday (8 p.m.) and Wednesday and Saturday (2 p.m.). All performances except Wednesday matinee: \$75, \$55, and \$30; Wednesday matinee: \$65, \$50 and \$30. Call Tele-charge at 239-6200.



GOODMORNING america

Stop by and catch Good Morning America's live national television broadcast from Tavern on the Green Friday mornings, this summer. Watch live performances by top musical recording artists.

See your favorite Good Morning America personalities. Witness the excitement of live TV, all for free.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park at 67th St. Summer Fridays, 7:30 A.M. Capacity limited

Coming this summer: Kenny Loggins, Sheryl Crow, Art Garfunkel, plus many more!!



If you can't make it tune in Monday-Friday 7AM-9AM

Subject to cancellation based on rain

Cool Dining Venues for Hot Summer Nights

It's okay to be smug. New York has the most incredible restaurant scene in the world, and you can act like a kid in a candy store all summer long. With longer days (and nights), you can wile away the hours with your cool compadres at any of these venues.

Bella Luna (584 Columbus Ave. between 88th and 89th streets; 877-2267) is a neighborhood favorite with its fine Tuscan cuisine, extensive wine list, and kid-friendly ambience. Featuring the work of new artists every three to six months, Bella Luna is

also a beautiful space in which to savor their popular entrees: grilled veal chops with garlic and rosemary sauce, capellini with seafood and arugula served with balsamic vinaigrette, grilled chicken and sauteed oyster mushrooms. The 40' stainless-steel bar is fully stocked (and adult-friendly), so stroll on in and sip some grappa before or after an Italian treat.

After a long day winning and losing fortunes, the stock broker set head over to Midtown's favorite watering hole and steakhouse, **Bull & Bear**, housed within the Waldorf Astoria Hotel (49th St. at Lexington Ave.; 872-4900). Diners fill up on giant portions of hearty American fare—lamb chops, prime rib, and chicken pot pie—then savor an after-dinner cigar at the well-stocked bar which features an array of single-malt scotches, bourbons, and beers on tap to suit discerning palates. Look for the Peter Duchin Jazz Trio every Thursday and Friday night at 7:30 p.m.



Café Botanica, located in **The Essex House** (160 Central Park South), offers an oasis from summer's soaring temperatures with cool waters running through a lovely fountain and lush greenery, all enclosed in an indoor conservatory. The sunny, garden-like interior is complemented by the Central Park views and provides a perfect setting to enjoy

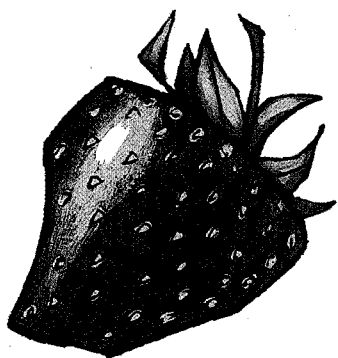
Chef Robert Bagli's light and refreshing Californian/ Mediterranean cuisine.

The summer menu highlights fresh vegetables and greens, accented by lemon, sesame and soya. Café Botanica's Strollers' Brunch offers a relaxing alternative for Sunday afternoons. To quench their thirst, visitors flock to Journey's Lounge, next to the restaurant, for a full selection of frozen drinks mixed to lower the temperature and raise the spirits. For reservations, call 484-5120.

"Monzu" cooking is an art form, and **Caffe Bondi** has perfected it over the last eight years. Nestled in the Flatiron District (7 W. 20th St. between Fifth and Sixth avenues; 691-8136), this charming restaurant borrows from culinary traditions dating back to the 11th century. By combining French methods with Italian ingredients, Caffe Bondi creates some extraordinary dishes that virtually sing in harmonious accord. Sardines are tempered with the taste of currents, wild fennel, pine nuts, and saffron; mussels are sweetened with a hint of orange. The summer menu is sensational, and the vine-laden garden is romantic and

special advertising section

very European. Reservations are not mandatory, but if you'd like to sit outside, call ahead.



Strawberry lemonade. Barbecued chicken salad. Mochacinno milkshakes. Amazing mashed potatoes. **Comfort Diner** (214 E. 45th St. between Second and Third avenues; 867-4555) takes you back to the '40s and '50s with real soda-fountain appeal. The food is feel-good fantastic, and (this is a promise) you'll never leave hungry. Slide in for "Happy Hour" and have a root beer float or an egg creme—all fountain drinks are half-off Monday-Friday, 4-6 p.m. And, after July 4th, look for weekend events to celebrate the 125th anniversary of diners in America, with blueberry pie-eating contests and more. Also available: pre-made picnic baskets, packed with goodies for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Call ahead to order.

Glamorous Gothamites flock to **Diva** (341 W. Broadway between Broome and Grand streets). The fashion crowd, including more than a few editors, have made this SoHo hotspot their second home. By day, its open door and skylight make for an airy luncheon spot; by night, Diva is dimly lit with red candles, creating a Gothic, sexy ambience. The black lobster ravioli and gnocchi are to die for—in fact, the menu is full of light, organic Northern Italian fare (and you can get remarkable pizza until 4 a.m.). Call 941-9024 for reservations.

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Top right: Roy Lichtenstein. *Keds*. 1961. Oil and pencil on canvas. The Robert B. Mayer Family Collection, Chicago. © 1997 Roy Lichtenstein.

June 10–September 2, 1997

Made possible by Laboratory All Fashion Art Co., Ltd. Above: Georgii and Vladimir Stenberg. *The Three Millions Trial*. 1926. Offset lithograph. Batsu Art Gallery. The Ruki Matsumoto Collection, Tokyo.

June 19–September 2, 1997

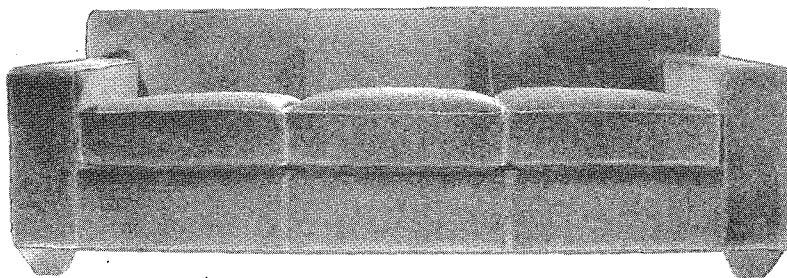
Right: Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. *Jane Avril*. 1899. Lithographic poster, printed in color. The Museum of Modern Art. Gift of Abby Aldrich Rockefeller.



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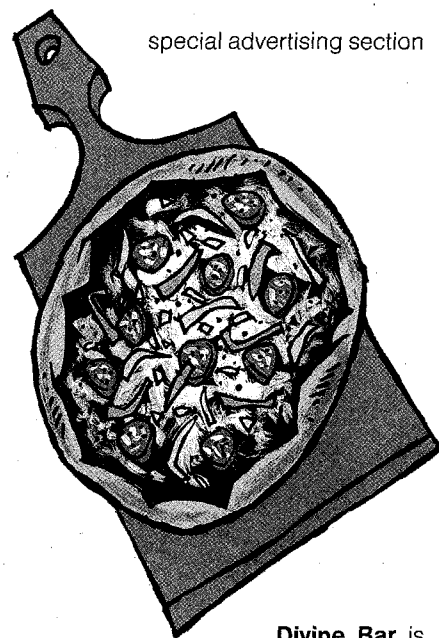
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Divine Bar is simply otherworldly.

This funky duplex townhouse in the heart of Midtown (244 E. 51st St. between Second & Third avenues) caters to young, power-glam professionals with oenophile aspirations. Offering an incredible 60 wines by the taste, glass or bottle, as well as 40 beers, port sherry, champagne and cigars, the place oozes ambience with dimmed lights and velvet couches. Look for the upcoming "Marilyn Merlot Night" on Aug. 5, which includes two glasses of an annual vintage of the same name and fun tapas specials—Joe DiMaggio Ballpark pigs-in-a-blanket, JFK Hyannis Port baked clams, and skewered balsamic chicken with Arthur Miller-naise dip; \$35 prix fixe. Call 319-WINE for required reservations.

Fresco by Scotto (34 E. 52nd St.; 935-3434) has been called the commissary for NBC, because so many of its employees wander over from Rockefeller Center to dine there (including some big-name morning anchors who shall remain nameless). This vibrant restaurant features the Tuscan Italian creations of Chef Vincent Scotto, including signature pizzas, penne gratin, scallops and shrimp, and refreshing summer salads. Their most popular dish? Succulent veal chops, prepared from the finest meats New York has to offer. Also, look for the *Fresco Modern Tuscan Cooking For All Seasons*, a new cookbook available at your local bookstore, filled with great recipes of healthy, delicious and uncomplicated dishes.



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When your head is in the clouds, travel to the world's highest nightspot, **The Greatest Bar on Earth at Windows on the World** (One World Trade Center, 107th Floor; 524-7000). This New York favorite boasts a loyal and ever-growing following of Wall Street execs and other professionals. The food is positively celestial—delicious specialties like crab and cod cakes, pizza margherita, and beef tenderloin quesadillas will send you soaring. Plus, look for the Summer Music Program, which features regular "theme" nights including "Strato-Lounge" on Wednesdays, "R&B" on Thursdays and Fridays, and "Summer Swing" every Saturday. (Wednesdays are always free; Thursday-Saturday, expect a \$10 cover). The view is breathtaking, the retro-cocktails superb, and better yet, you never need reservations.

For a bit of April in Paris (even when it's summertime in New York), you don't need to go there—just head to **ici, s'il vous plait** (19 E. 69th St.; 794-6419). This ornate French bistro has been open for two years and is known for its unique approach to catering to individual palates.



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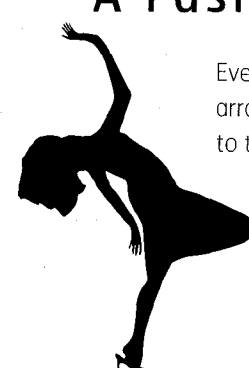
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NEW YORK

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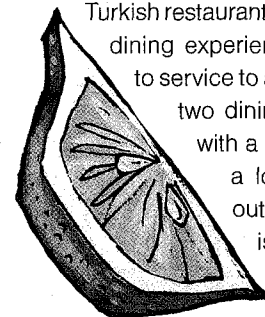
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Offering four meats, three types of fish, three garnishes, and four sauces every day, guests may “customize” their meal by selecting the desired combination. Their most popular appetizer? A delicious dish with grilled scallops and asparagus. With the French windows wide open and the clientele looking impossibly chic, you might forget that you’re not on the West Bank.

Mark’s and Mark’s Bar (25 E 77th St. at Madison Ave.; 879-1864) are two friendly neighborhood establishments housed in The Mark Hotel. Serving Continental cuisine in a “casual hip” atmosphere, Mark’s restaurant is the ideal place to relax on a hot summer night. You’ll discover unusual dishes here that tantalize the tastebuds: the Moroccan-crusted salmon and lobster pie are two favorites. Ambience is amiable and diners are dressed in summer-cool attire.

Medusa (239 Park Ave. South; 477-1500) opened its doors in early May and discovered enthusiastic diners all too willing to line up for a table. With its homemade pastas and signature dishes like “Medusa a la Fiamma”—toasted Tuscan herb bread topped with kefalotyri cheese and set aflame with Sambuca—this restaurant never lacks for spice. Its 33’ bar also attracts a hip, professional, after-work crowd. The kitchen serves a full dinner menu from 5 p.m. to midnight, but it keeps making pizzas until 4 a.m.—another reason to queue-up with Medusa’s loyal new following.

For the taste of Istanbul in Manhattan, all roads lead to **Pasha** (70 W. 71st St. between Columbus and Central Park West; 579-8751). This authentic Turkish restaurant offers a special dining experience—from food to service to ambience. With two dining rooms (one with a pretty skylight), a lounge, and an outdoor cafe, there is ample space



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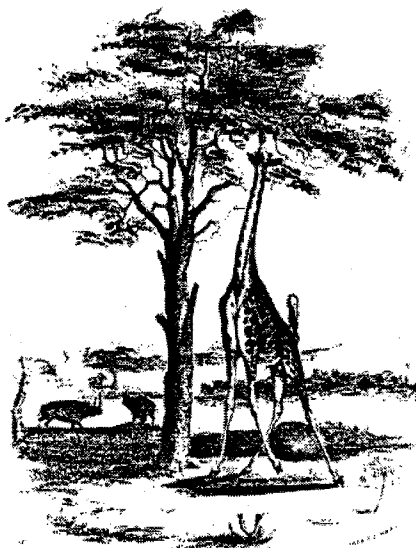
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Tennessee Mountain is the hotspot for down-home Southern cooking (143 Spring St.; entrance on Wooster St.; 431-3993). Even the ultra-cool are willing to wear a bib for the mouth-watering, sauce-dripping, baby-back ribs. Why not savor these delectable treats on SoHo's only outdoor terrace on the second floor? This restaurant also has a happening bar crowd, due to the many summer drink and beer specials, so hurry on in!

Two Rooms Restaurant is located in an intimate, early-colonial house built in 1856 (313 E. 58th St. between First and Second avenues; 223-1886), and is renowned for both its beauty and exotic menu. The Royal Room on the main floor evokes the exclusivity of the "salon privées" of turn-of-the-century Paris, and is available for private parties. The Karoo Room upstairs emits an African colonial ambience. Diners will revel in this elegant and romantic spot and discover menu items such as spicy shrimp Mozambique, Vietnamese five-spiced quail, and pan-seared tuna. Celebrity spottings? How about Robert DeNiro, Dennis Rodman, Prince Albert of Monaco, and Peter Fonda? The place is hot, so call early for reservations.

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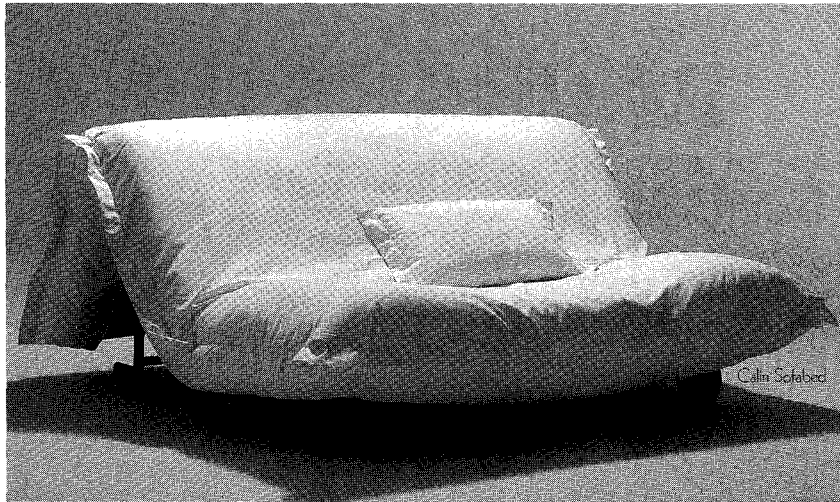
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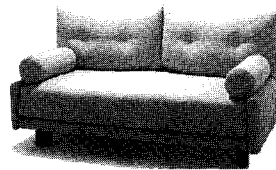
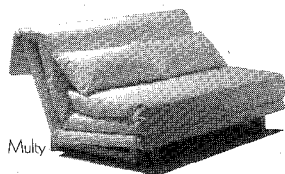
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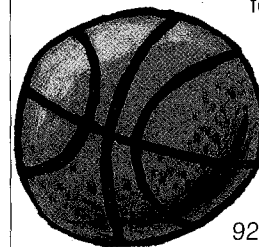
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Active and Urban

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Hoop dreams really do come true—at **Basketball City**. Located at the entrance of Chelsea Piers at West 23rd Street and the Hudson River, this independently owned, 40,000 square-foot complex boasts six hardwood courts on its rooftop—enclosed beneath a giant air-conditioned bubble. Celebrating its Grand Opening in July 1997, Basketball City offers a complete fitness center, sports lounge, and volleyball courts. New leagues are forming now for the Fall—men, women and kids are encouraged to sign up and start dribbling. Every aspiring athlete is rated based on skill and placed accordingly, so don't fret—you'll be playing with your peers. Not surprisingly, this flagship facility has captured the attention of the tallest guys on Earth—the NBA—and a few legends are already in the game. Alex English, Basketball Hall of Famer and eight-time NBA All-Star, has signed on as VP and Director. New Yorkers will also be thrilled to learn that Charlie Ward, point guard for the Knicks, has committed to appearing at charitable events and camps



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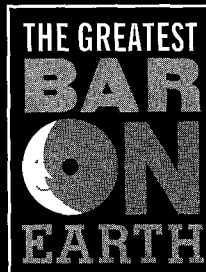
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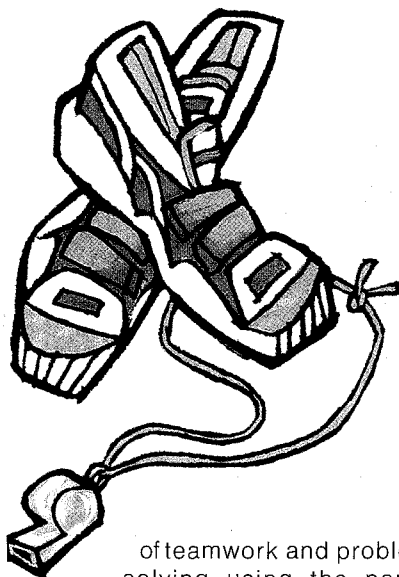
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 July 21, *To Kill A Mockingbird* (1962)
 July 28, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (1953)
 Aug. 4, *King Kong* (1933)
 Aug. 11, *Vertigo* (1958)
 Aug. 18, *What Ever Happened To Baby Jane?* (1962)
 Aug. 25, *Singin' In The Rain* (1952)

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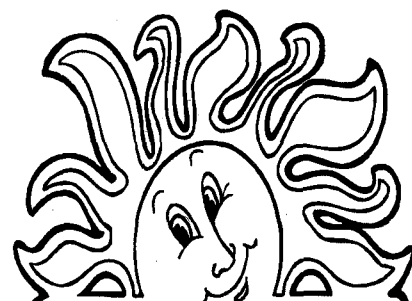
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"Carapan" is a Pueblo Indian term for "a beautiful place of tranquillity where one comes to restore one's spirit." The owner, a former massage therapist fell in love with the sacred traditions of the Pueblos—and their native New Mexico—and vowed to recreate the experience in Manhattan. **Carapan Urban Spa** was born some nine years ago on a quiet residential street in the Flatiron District (5 W. 16th St. between Fifth and Sixth avenues) to serve the city's many harried men and women. The moment that keyed-up clients enter this retreat, they're enveloped in a soothing sensory experience that instantly changes their mood: the smell of incense and wood, the low lights, the pleasant music, and an amazingly friendly staff. Whether shopping for

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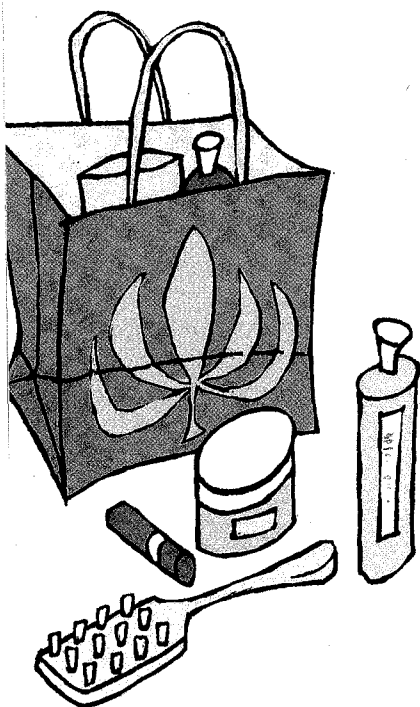
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ISSUE DATE: 8/25

ON SALE: 8/18

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NEW YORK

women's health

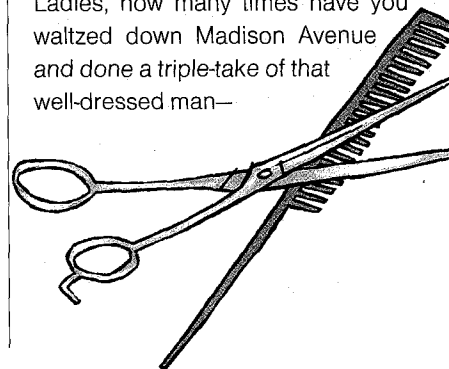
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and are taken away through movement classes, massages, and heavenly facials. Right now SoHo Sanctuary is featuring a series of "Summer Goddess" packages which provide one-day to three-month access to the facilities—and bring out the Aphrodite in every woman. Call 334-5550 for details. You'll be glad you did.

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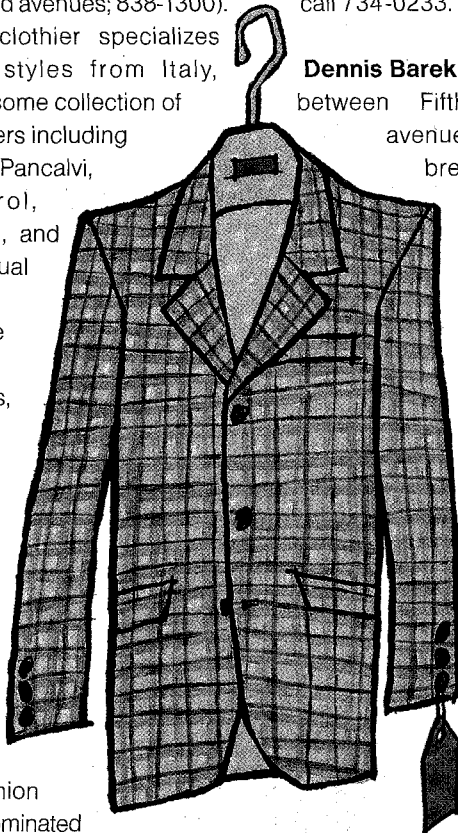
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Summer Smarts

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BOOKS LUC SANTE

Watching the Detectives

A new biography explores how noir master Georges Simenon managed to write 400 books while sleeping with (he claims) 10,000 women.

Simenon

BY PIERRE ASSOULINE

Alfred A. Knopf; 447 pages; \$32.50

GEORGES SIMENON WAS NOT ACTUALLY THE MOST prolific writer of all time, but his legend rests on statistics: more than 400 titles, translations into 50 languages, worldwide sales of more than 500 million. He famously wrote his novels in eleven days, or nine, or seven. An apocryphal story has Alfred Hitchcock trying to get him on the telephone, and upon being told that he'd just begun a new novel, replying, "That's all right; I'll wait." Early on in his career, which stretched from the early twenties to the early eighties (he died in 1989), a promoter conceived the idea of having him write a novel in a glass cage on the street, where gawkers could read the pages as soon as they came off his typewriter. The stunt was never carried out, but it was so fitting that many believed it had actually happened, from noted Parisians who recounted it as fact in their memoirs to my father, who told me the story when I was a tot.

Simenon's statistics were not restricted to his trade. He himself alleged that he had slept with 10,000 women, and even if this is less than probable (Assouline calculates that it would amount to a different woman every two days "from adolescence to retirement"), he does seem to have had an advanced case of satyriasis. Simenon fans have even compiled numbers for his prodigious consumption of pipes, of pencils, and so on. Simenon was more than a bit obsessive-compulsive. He was also very much emblematic of his time, both in straddling the gap between the era of the writer-as-titan (Balzac, Dickens, etc.) and the present media age, and in exemplifying in the domain of letters the attributes of the heroic entrepreneur. He manufactured novels the way Henry Ford built cars—although Ford never faced the problem of having to compete with himself, as Simenon did when he was issuing as many as thirteen books in one year.

With all those figures on display, you might figure Si-

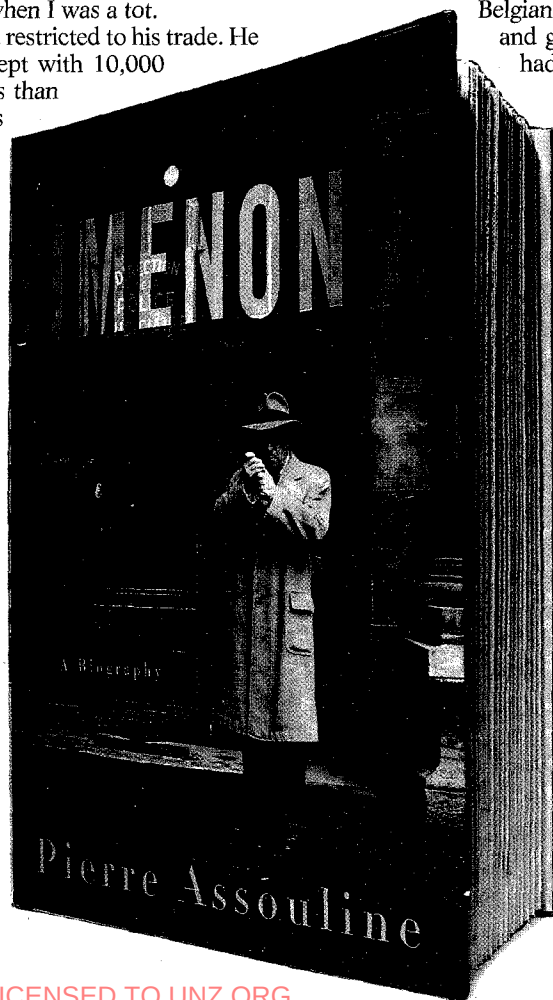
menon for a facile hack, but you'd be wrong. While he did put in a roughly nine-year apprenticeship in hackwork (more than 190 titles under seventeen pseudonyms), his mature writing is another matter. Although consistent quality could hardly be expected from so vast an output, he managed against all odds to write a large number of superior novels—closely observed, harrowing, morally subtle, claustrophobically atmospheric, with fully-fledged, memorable characters. You the American reader wouldn't be likely to know this, since virtually all these books are long out of print in English. Simenon is known here exclusively for his Inspector Maigret mysteries, which constitute a little more than half his later work and provide excellent entertainment, but they are nothing compared to the others, his *romans noirs*.

Simenon was born in 1903 in Liège, Belgium. He tells the story of his childhood—his petit-bourgeois upbringing, his scheming mother, the early death of his gentle and unambitious father, the ravages of the war—in *Pedigree* (1948), the barely fictionalized memoir that is his masterpiece and quite possibly the greatest single work of

Belgian literature. He left school early and got work as a reporter, but he had larger ambitions, and he lit out for Paris before he was

20, never again returning to Belgium to live. In the city of light, he turned himself into a writing machine, learning his craft as he practiced it, and still found time to be a major-league partygoer, café crawler, and Josephine Baker's lover. He had a flair for self-marketing, throwing an "Anthropometric Ball" to which guests were invited by official-looking summonses, and then fingerprinted at the door. When the riotous pace of city life got to be too much, he cruised the waterways of Europe on his own boat, and made sure he was photographed by the press as he typed his novels on the deck.

By that time, beginning in 1931, he had decided he was ready to sign his own name to his works. In the first two years, the majority of his books (17 out of 23) featured Maigret



Simenon
manufactured
novels—good
ones—the
way Henry Ford
made cars.

whose character he had begun to develop in his pseudonymous days. He is a big, bluff, ritualistic provincial who solves cases not by deduction but by intuition, by absorbing atmosphere and literally by sniffing things out—not unlike his creator, who also had unusual olfactory talents. Maigret was a sensation, and it did not take long for him to enter the pantheon of great literary detectives. Soon Simenon began alternating those mysteries with novels in which crimes occurred, but which were told from the point of view of the perpetrator or the victim, and which were not puzzles but studies of people crossing some kind of line within themselves. He was going from strength to strength, cultivating his legend, letting interviewers know all about how for each book he spent two days meditating, wrote characters' races and addresses and biographical details on the back of a manila envelope, and thereafter produced a chapter a day. He was socking cash away big-time, and even more came in when he



The inspector's inspector: Assouline.

started selling movie rights, although he was frequently distressed by what producers did to his ideas. Now what he craved was literary respectability, and even that wish was granted after a time; he garnered some eminent fans, foremost among them André Gide, and as a consequence was taken up by Gaston Gallimard, the Zeus of French publishers, and his books started coming out in those elegant NRF editions with the plain buff covers, the title in red and the author's name in black.

His private life was a bit baroque—he had gotten married just before leaving Liège, and his household also included a maid whom he bedded regularly for some twenty years, while he continued to visit brothels at every opportunity. He moved around France, mostly renting chateaux, fancying himself lord of the given manor, and spent time down in the village researching his works by snooping on the locals, to their discomfort and occasional indignation. He wrote compulsively, absorbed others' lives compulsively, and compulsively oiled his tool. Even while possessed of a singular gift of empathy as far as his work went, he was unnaturally self-absorbed in his life, oblivious to the needs of others and the state of the world. When the Germans invaded Belgium in 1940, he did his bit by helping the refugees who flooded France; then, when France in turn was invaded, he proceeded to curry favor with the Germans. He acted entirely out of self-interest—mainly, he wrote the same kind of work as ever but changed his

venues to collaborationist papers and Nazi-controlled film companies. He seemed to have no ideology whatsoever. That had apparently also been the case when, as a boy reporter in Liège, he had signed his name to a seventeen-part newspaper series that parroted the libels of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. When confronted with this in later life, he equivocated, but Assouline catalogues every appearance of Jewish characters in his books—they are mostly grimy stereotypes.

The Liberation made things too hot in France for Simenon's dubious reputation,

so he decamped to the United States and eventually established himself in rock-ribbed Lakeville, Connecticut, where he lived much as he had in those French chateaux. After a decade he relocated, this time permanently, to Switzerland, where the scenery and the tax advantages beckoned. He remarried in America, to a French Canadian named Denyse Ouimet, who was at least as bizarre as he was. She bore him three children (he'd had a son by his first wife); his three sons grew up to become apparently stable citizens, who revered their father, but his daughter, Marie-Jo, was troubled and killed herself when she was 25. There had been something incestuous about their relationship, in affect if not in deed, but the major trauma seems to have been provided by her mother. Her suicide devastated Simenon, and all but ended his writing career.

His life was hardly edifying, then, but his work should no more be measured by the flaws in his character than it should be relegated to the outskirts of literature just because most of his books happen to feature some kind of crime. Such books as *Pedigree*, *The Shadow Falls* (1937), *Strange Inheritance* (1941), *The First-Born* (1945), *The Stain on the Snow* (1948), and *The Bells of Bicêtre* (1963)—this novel, the tale of a suddenly paralyzed Parisian editor who reviews the world from his hospital bed, weirdly prefigures *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*—deserve to be reprinted. They will surprise anyone who thinks of Simenon as some sort of Francophone Erle Stanley Gardner. Assouline's biography is intelligent, measured, lucid, superbly balanced: Unlike altogether too many biographers, he is capable of distinguishing between the singer and the song. His book is also very well written, at least in French.

The translation, while not a disgrace overall, is nevertheless disfigured by many literal renderings of idiomatic phrases, betraying their meaning or just turning them into nonsense.

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Dis-Bard

The Shakespeare Festival takes unseemly liberties with 'Henry VIII'; Raquel Welch does her best with 'Victor/Victoria.' (Julie Andrews can rest easy.)

AND SO, WITH **Henry VIII** IN CENTRAL PARK, THE Pappian mandate to mount all 36—correction, 37—plays of Shakespeare comes to an end. Without, it would seem, No. 38, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, like No. 37, *Henry VIII*, probably a collaboration with John Fletcher. But I'm all for the limiting of the canon: The Shakespeare Festival is better at making Shakespeare's hand disappear from the certified plays than at coaxing it forth from the disputed ones—as witness here.

I confess I lasted only halfway through this final of-

so turned the First and Second Gentlemen into females, even though Tudor women were hardly in a position to discuss higher politics. Moreover, the Second Gentlewoman sings a song to Michael Bodeen's humdrum music, and manages to make not one word comprehensible.

In the overlong masque sequence (feeble choreography by Sabrina Peck), the dancers carry on in ways both ungraceful and anachronistic. Even the visually mismatched couples are hard on the eye. Details are flubbed: Buckingham would not have been led to the scaffold with his hands tied, and with a yellow silk rope of all things. And what blocking! Although the actors inter-

estingly emerge from aisles, from vomitories, from all sides, once onstage, they bunch up in constricted, commonplace configurations. The biggest problem, though, is their acting.

Lamentably, Ruben Santiago-Hudson, so good in streetwise roles, is not one inch the king. Looking not the least like the oft-depicted monarch, and moving unregally, he delivers many of his lines in an inappropriate drawl. Similar problems dog others, notably Julio Monge's Earl of Surrey, who sounds like a fresh graduate of Hostos College. That old hand, or ham, Bette Henritze travesties the Old Lady into burlesque, much to the groundlings' uncouth delight. John Ellison Conlee, as Cardinal Campeius, the papal legate, comes across as an overfed, overgrown altar boy. Herb Foster, as the Lord Chamber-

lain, does his usual waspish bit, and Marin Hinkle is an Anne Boleyn for whom Henry wouldn't have divorced Ursula the pig-woman of *Bartholomew Fair*.

But even the better performances have drawbacks. The experienced Josef Sommer plays Cardinal Wolsey, 54 in 1529, with a nonagenarian's quaver; Jayne Atkinson's gutsy Katherine of Aragon lacks queenly dignity and affects a supererogatory Spanish accent (or was it Norwegian?) that comes and goes. There is, however, decent work from Michael Stuhlbarg as the Surveyor and especially from Larry Bryggman as Buckingham.

It is not so much a matter of individual performances, though, as of a total lack of ensemble acting. The ragtag cast evinces as much harmony as a clutter-



Off with their heads: The cast of *Henry VIII*.

fering of the Shakespeare Marathon, directed by Mary Zimmerman, the Chicago hotshot previously represented here by an amusing *Arabian Nights* and a dismal *Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci*. She has taken only a few liberties, but those (at least in the first half) are doozies. Thus, she assigned the important prologue to the mush-mouthed Julia McIlvaine, a cute adolescent who cannot begin to do it justice, and whom she later introduces as an angel with garishly painted wings and a cheap modern suitcase, silently leading Buckingham to his doom.

What is in that suitcase? Videos of productions by Peter Brook and Peter Sellars? Candy to munch on off-stage? Miss Zimmerman's brains? The director has al-

of alley cats in your backyard. This is what made so much of the Shakespeare Marathon into an obstacle race wherein the hurdles overwhelmed the runners and underwhelmed the spectators. At least those smarter than the woman behind me, who, having brought her ceaselessly babbling 3-year-old, left when she realized this wasn't *The Wizard of Oz*.

Some years back, the cheeky revue *Scrambled Feet* made fun of Joe Papp for giving us, in a city full of black and Jewish actors, a Chinese Othello and a Puerto Rican Shylock. But makeup and good acting can bridge all gaps, including lack of circumcision. What can't be countenanced is a systematic policy of affirmative-action Shakespeare: a rapper Romeo and merengue Macbeth are hardly what the Bard had in mind.

This is not only political correctness but also sublime disregard for the speaking of verse (Shakespearean or other), and no period sense in deportment. It has to do as much with our schools, where neither language nor history gets its due, as with our acting training, which, if it exists at all, exalts Neil Simon and Arthur Miller over Molière and Shakespeare. Perhaps the free Shakespeare Festival holds that you do not look gift horseplay in the mouth, but that is assuming that one pays only with money, and not also with dashed expectations and wasted time.

Henry VIII is, barring a few eccentricities, nicely costumed by Toni-Leslie James, and boasts uninspired scenery by Riccardo Hernandez. There is, however, a gold backcloth that, despite the customary semicircular incisions, misbehaved in the strong wind, flapping a hundred mocking tongues at the hapless proceedings.

RAQUEL WELCH WAS SURELY CAST IN THE dual lead of **Victor/Victoria** on account of her work in the distantly related movie *Myra Breckinridge*. But there, Miss Welch had to play only the female half, Myra; Myron was abandoned to the tender mercies of Rex Reed. Sure enough, Miss Welch makes an alluring Victoria, grandly defying the encroachments of age, and registering midway between the good offices of Julie Andrews and the overzealous ministrations of Liza Minnelli. A bit tentative as yet, she should, in time, settle in.

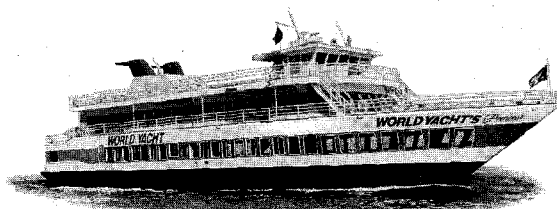
That she is too feminine for Victor works in her behalf, as she abounds in the very features female impersonators duplicate best. My only problem was with her opening, where she is supposed to be hungry and cold, starvation and exposure to the elements being further from her range than the Polish count she is supposed to enact. The most rigorous Hollywood diet still beats hunger, and the rains of wintry Paris drench differently from Chanel No. 5. But who, I wonder, will follow her: Rex Reed?

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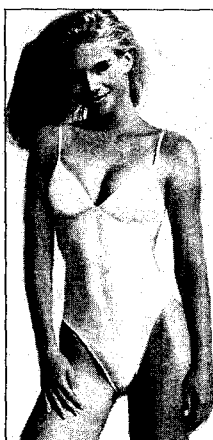
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ART MARK STEVENS

Harmonic Convergence

Bringing man and nature into balance: Toshiko Takaezu's earthy ceramics and Frank Lloyd Wright's human landscape.



GIVEN THE HISTORY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, no apology is necessary for art's discordant character. Where would an artist today find a convincing ideal of harmony? Consider the two dominant responses to the natural world; they provide small hope that we can live in energetic but respectful relation to the environment. On the one hand, people treat land with reckless abandon; on the other, they wall up small pieces to create a pristine wilderness. Hardly a model of balance.

But strong, unsentimental visions of harmony nonetheless persist in art. They are all the more valuable for being rare and for maintaining certain ancient aspirations. Two artists with shows that have recently opened in New York—Toshiko Takaezu at the American Craft Museum and the Charles Cowles Gallery and Frank Lloyd Wright at the Whitney Museum of American Art—embody this forceful but harmonious spirit. I want to concentrate on Takaezu, who is now 75 years old, because she is an important artist who is little known outside her field. But not before emphasizing Wright's vision of harmony, which is sometimes overlooked because of the radical éclat of his buildings.

Designs for an American Landscape: 1922–1932 represents an extraordinary version of “what might have been” as the automobile began to transform America's

relation to the land. Jointly organized by the Whitney, the Canadian Centre for Architecture, the Library of Congress, and the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation, the exhibition focuses upon five of Wright's visionary but never-built projects; they include a desert resort, a suburban development, and a refashioned mountaintop. Cars, Wright believed, could bring people from their debased cities into the soul-enhancing countryside. There was no call for a modern architect either to dominate that environment or to tiptoe around to protect it.

Wright believed in shaping nature, in order to reveal and enhance its essential structure. He let the place inspire the means; the A. M. Johnson Desert Com-

pound, for example, seems to enhance its environment of mountains and valley. Man and nature could here exist in what Wright called sympathetic alliance; nature, no less than Wright, was an architect. Looking at Wright's drawings, plans, and models reminds me of those places where farmers have worked the same ground for centuries, until the respective powers of man and nature finally seem brought into balance.

The Art of Toshiko Takaezu, which was organized by the National Museum of Modern Art in Kyoto, Japan, is steeped in similar kinds of ambition. A Japanese-American born in Hawaii, Takaezu studied ceramics in Hawaii and at the Cranbrook Academy of Art in Michigan; she taught at Princeton from 1967 to 1992. In the fifties, she traveled to Japan, living for several months in a Zen temple. In postwar art, she is one of those figures (Peter Voulkos is the best-known) who helped transform “crafts” into “art,” at least in the eyes of an often condescending art world, by refusing to be confined to the utilitarian task of creating plates, cups, and teapots. Today, she is celebrated for “closing the pot”—making fully rounded forms at the potter's wheel. She often leaves a nipple on the top of these signature “closed forms” to let the gases escape during firing.

But Takaezu also represents another important aspiration of postwar art: the merging of modernist and Asian (particularly Buddhist) ideas. Pigeonholers like to treat potters as potters, sculptors as sculptors, and

Feat of clay:
Takaezu's *Tree-
Man Forest*
(1982–87).

painters as painters. But Takaezu and, say, the painter Agnes Martin—who also imbues modernism with a Buddhist perspective—have more in common with each other than with many artists who work in their respective fields. Like many such modernists, Takaezu believes in working with chance and subtle irregularities, but in a way that rarely has the disruptive air of modernity. She brings to her contemplative art a series of well-stated harmonies that are not old-fashioned or dainty—not, in short, just the usual Buddhist-lite.

There is no jarring cultural break in Takaezu's art. No shattering rejection of the past, which is a hallmark of modernism; no emphasized differences between Western and Asian practices. Although known for the closed forms, she continues to make objects for use; more important, she does not seem to have abandoned the pot in favor of some elevated abstraction called "art." The lowly pot, after all, is also a symbol of nourishment and protection—a true vessel of civilization. It lives on in her pieces not just as a vestigial memory (one of her works is called *Tealess Teapot*) but in her ambition to make a nourishing art.

If Takaezu's art maintains a "sympathetic alliance" with the civilization of pots, however, its connection to the earth itself—to clay—seems even stronger. Her colors are almost always earth colors. The hues that result from glazes in a kiln are like nothing that can be found in a painting or a photograph: They have a geologic truth. Of course, every hippy-dippy potter uses earth colors, but Takaezu is a true master of glazes and differs from the crowd in being a startling colorist, much as nature herself is. (No sunset is sentimental, because it invariably contains something unexpected.) She will put an improbable violet above a gray-green. She gives color or texture, of the kind suggested by the many wonderful names used in Asian ceramics, such as "hare's fur" and "congealed mutton fat."

On occasion, Takaezu has employed an almost hallucinatory blue, which she says reminds her of a certain patch of sea off Hawaii. Often placed on the crown of a closed form, this blue may also evoke the night sky or the dark rapture of a dream. In fact, Takaezu's glazing often suggests a landscape, particularly the airy, soundless scenes depicted in Asian painting. Her cylindrical pots could

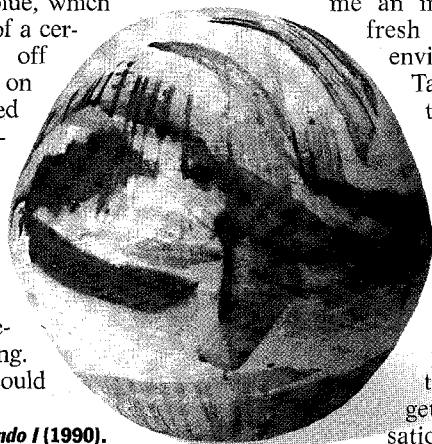
almost be walk-around scrolls.) Yet she avoids becoming descriptive, illustrational, or offensively poetic. As a result, any landscape glimpsed in her work also seems to embody a state of being.

Like a photographer or an etcher, an artist working with glazes cannot entirely control or predict the result after the firing. But chance seems to smile on Takaezu, giving her the gifts of surprise. She works hand-in-hand with nature, thereby arousing the hope, much as Wright does, that some essential balance is possible. An artist who asks for help from the clay creates an appealing aura of humility, which can usefully ground the higher ambitions. A Takaezu "moon" form may suggest the geometric perfection of a circle or sphere, for example, yet the circle never appears impossibly perfect or tyrannical. It is never lost to the ordinary.

Takaezu's closed forms convey so much character that they look almost human. They have a mysterious interior and an outward face. Some even have a voice: She often leaves a loose piece of clay inside that sounds when you hold the work. (She has also made bells, one of which is outside the museum.) Her clay becomes the human clay. Not surprisingly, the closed forms in later years have sometimes stretched upward into a more vertical, human shape. Long fascinated by the volcanic landscape in Hawaii's Devastation Forest, where burned trees stand in lava fields, she has made tall works called tree forms that have an austere and almost magical, totemic presence. Other large works evoke human torsos, often with a rangy strength in the shoulders.

Takaezu's art is difficult to exhibit in a museum or gallery space, where contemplation and reverie are rarely well served. It's better seen in a place where art and the practice of life are not artificially separated. She likes to scatter her pieces around, with a sort of casual ease; some closed forms may be set on the ground. Although conscientiously presented at both its museum and gallery venues, Takaezu's clay soon aroused in me an impatient desire for fresh air or the working environment of a studio.

Takaezu likes others to touch her work. She tells students to go ahead, then smile at the guards. Not the least of her harmonies is that she makes seeing into a form of touch, in an increasingly abstract culture that is fast forgetting the slower sensations of the hand.



arthenware: Takaezu's *Mondo I* (1990).

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Janie Taylor
and Adam
Hendrickson in
Balanchine's
Harlequinade.

THE THIRTY-THIRD INSTALLMENT OF THE **School of American Ballet Annual Workshop Performances** reaffirmed the strength of the academy that produces crackerjack classical technicians for the New York City Ballet as well as other companies worldwide. This year's program was devoted completely to choreography by Balanchine. *Divertimento No. 15* (one of the master's few ballets to a Mozart score), *Symphony in Three Movements* (one of his many great ones to Stravinsky music), and a chunk of *Harlequinade* were seen in productions by two superb staggers of Balanchine, Suki Schorer and Susan Pilarre. The Mozart ballet had the celestial quality the NYCB gave it mid-century—a combination of purity happily obeying the rules of a great tradition and the freshness of youth in all its physical élan and romantic dreams. The Stravinsky looked, rightly, as if its population had been shot into the future, where life was both chilling and thrilling.

Though Workshop is primarily a showcase for SAB's senior students (in their mid- to late teens), the excerpt from *Harlequinade* also showed off a bevy of children,

directed by Garielle Whittle. The "Ballabile des Enfants" section of this work is a tailor-made showcase for the full compass of the school, whose pupils enter at the age of 8. This festive divertissement, presenting comedia dell'arte characters in charming miniature, features group dances for children of four visibly distinct ages; the oldest participants are just-pubescent. The genius of Balanchine's choreography for junior pupils lies in its treating them as professionals-in-the-making but not miniature adults. It builds on their natural exuberance and challenges their abilities without overtaxing them; the cuteness factor—unavoidable with the littlest of them—becomes simply incidental. These students' execution of their material was unaffectedly ebullient and, at the same time, a marvel of exactitude. Looking at the tiniest member in the youngest group, one might be hard-put to believe that such diminutive feet could manage the swift jumps and beats as accurately as they did while the rest of the body maintained a noble, joyous aplomb.

The senior division displayed several extraordinarily capable women whose stage temperaments are too matter-of-fact to engage the imagination. Several of the female soloists, though, are already in command of self-images that linger in one's mind long after their performance. The most intriguing of these young women is the tall, blonde Janie Taylor, whose dancing recalls the grand scale and lushness of Suzanne Farrell. Playing Colombina in *Harlequinade* as an aloof goddess, Taylor was not quite up to all she attempted—and not adequately partnered, either—but even that reach-beyond-her-grasp attitude is promising. I saw her do the role twice, and at both performances she maintained the serene vision she was creating despite small contretemps. In the same ballet, the tiny, dark, delicately built Christina Hall was perfectly cast as the saucy Pierrette. Hall is a born soubrette, precise and spirited without being saccharine.

Nicole Epstein stood out in *Symphony in Three Movements*, for the barely tamed wildness of her jumps and leg extensions. She seemed to be tearing the stage space into jagged fragments. In *Divertimento No. 15*, I succumbed to Martine Ciccone despite my prejudice against dancers who smile incessantly. My love affair with dancing goes back to a time when Balanchine-bred performer smiled rarely if at all, engaging the audience solely—(continued on page 80)



TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Not in Kansas Anymore

The producers of 'Homicide' invent a prison called 'Oz'; the force behind 'Beauty and the Beast' invents a bodice ripper with Druids and Visigoths.

EUGENE V. DEBS SAID, FAMOUSLY: "WHILE THERE IS a lower class I am in it. While there is a criminal element I am of it. While there is a soul in prison I am not free." But the radical Debs has been dead for 70 years, and any such sentiment of fellow feeling for the outcast seems equally extinct, at least since Richard Nixon declared a War on Drugs in 1968. Isn't it odd that the more we learn about systems of domination and servitude in coercive institutions like the prisons, the worse they actually work? Yet we build more of them, as if to lock up and forget about every imaginable deviant behavior. There are more than a million Americans in this biggest of all our closets. And to make sure they get there and stay there, we've put up with wiretaps, warrantless search and seizure, preventive detention, random urine tests, and mandatory sentences. To mention the Fourth, Fifth, and Eighth Amendments to our Constitution is plainly quaint—a vestigial Debsian twitch of the nostalgia gland.

Oz (Saturday, July 12, 11:30 P.M. to 12:30 A.M.; Mondays thereafter, July 14 through August 25, 11 P.M. to midnight; HBO) spends eight remarkable weeks inside this closet, a semi-fictional Benthamite total-surveillance construct called Oswald Maximum Security Prison, while focusing more closely on one of its experimental units, a semi-permissive subdivision called Emerald City. A series of murders supplies the narrative continuity, but each individual episode addresses a different aspect of durance vile—from "The Routine" to "Visits, Conjugal and Otherwise" to "God's Chillin'" to "Capital P.," etc. All were written by Tom Fontana, who is also, with his *Homicide* partner, Barry Levinson, co-executive producer. The episodes amount to an ecology and anthropology of terror, not for the faint of heart or the queasy of stomach. The language alone is premium-cable, with the usual angry four-letter words: "fuck . . . rape . . . wife . . . love." And it's not by accident that one con speaks of "the penis, not the penal, system."

Nor are there, among these prison conscripts, many who are innocent or misunderstood. They range in moral turpitude from a middle-class lawyer (Lee Tergesen) who killed a young girl while driving drunk to a born loser (Sean Whitesell) who murdered and cannibalized his own parents. Even the poet of these cell blocks (Harold Perrineau)—who speaks to the camera from a wheelchair, as if this were a nightmare parody of *Our Town*—gunned down one cop before another tossed him off a roof. While Terry Kinney still clings to a particle of his social-worker idealism, wanting his Emerald City experiment to accomplish something as novel as rehabilitation, Ernie Hudson, the warden of Oz, wages permanent war on vassal states of wiseguys (Tony Musante), Black Muslims (Eamonn Walker),

Aryan Brotherhood skinheads (J. K. Simmons), grudge-nursing Irish, aggrieved Latinos, and miscellaneous traffickers in drugs and flesh.

Because I've seen only the first two hours, I'm worried for the future of Rita Moreno, whose unlikely casting as a nun seems either reckless endangerment or depraved indifference. On the other hand, B. D. Wong is a chaplain in whom are reposed too many awful secrets for his own safety. And Lauren Velez is a prison doctor whose incidental responsibilities include a horrifying AIDS ward. And Edie Falco is a single-mother guard who would really prefer (continued on page 80)

Murderer Jefferson Keane (played by the actor Leon) on Death Row in Tom Fontana and Barry Levinson's *Oz*.



THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAELE GREENE

Jolly Good Phyllo

Molyvos is a Greek island near Carnegie Hall awash in potent tsatsiki and home-style moussaka; near Columbus Avenue, Pasha speaks fluent Turkish.

Grecian formula: Fruit-wood-grilled octopus with olive, fennel, lemon, and oregano at Molyvos.

GREEK TILES PAVE THE PARAPET OF **Molyvos**, AND the windows are flung open to Seventh Avenue. But what stops traffic is the menu painted on the façade—DOLMADES, TZATZIKI, KEFTEDES—the single-digit prices in drachmas. It's faintly kitschy, a bow to theme-park neighbors a hundred T-shirts north on 57th Street. More poignantly, this vast space is another verse in the immigrant American anthem.

In three years as a dishwasher in Queens, with little English and no money, John Livanos had saved enough by 1959 to open a luncheonette in Astoria. Eighteen months later, he sold it, for fifteen times what he'd paid, and traded up for a diner in Hempstead, Long Island. Next came the popular Arch in Brooklyn, and then, with his children, Nick, Bill, and Corina, swanky Livanos and Café Meze in White Plains. With an investment in Oceana, the family finally dared Manhattan.

Now chef Rick Moonen and manager Paul McLaughlin, his partners at that ambitious seafood house and here as well, join Livanos to celebrate his birthplace, Molyvos, a small fishing village on the island of Lésvos.

Suddenly, a dreary beige space that only months ago was the failing Leda has come alive with photos of the family and island life, ceramics and folk art, the classic patterns of Greek tile, rough stenciling, and mottled terra-cotta walls. And the rustic stews, the garlicky yogurt, the wood-grilled lamb, and the exotic sweets emerging from the kitchen—both authentic and glamorized—are a welcome mercy from the bells and whistles of the new American cooking.

True, executive chef Jim Botsacos's father is Greek, and young Botsacos (who worked under four maestros in his seven years at "21") went to Greece on his honeymoon. But he grew up on his mother's Italian *cucina*. Greek was not within his range until Livanos took both him and Moonen overseas for a crash course in cod dolmades and skordalia, with Athens cookbook writer Aglaia Kremezi as their benevolent Circe.

No surprise, then, to discover that Molyvos's fragrant salads—the traditional toss of tomatoes, cucumber, and feta, and the lemony shredded romaine with spring onion and dill—are more elegant than anything you may remember from that taverna in Lindos. Melting lamb shanks, clay-pot-baked with orzo and tomato, and "Aglaia's moussaka" (layered eggplant, potato, tomato, ground lamb, and yogurt bechamel) are authentic imports. And after Kremezi's coaching, Molyvos can produce its own house-made phyllo for cheese fritters and flaky desserts.

I'm not sure why the waiter whisks away our tasting platter, with remnants of its eggplant salad, carp-roe mousse, and cucumber-garlic yogurt unfinished. Perhaps to save us from our excesses, to make way for appetizers (\$7.50 to \$10.50): grilled octopus, marinated sardines with shaved fennel, and the outsize beans called gigantes, baked with onion, olive, bread crumbs, and dill, or marinated and served with beets in garlic sauce. Barley rusk, the tomato-and-feta bruschetta of Crete, needs a saw to cut it. And at \$7.95, it's expensive, too. So are the tasty but minuscule meatballs made with lamb and bulgur-wheat paste at the same price.

The chicken is slightly dry (that's authentic, too) but full of wonderful flavor, either roasted with garlic and lemon or in the fricassee with artichokes. Rosemary-skewered lamb on chickpea rice and cabbage dolmades stuffed with beef and lamb in lemon sauce are hits at our table (dinner entrées \$17.50 to \$23.50). At lunch, with entrées starting at \$12.50, both the eggplant moussaka and the pastitsio, baked pasta loaded with bechamel under a cheese coverlet, are so rich and delicious, two or three bites are enough. The bar stocks ter



ouzos—four from Lésvos—and all of the wine regions of Greece show up in the cellar. Our recommended Domaine Mercouri (\$30), a mellow red, is easy to drink, perfect with this food.

As baklava goes, this walnut-and-pistachio-filled pastry is splendid and not teeth-curlingly sweet. One order of fritters ribboned with cinnamon-thyme honey is perfect for sharing. Sweet semolina-and-almond cake, marvelous grape-must pudding, and mastic ice cream, made from a fragrant resin and served with

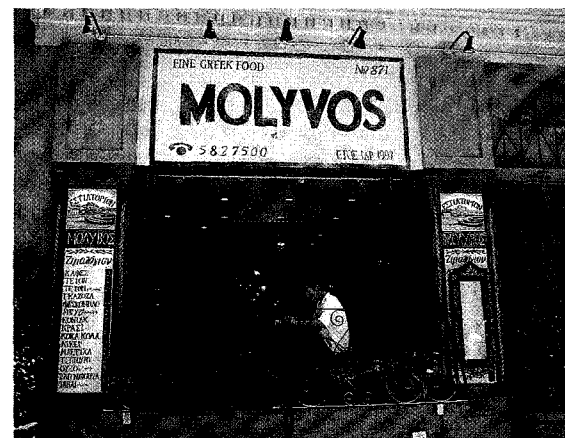
Turkey collected on a platter from the meze table—green beans and tomato cooked to smithereens, garlicky stewed eggplant, cranberry beans with tomato and onion, and a nutty swamp of hummus to spread on the house's extraordinary pide bread. Indeed, if you are like me, and bread, with or without a dab of something, is your favorite lunch, you'll congratulate yourself for making the trip just to taste it. Puffy, butter-brushed, and pitalike but nothing like most pita, it keeps coming, and you never say

"enough." That first night, we share marvelous shepherd's salad (chopped cucumbers, tomato, long green peppers, red onion, and parsley), a portion of warm grape leaves, and a decent imam bayildi. We write off shrimp baked in cheese glue as a loss and divide the marvelous manti, little pasta tots like tiny tortellini with a neat little nipple of lamb stuffing. And the good news is that the lush drift in the middle that tastes like sour cream is actually house-made yogurt.

Returning on a stiflingly sultry night, we take refuge in the back room, spacious with a staccato of skylights but gloomily lit. The neighborhood seems to have discovered Pasha now, and the few waiters run relays but always find time to explain what's on the meze table tonight and to look you in the eye as if to say, "Me Tarzan, you Jane." We do justice to the sampler and lose all discipline with the bread. But it's too late to cancel the appetizers: A big hill of tender fried calamari rings to dip in a walnut-garlic sauce. Romaine salad with oil-cured olives, toasted almonds, and scallions. Plus just a taste of the forgettable octopus. We're left with little appetite for entrées (\$10.95 to \$18.50), though the juicy eggplant-cloaked lamb shank is worth saving room for. And the rice-pistachio-and-currant-stuffed chicken breast is pleasantly moist and flavorful. So be forewarned.

Baked quince cut into petals with vanilla ice cream in a cinnamon syrup is an infinitely more lovable dessert than butter-nut squash in the same guise. This Turkish version of baklava rolls pastry leaves around walnuts and pistachios. And the chocolate-mousse cake is sufficiently chocolatey. The Istanbul-born partners here, Kemal Binici and Turgut Balikci (in his seventh restaurant venture), want you to think of Pasha as a few steps from Lincoln Center and not far from Turkey.

Pasha, 70 West 71st Street; 579-8751. Lunch, Monday through Saturday noon to 3:30 p.m., dinner, Sunday through Thursday 5 p.m. to 11 p.m., Friday and Saturday till 11:30 p.m. A.E., M.C., V.



Agean gracefully: A better tsatsiki on Seventh Avenue.

marinated fresh figs, are a revelation for the neophiliac.

Molyvos, 871 Seventh Avenue, near 56th Street; 582-7500. Lunch, noon to 3 p.m.; dinner, Monday through Thursday 5:30 p.m. to midnight, Friday and Saturday till 1 a.m., Sunday till 11 p.m.; meze, noon till closing. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

WHEN NEW YORK WAS GREEN AND WE WERE easy (or was it the other way around?), the side streets were studded with small outposts where immigrants from Turkey, Lebanon, Egypt, and Armenia expanded our sensory awareness of lamb and eggplant for a pittance. What did we know, we lamb-chop ingenues? Sayat Nova in the Village fed us mussels stuffed with cinnamon-currant rice. At the Sheik, near the old New York Post, we shared raw lamb dotted with pine nuts and discovered just how potent a dried-apricot ice cream could be. **Pasha**, in the below-pavement space of a West 71st Street brownstone, has that same innocent air. The waiters look and sound as if they stepped out of *Arabian Nights*. The entry is ablaze with red, the easy chairs in the lounge covered with kilims. There is a side room for smokers, a Turkish essential. Of course, in those ancient times, a dinner for two might cost less than the \$18.50 Pasha wants for three fatty and wonderful little lamb chops.

Seated on the narrow terrace almost hidden behind shrubs and geraniums, two of us delight in the essential mush of

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Tobias continued from page 76

ly through their dancing. Ciccone's irrepressible grin, like the giggle of a nervous debutante, makes her look silly and provincial, but she's an utterly marvelous dancer, both fleet and willowy, with an alacrity in her movement that would communicate itself even to the most stolid couch potato.

A good crop of men was in evidence, too. Adam Hendrickson, at 16 still rather short and slight, used his remarkable elevation to best effect in *Symphony in Three Movements*, where he added to its intrinsic floating quality a savage attack and edge. Ryan Kelly, who shone in *Divertimento No. 15* and *Symphony in Three Movements*, is unlike many of the striplings in SAB's advanced classes. He's man, not boy—big and solid, with a quiet but masterful princely manner. (You can see his prototype at NYCB in Philip Neal.) Alternating with Kelly in the lead male role of *Symphony in Three Movements* was the riveting Darius Crenshaw. Crenshaw, who is African-American, has the kind of dignity and magnetic presence seen more often in predominantly black companies such as Dance Theatre of Harlem (classical) and the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater (modern, with jazz influences) than in mostly white troupes. SAB is a very white school (as the NYCB is a very white company), so Crenshaw's vibrancy and self-assurance stand out especially. Granted, he is not a virtuoso technician, but he functions so beautifully as a star—and as a partner who seems to have an authentic relationship to his opposite number—that that fact is irrelevant.

Now, am I claiming, God forbid, that theatrical charisma is ethnically linked? The issue isn't that simple. Arthur Mitchell, founder of DTH and the first of the two black principals the NYCB has had in its five-decade history, explains that certain traits—like a visceral response to music, or pride, pleasure, and high style in self-display—while not genetic, may be encouraged in a particular culture's daily existence. If, for whatever reasons, black performing artists as a group can offer something special, why not take advantage of it? As Mitchell recently reminded me, Lincoln Kirstein, co-founder with Balanchine of the New York City Ballet, wrote as early as 1953 about Balanchine's vision of whites and blacks training and performing together to unique, positive effect. Granted, Kirstein's description of this integration scheme has a whiff of the patronizing and exploitative about it, but the basic idea is theatrically sound—to say nothing of socially fitting and just. Shortly after Workshop, Crenshaw was taken into the NYCB, where, unless a concerted institutional effort is made, he will remain a token.

Leonard continued from page 77

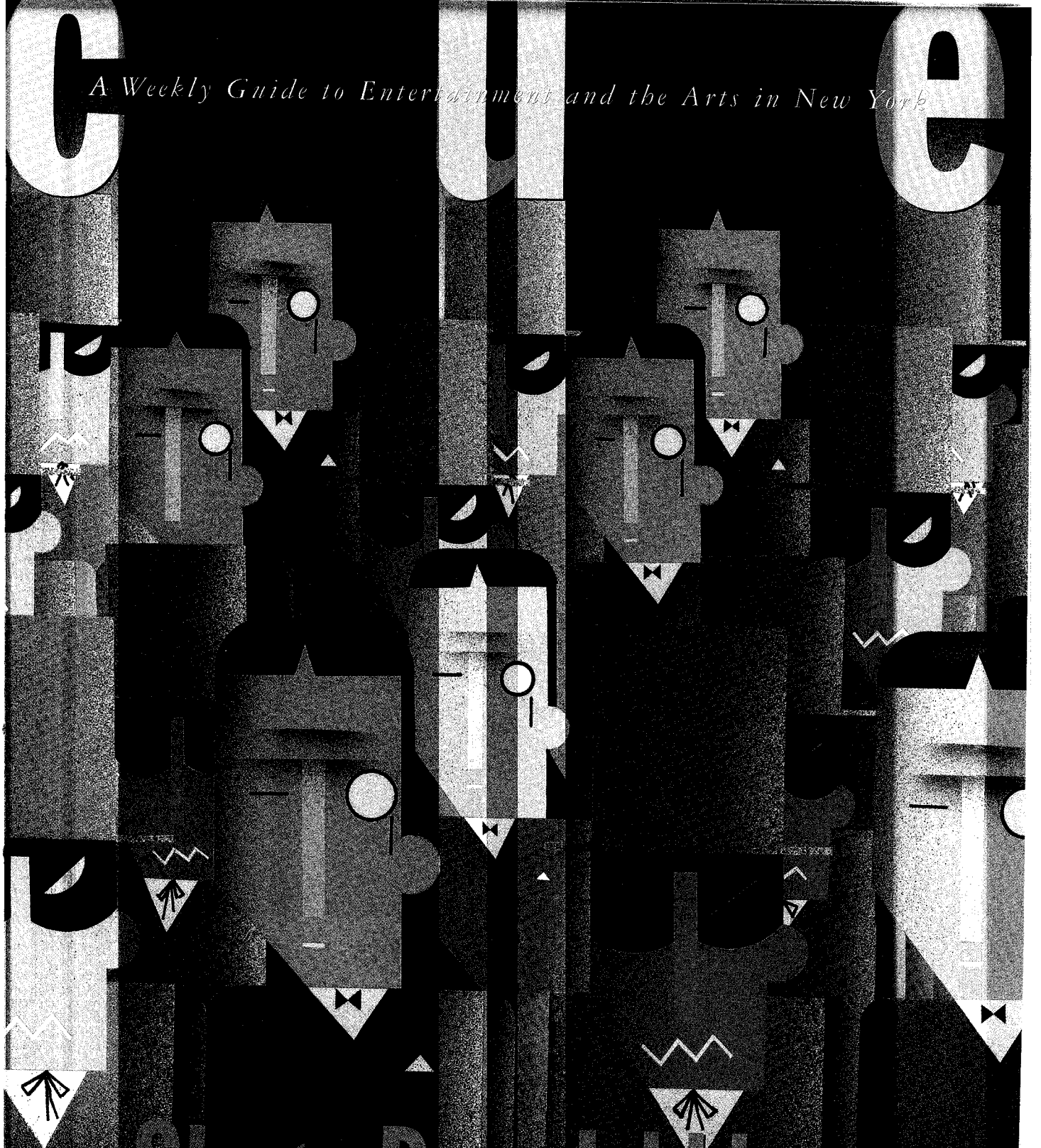
almost any other job. There's also a law-and-order governor, Zeljko Ivanek, campaigning for re-election on a platform of no coddling for the dregs—an end to conjugal visits, a ban on smoking, promiscuous capital punishment. As we'd expect from the executive producers of *Homicide*, the light is dirty, the intimacy is appalling, the rooms are claustrophobic, and the handheld cameras are so jumpy, it's as if a speed-freaked God Himself were jerking us around.

This, then, is what the locked closet looks like and feels like from the inside: penology as terrorism, whose contemptuous purpose is to dominate, humiliate, and dispossess of self; to create, as in the paranoid fantasies of a Kafka or a Beckett, mazes in which the inmates are lab-rat matters of interpretation, exploitation, or experiment. We should be proud of ourselves. The ratio of prisoners to prison guards is 3 to 1. Whereas the ratio of pupils to public-school teachers is 30 to 1.

UNLESS YOU COUNT A SECOND SEASON OF the insufferably campy *New Adventures of Robin Hood* (Mondays, starting July 14; 10 to 11 P.M.; TNT), all leather, dimples, swords, whips, cleavage, and kung fu, the single other new dramatic series to seduce us through the sticky months is *Roar* (Mondays, starting July 14; 9 to 10 P.M.; Fox). This "roar" is the mixed sound of wind, sea, bird, sky, and mystical Life Force, as experienced on a lonely cliff, in loincloth and buskins, by the pure of heart and ferocious of temper. It is also a surprisingly engaging *Wandervogel* through the Old Sod, circa A.D. 400, when the blue-eyed, freedom-loving Celts were at war with Roman Legionnaires for the boggy soul of Ireland. Executive producers Ron Koslow (who gave us the TV series *Beauty and the Beast*, which asked the question "Will Rapunzel ever make it with Rumpelstiltskin?") and Shaun Cassidy (who's capable of anything, even humor) have frothed up a New Age-Dark Age bodice buster, with an excess of blond anguish, hooded sorcery, S&M armor, torch-lit catcombs, bonfires and mud baths, women warriors and runaway slaves, hither a Druid, yon a Visigoth, and always bald Fergus with a cudgel.

I'll spare you everything I know, for reasons we won't go into, about the actual behavior of actual Druids. Lots of handsome people get to run around, scantily clad, in *Roar*, as if in thrall to either Spartacus or Che Guevara, and you'll not want to miss, at least, its very first episode—in which guest star Keri Russell, as a Roman chickadee to die for, does so despite her fabulous ringlets, taking a blade for her bandit prince.

C U e
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Stage-Door Jekkie

The audience is looking creepily familiar to the 'Jekyll & Hyde' cast: Hundreds of fixated fans keep going back to see the show. Meet them—if you want to (page 90)

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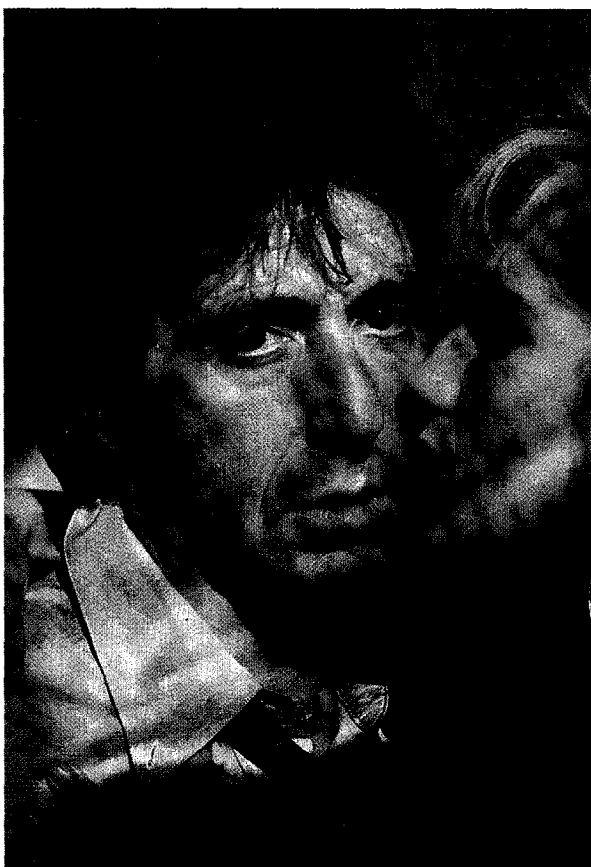
New Films

Austin Powers—Mike Myers stars as a Brit supersleuth of some sort who was cryogenically frozen in the sixties; now thawed out, he can't negotiate modern life. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Manhattan Twin; National Theatre; UA East.*

Batman & Robin—See David Denby, p. 47. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; Astor Plaza; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

Brassed Off—Ewan McGregor and Pete Postlethwaite star in this drama about the Scottish miners who face the closure of their mine and the collapse of their surrounding hometown. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Beekman.*

★**Breakdown**—Taken for what it is, this picture is very good—lean and tense, without a superfluous shot, an extravagant performance, or a slip in tone or style anywhere. Kurt Russell and Kathleen Quinlan play a Boston yuppie couple crossing the country in a red Jeep Cherokee, a perfectly fashionable and competent car that mysteriously breaks down on the open road. In the middle of nowhere, Quinlan, trying to get help, climbs into a passing truck. And promptly disappears. Has she been kidnapped? The truckdriver (J. T. Walsh) had seemed friendly enough. Baffled, Russell sets out to find her, without much help. He's a big-city boy, and the emptiness of the landscape mocks him: There are very few people around, the police are ineffective or perhaps treacherous, and under an enormous barren sky the road stretches on forever and goes nowhere. *Breakdown* may be a genre movie, but it presents a kind of primal American nightmare—the great wilderness as a glaring, hollow space that offers little reflection of the human presence. In his polo shirt and slacks, Russell enters a fly-specked "café," and the people hunkering over food stare at him as if he had stepped out of a Martian spaceship. Are they hostile or just indifferent? Has he become paranoid, or is he just a loser? He can't tell, and neither can we. Russell's loss of confidence is both social and metaphysical; the breakdown is complete. Compare *Breakdown* with the typical big-scale action picture of the nineties (*The Rock*, *The Fifth Element*), in which everything is exaggerated or burlesqued and the shots are thrown together from nowhere to nowhere. Making his first feature, the director Jonathan Mostow doesn't overstate anything; he sticks to his business, gets us cleanly and coherently from one place to another, and pulls the line of tension taut. Since Mostow confines us to Russell's point of view, we experience each shock, each puzzling hostile situation, as he does. Mostow restores the world to its normal dimensions, and



Retrospective Mortal Thoughts

Sea of Love—the slightly tawdry 1989 thriller starring Al Pacino as a N.Y.C. cop who mixes it up with homicide suspect Ellen Barkin—will run during "Nouveau Noir," the American Museum of the Moving Image's seven-week tribute to (mostly) successful reworkings of the genre. The series, which begins July 12, includes such interesting missteps as Dennis Hopper's *The Hot Spot*, with Don Johnson as a used-car salesman, and Norman Mailer's *Tough Guys Don't Dance*, which Mailer wrote and directed—to unintentionally hilarious effect. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

does the old forgotten movie work of convincing us that what he's shown us could actually have happened. (Denby; 5/26/97) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Embassy 2-4.*

Chasing Amy—There are a couple of wild erotic monologues and some very funny riffs in Kevin Smith's latest, which is the story of a love affair between two comic-book artists—Holden (Ben Affleck) and Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), who is a lesbian. Holden, it turns out, can deal with the lesbianism but not with certain other erotic

events in Alyssa's past. Yet despite its uproarious carnal humor and knowledgeable reporting on the comic-book scene, the movie becomes rather trying: What could have been a good dirty lyric on the evanescence of love turns rather turgid and emotionally explicit. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Sutton; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Con Air**—Nicolas Cage is Poe, an ex-U.S. Ranger who returns to his wife after duty, gets into a barroom brawl, and kills some nameless thug in self-defense. A morally innocent man, he's nevertheless shipped off to federal prison for eight years, where he does nothing but exercise religiously in his cell and think about the little daughter he's never seen. When he gets paroled, just in time for her birthday (he holds a stuffed bunny as a present), he hitches a ride home on a U.S. Marshals prison plane, a plane that is flying the worst criminals in the country to a new maximum-security facility. Up in the air, Grissom (John Malkovich), the most intelligent of the convicts, leads a rebellion and takes over the plane, brutalizing the guards and setting off a pursuit led by a U.S. marshal (John Cusack). Should the plane be shot down? Poe has an opportunity to get off, but he refuses; he won't leave behind a diabetic convict and a female prison guard. We're informed that he wants a chance to serve his country once again, but one glance at Nicolas Cage—who looks crazed—tells us he's as close to murder as any of the professional killers. As always in these quasi-fascist entertainments, anarchic violence, after running loose for a while, has to be restrained by righteous violence (for instance, Lee Marvin's authoritarian officer in *The Dirty Dozen*). Nicolas Cage has gone from the Everyman reluctant hero in *The Rock* to a superman style that can only be called neo-Clint. His Poe is primed to explode, and when he does, lean yet bursting out of his undershirt, with ropy trapezius muscles leading up to his neck, he becomes a spectacularly violent man—a superhero who speaks, like Clint, in sardonic little sentences. Cage, a great, daring actor, underplays, holding the screen with sheer concentration; for all his gallantry as Poe, he's faintly inhuman (and will probably become a huge box-office star because of that inhuman quality). Fortunately, there's someone else in the movie for us to look at—John Cusack, who represents rational intelligence and who plays the marshal as a decent fellow out of his depth in all this violence but game for it nevertheless. The director, Simon West, a Bri maker of commercials, has just enough technique, in his feature-film debut, for what he has to do here—that is, he's good at moving men and machinery around, and he's good at brutal action. *Con Air* is a cartoon that combines extreme violence and extreme sentiment, a classic American duo. Through all the carnage, Poe supposedly wants only to save his diabetic buddy; save the woman guard, who is chained up

and menaced by a rapist; and get back to his wife and daughter. He drags that bunny right through the movie and finally presents it to his flaxen-haired little girl. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Sutton; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

Contact—Jodie Foster is a somewhat misanthropic astronomer who receives a signal from extraterrestrial beings and becomes obsessed with journeying to outer space. With Matthew McConaughey. Directed by Robert Zemeckis. (2 hrs. 22 mins.; PG). *Opens Friday.*

★Contempt—Jean-Luc Godard's masterwork about a malleable screenwriter (Michel Piccoli) whose marriage collapses as he simultaneously battles with a high-minded director (Fritz Lang) and a salacious producer (Jack Palance). Also starring Brigitte Bardot. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Dream With the Fishes—A suicidal young man encounters a dying stranger, who offers to murder him in exchange for friendship. Written and directed by Finn Taylor. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

East Side Story—A documentary about the former Soviet Union's wildly popular Marxist musicals. Directed by Dana Ranga. (1 hr. 18 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Face/Off—See David Denby, p. 47. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

Fall—Writer-director Eric Schaeffer stars as a downtrodden cabbie who embarks on a highly unlikely romance with a married supermodel. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

For Roseanna—An Italian villager (Jean Reno) desperately tries to secure his sick wife one of three remaining burial plots by relentlessly tending to anyone who has a chance of dying before she does. Directed by Paul Weiland. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Eastside Playhouse.*

4 Little Girls—Spike Lee's documentary about a 1963 Birmingham church bombing that claimed the lives of four Sunday school students. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Sabbah—Iranian director Mohsen Makhmalbaf's epic love story about a young woman kept from her ardent suitor by her intractable father. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★Hercules—The animated *Hercules* takes off right at the beginning, when the muses painted on some shapely Greek vase come to life and metamorphose into five gospel singers with interesting hair. They narrate the story, in high-powered, hip-jamming song (written as usual by Alan Menken), and the movie enters a plane of gratifying silliness. As far as the Greek myths are concerned, *Hercules* is pretty much a hash, an amalgam of Ovid and everything else, not to mention all of contemporary media culture (this *Hercules* becomes a T-shirt). In this version, *Hercules* is born to Zeus and Hera. A powerhouse even in swaddling clothes, he grows up to be the most awkward teenager of all—a dopey blond bimbo, as brutal and innocent as Wagner's Siegfried. Hades (spoken by James Woods), lord of the underworld, tries to rob him of his godhead, for *Hercules* is the only one who can stop Hades from overthrowing the resident deities on Mount Olympus. Woods, the best thing in the movie, plays Hades as a chiseling con man, a Hollywood agent desperate for a deal and therefore both propitiatory and bullying. Hades uses the ripe Megara to trap the young champion,

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

MARTIN SHORT MARA WILSON KATHLEEN TURNER

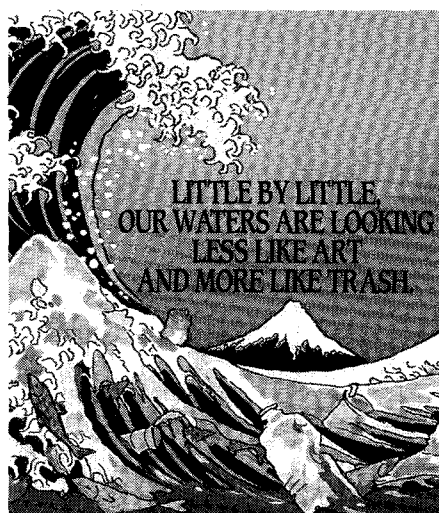


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and Susan Egan does a slightly hyped version of a good-bad girl, tough, sexy, and self-sufficient, like Stanwyck or Bacall. The team of Jon Musker and Ron Clements, which was also responsible for *Aladdin*, does best with the evil characters. Zeus (spoken by Rip Torn) is all hearty bluster and swelling beard and chest, but Hades, flaming at the top, is wickedly entertaining, and such monsters as Hydra and the Titans billow up and loom over us in classic Disney style. Greek myth and Greek art are a fertile source of the instant heroic: Decorative figures on plates and pots come to life, friezes unfreeze and dance. The whole movie dances. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza*.

★**Kolya**—The hero of this loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—is Franta (Zdenek Sverak), a man who has lived with dismay for so long that he remains, to the very end, blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a 5-year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The great seducer and eternal bachelor—a man who calls one married woman after another at night, looking for an absent husband—is reduced to giving baths to a lovelorn child he can't speak to. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of *Kramer vs. Kramer*, though made with a finer, lighter touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Quadr Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

The Lost World—Steven Spielberg's sequel to *Jurassic Park* is rather dispiriting. At the beginning, Dr. Ian Malcolm (Jeff Goldblum), the chaos theorist who so correctly predicted the disasters in *Jurassic Park*, journeys to a second, hitherto secret island, where the dinosaurs for the original park were bred. A hurricane has destroyed the facilities at the secret island, but some of the animals have survived in the wild. The visionary but irresponsible entrepreneur John Hammond (Richard Attenborough), now elderly and ill, sends Malcolm to the island with a team to record the wonders for posterity, and Malcolm, who knows how terrifying the dinosaurs are, agrees to go for one reason only—his paleontologist girlfriend, the headstrong Dr. Sarah Harding (Julianne Moore), is already there, on the loose. What Hammond doesn't know is that his snooty nephew (Arliss Howard), who has taken over Hammond's company, has sent another, larger team to capture some of the fangy beasts and take them back to a stadium in San Diego. The two teams, one sent to preserve the animals, the other to exploit them, join forces and flee from the aroused dinosaurs; the movie becomes a simple chase and hunt, with characters we don't care about moving through the night and getting lost and then picked off in jungles or fields. Sarah and an animal-rights-activist-photographer (Vince Vaughn) carry a wounded baby *T. rex* back to the team's trailer—perhaps the stupidest act in the history of the movies—provoking Mommy- and Daddy-saurus to come looking. The sequence that follows, with the animals pushing the trailer over a cliff as the humans hang on inside, is one of Spielberg's most physically inventive, but it's just spectacle and nothing else. Spielberg and screenwriter David Koepp seem both timid and exploitative, afraid to offend the animal-rights movement even while using animals to rip humans to shreds. The action of *Jurassic Park* was an example of what Jeff Goldblum called chaos, or the ten-

dency of large systems to go haywire. That movie had a strong, simple idea—the madness of using technology to control nature. But *The Lost World* has no idea at all. (Denby; 6/2/97) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square*.

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The adaptation of Terrence McNally's Tony-winning play about the enduring friendships among eight gay men. Directed by Joe Mantello. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Quadr Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

★**Men in Black**—Barry Sonnenfeld, the former cinematographer who directed the *Addams Family* movies and *Get Shorty*, has gone big-budget without losing his wits. In this inventive and sometimes hilarious spectacle, Tommy Lee Jones plays a government agent devoted to monitoring aliens in the United States. Aliens? The Mexicans who cross the Rio Grande? No, people like that Jones lets into the country with a few welcoming words of Spanish. The aliens he monitors are extraterrestrials who have been landing here since the sixties and who have often taken slightly strange-looking human forms—fitting right into New York, say. But unlike the killers in *Independence Day* and the pods in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, they aren't taking over. In truth, they're a manageable problem most of the time. The humor of *Men in Black* comes right out of Tommy Lee Jones's everything-is-normal personality. The extraordinary is treated as routine business. He says outrageous things in his rapid, matter-of-fact manner, his tone implying that he alone is in touch with reality. Yet the reality that Jones is in touch with is so strange that he seems to us like the greatest hipster who ever lived. He recruits

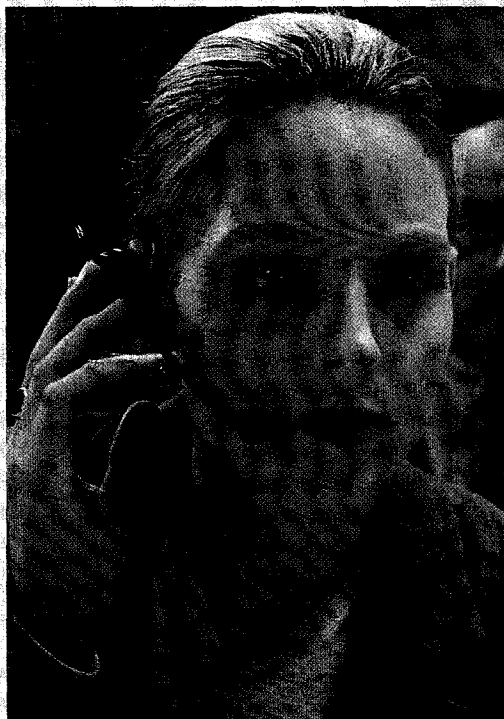
Will Smith from the NYPD as a new agent and leaves him to handle the human wife of an alien, who is giving birth in the back of a car somewhere in Jersey. Sonnenfeld poses Tommy Lee in the foreground of the shot and lets him rattle on, while deep in the background, maybe 30 feet away, Smith, wrapped in giant tentacles, gets flipped around like a toy by the creature that has just emerged from the womb. Everything in *Men in Black* is a bit off, and most of the surprises have a charge of strangeness. As we learned in *The Addams Family*, Sonnenfeld likes to mix the human and the creaturely together; he turns the macabre into farce. Rick Baker, the great makeup-effects designer, works here with his usual ferocious skill but with a new spirit of gothic wit that he may have picked up from Sonnenfeld. Vincent D'Onofrio, playing a back-country primitive—not an alien but one of God's creatures—gets swallowed by a visitor (a giant cockroach), which then takes over D'Onofrio's skin; the trouble is, the alien doesn't quite fit inside. The character suggests Kafka in reverse: A cockroach awoke from uneasy sleep one day and found himself a man. The roach in human form is determined to destroy the world for some reason, and only the men in black can stop him. By the middle of the picture, Will Smith, doing his street-smart thing, has pulled even with Jones. Arching his elegant eyebrows (they play off the Dumbo ears; Smith's face is a visual joke in itself), Smith gets to engage in sexy badinage with Linda Fiorentino's mortician, who has a thing for dead bodies with strangely alien insides. *Men in Black* is a successful absurdist fiction. When Jones wants to find out what's really going on in the world, he reads the supermarket tabloids. All those UFO spot-

tings, those freakish occurrences, the two-headed babies, the mysterious disappearances and miraculous returns... Right, you guessed it: The tabs have been telling the truth all along. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza Twin*.

My Best Friend's Wedding—Julia Roberts stars as a woman who learns her best friend Michael (Dermot Mulroney) is about to be married and promptly sets about sabotaging the nuptials. Directed by P.J. Hogan. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre*.

Out to Sea—Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon re-team for high jinks aboard a cruise ship. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street East; Chelsea West; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; National Theatre; 86th Street; Lincoln Square*.

★**Ponette**—Exquisitely molded faces, softened by natural light; Rubenesque lips ripe and full; an enormous seriousness and responsibility before the world's sorrows—the children in *Ponette* are very beautiful and perhaps beauty at this level of intensity is all we need. The 4-year-old girl Ponette (Victoire Thivisol) has lost her mother in a car crash, and writer-director Jacques Doillon tells the story of her grief entirely from her point of view. Ponette's father, young and tense, conscious of his responsibility yet also terrified, tries to console his daughter but then leaves: dumping the girl into the arms of her aunt who lives in the country somewhere in the French Alps. The aunt does all she can, and so do Ponette's cousins, especially little curly-haired Mathias (Matiaz Bureau), who offers his protection with romantic tenderness and the readiness of a cavalier. But Ponette still has to bear up by herself. She does so by not letting go of her sorrow holding to her grief as closely as she does to her little rag doll. Jacques Doillon keeps the camera low to the ground and respectfully records lengthy conversations among the children, their metaphysical specu-



Opening Space Cadets

In Contact (based on the book by Carl Sagan), Jodie Foster is Ellie Arroway, a somewhat misanthropic astronomer who journeys into space to commune with extraterrestrial life. That we buy—but the vacant Matthew McConaughey as a religious scholar—presidential adviser who guides the brilliant Ellie? It's a bit of a stretch. Opens July 11.

tions and their ideas about marriage and love and singleness. Shot in the country, much of the movie is physically beautiful, and one has to say that these are exceptional, even idealized, children. Except for one moment, they don't chant, and I heard no pooppy-doopty jokes, no Barney chatter. Neither pop culture nor vulgarity has touched them. Despite its concentration on grief, the movie is something of an idyll; the children are seen as profoundly serious. Doillon doesn't offer any "mature" view of death because, of course, there isn't any. Ponette manages her unbearable loss as well as anyone ever does. Flinching from nothing, she's a true heroine. (Denby; 6/9/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Carnegie Hall Cinema*.

***La Promesse**—In this extraordinary Belgian film, two brothers with a background in documentary filmmaking—Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne—dig so deeply into a specific scene that one sees its very bones and arteries. Roger (Olivier Gourmet), an unemployed factory worker, runs a scam operation in illegal foreign workers. His chief assistant and disciple is his 15-year-old son, Igor (Jérémie Renier), whom he desperately loves and furiously dominates. Rushing about madly, the two men bring Turks, Romanians, Croats, and Africans into the country and charge them rent to live in abandoned housing; they rip them off and exploit them any way they can, and then, when things get too hot, turn some of the workers over to the police. When an African worker falls and injures himself badly (he may be dying), Igor wants to take him to the hospital, but Roger, fearing that the police will close down his operation, forces the kid to help him bury the still-living man in cement. At first, Igor conceals the gruesome death from the African's wife, a proud and beautiful woman carrying a little baby in a sash. At the same time, he tries to help her escape the awful fate his father has devised for her, but she doesn't want help—she's off in her own world of magic and ritual, seeking answers from the entrails of chickens in the middle of this gray-souled Belgian industrial wasteland. The movie chronicles the beginnings of moral feelings in a boy whose instincts are almost always larcenous—a transformation that forces a break with the father who loves him. The Dardenne brothers use a handheld camera, and much of the film has a hustling, caught-on-the-run quality; we see little acts of desperation and pleasure as people exchange money or rush down obscure corridors. And because the picture is so brazen and energetic, it is never depressing. (Denby; 5/19/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

A Simple Wish—Mara Wilson plays a little girl who inadvertently conjures up two fairy godparents—one sweet but ineffectual (Martin Short) and the other a destructive force (Kathleen Turner). (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG). *Opens Friday*.

Shall We Dance?—Masayuki Sou's lovely romance—about an unhappily married businessman who spies a ballroom-dance instructor from afar, signs up for her class, and falls deeply in love with her—won every Academy Award in its native Japan. (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG). *Opens Friday*.

Speed 2: Cruise Control—You can feel the desperation of Jan de Bont as he tries to top things he did in the original *Speed*. This one's set aboard a cruise ship, and Sandra Bullock is back but with a new daredevil partner, Jason Patric, who replaces Keanu Reeves. There's also a new villain, Willem Dafoe, who plays a disappointed maritime-software designer who got fired and now wants to destroy the ship whose computer systems he devised. Of course he can't simply blow a hole in the ship's hull below the water line—if he did, there would be no summer movie. Grinning and popping his eyes, Dafoe booby-traps the liner, causing engines to overheat, fire doors to lock, the ship's course to change—he does everything but place carpenter ants in the bingo lounge. The first *Speed* worked an enormous number of changes on the simple theme of a bus that had to keep going fast or blow up; the movie was exciting and even elegant because the



Opening A Little Problem

In 'A Simple Wish,' Mara Wilson (center) calls upon her fairy godmother to prevent her hansom-cab-driving father from moving them both to Nebraska. Her invocation conjures up not one but two interlopers: the hilariously ineffectual Martin Short (right) and the exacting yet malevolent Kathleen Turner (left). The children's fantasy, directed by Michael Ritchie, opens Friday.

restricted situation forced the filmmakers to invent. But this movie is just silly—an endless chase through studio-set corridors. There's a fairly exciting sequence in which Patric, underwater, tries to wrap a cable around the propeller to stop the ship from plowing into a tanker, but most of the action is whipped-up nonsense made dynamic by rapid cutting. In the grand finale, the ship plows into a little town on St. Martin, coming right down the street long after a real ship would have run aground. The big summer movies have created the means of their own extinction. They have become more and more ludicrous, and now some of us feel like pashas who have seen too many naked bodies; we didn't ask to become jaded, but still we are stupefied by the sight of immense resources wasted on idiotic stories. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Coronet; Criterion Center; UA East; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre*.

Tempress Moon—Chen Kaige's chronicle of a young peasant boy's long and convoluted involvement with a wealthy crime family. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Tetsuo II: Body Hammer—A sci-fi, live-action sequel to Shinya Tsukamoto's cult hit *Tetsuo: The Iron Man*. (1 hr. 23 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman (Vivian Wu) with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

This World, Then the Fireworks—Billy Zane and Gina Gershon star as two siblings who are accom-

plished grifters and the most ardent of lovers. Adapted from the Jim Thompson novel by Larry Gross. Directed by Michael Oblowitz. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R). *Quad*.

Ulee's Gold—Peter Fonda, pushing 60 but still possessed of that lanky frame and handsome high forehead, plays a Florida beekeeper, Ulee (short for Ulysses, apparently), who is all bottled up inside. Ulee's wife has died; his son is in jail after a bungled robbery; his daughter-in-law has disappeared, only to show up a druggie mess; and Ulee has to hold the family together himself, irritably raising his two granddaughters while carrying on the delicate and exacting work in the marshes of the panhandle that produces an extraordinary honey. Victor Nunez (*Gal Young 'Un, Ruby in Paradise*) loves this back-country Florida, and he shoots it with a precise, dry color palette. Everything is seen very clearly and plainly, without exaggeration: Ulee's work is repetitive and undramatic; a couple of young Florida hoods are just banal and stupid. Ulee, a hero of day-by-day integrity, has been hurt so much he won't let himself feel anything; he's become joyless and censorious, and the movie, of course, chronicles his slow thawing-out as he tries to pull his family together. The theme is banal, the treatment decent but parched, in the manner of foundation-supported public-TV drama. Peter Fonda has never been an expressive actor, and it's hard to accept him as a man dulled by loss when we can't see the flicker of some earlier light beneath the dimmed-out surface. His performance is too quiet and unvaried. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham; Regency*.

When the Cat's Away—A lonely, heartsick Parisian girl (Garance Clavel) is aided in the search for her lost cat by an entire network of people she never knew existed. Written and directed by Cédric Klapisch. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Wild America—A fact-based drama about the young Stouffer brothers, who, in the sixties, documented wildlife in its natural environs. With Devon Sawa, Scott Bairstow, and Jonathan Taylor Thomas. Directed by William Dear. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square*.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Brassed Off; Dream With the Fishes; Fall; Temptress Moon; The Pillow Book; Ulee's Gold*.

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Lost World; Out to Sea*.

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Tetsuo II: Body Hammer; Waco: The Rules of Engagement*.

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *4 Little Girls; Contempt; East Side Story* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Gabbeh; Kolya; Love! Valour! Compassion!; When the Cat's Away*. Opening 7/11: *This World, Then the Fireworks*.

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *When We Were Kings* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Chasing Amy*; *Con Air*; *Hercules*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*; *Wild America*.

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Austin Powers*; *Batman & Robin*; *Men in Black*.

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Face/Off*.

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*.

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Out to Sea*.

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Batman & Robin*; *Face/Off*; *Men in Black*.

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Con Air*; *The Lost World*; *Men in Black*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*; *Wild America*.

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Batman & Robin*; *Out to Sea*.

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Chasing Amy*; *Con Air*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*.

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The English Patient*.

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *The Daytrippers*.

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Batman & Robin*.

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Brassed Off*; *Ponette*.

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Hercules*; *Love! Valour! Compassion!*; *Out to Sea*.

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Men in Black*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*; *Wild America*.

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Ulee's Gold*.

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *For Roseanna*.

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Con Air*.

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Breakdown*; *Night Falls on Manhattan*; *Scream*.

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Hercules*.

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Austin Powers*; *Night Falls on Manhattan*.

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Austin Powers*; *Out to Sea*.

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Closed for Renovations*.

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Face/Off*.

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Chasing Amy*; *Con Air*.

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Donnie Brasco*; *Fathers' Day*; *Liar Liar*; *Scream*; *Sling Blade*; *The Devil's Own*; *The Saint*.

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Lost World*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Pillow Book*.

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Wild America*.

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Out to Sea*; *The Lost World*.

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Hercules*.

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Brassed Off*.

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Addicted to Love*; *The Lost World*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*.

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Men in Black*; *Batman & Robin*.

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Face/Off*.

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *Men in Black*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Wild America*.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Austin Powers*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Chasing Amy*.

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Men in Black*.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Gabbeh*; *Kolya*; *La Promesse*; *Tempress Moon*; *The Pillow Book*; *When the Cat's Away*.

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *The Lost World*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Out to Sea*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*; *Wild America*.

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Face/Off*; *Batman & Robin*.

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Batman & Robin*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *Men in Black*.

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *Men in Black*.

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Hercules*; *Men in Black*.

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Ulee's Gold*.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *The Lost World*; *Men in Black*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Out to Sea*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*; *Wild America*.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *Men in Black*; *Wild America*.

Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Face/Off*; *Batman & Robin*.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., a Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *The Lost World*; *Men in Black*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Con Air*; *Hercules*; *The Lo*

Talent Dark Victory

Long obsessed with what he refers to as “the poetry of evil,” director Michael Oblowitz was utterly beside himself after a friend introduced him to Jim Thompson’s infamous novel *The Killer Inside Me*; he later saw the 1976 movie and exploded in righteous indignation. “It was the most extraordinary first-person crime novel ever written,” fumes Oblowitz, “and they massacred it.” Fourteen years of scrabbling for the rights to a Thompson novel—any Thompson novel—ensued; most painfully, he lost *The Grifters* to producer Martin Scorsese. But Oblowitz, who made a name for himself directing music videos, eventually prevailed, and his perversely enjoyable adaptation of Thompson’s incest noir, *This World, Then the Fireworks*, opens Friday at the Quad. In it,



Billy Zane (pictured) is Marty Lakewood, an almost laughably stylish grifter in fifties California who reunites with his busy and industrious sister Carol (Gina Gershon), who is also a con artist, prostitute, and Marty’s lover. “This is the first Thompson movie to be

set in the era in which it was written,” says Oblowitz, “which allows for these great colloquialisms to remain intact.” Listening to Zane sling hipster lingo like *joyboy* without a trace of self-conscious irony is no small pleasure, and Oblowitz retained nearly all of

Thompson’s gloriously ham-fisted dialogue. The result is a Grand Guignol entertainment that shrewdly distances the audience from the characters, allowing us to delight in their amorality without ever feeling the compunction to sympathize, psychoanalyze, or condemn. Oblowitz, however, would like to make his stance perfectly clear. “It’s hard to judge what goes on in a family—though I’m certainly not advocating incest,” he says. Then what is his goal? Oblowitz pauses. “I just want,” he begins evenly, “for the movie to be read as

a polemic against extraordinarily conservative, right-wing notions of ideology and sexuality and the family. I mean, all this crap we hear about dysfunctional families—I ask you, what is functional?” What indeed.

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

World; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Wild America.

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) Face/Off.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) Batman & Robin; Hercules; Men in Black.

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) Batman & Robin; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Wild America.

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Men in Black.

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Men in Black.

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black.

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) Batman & Robin; Con Air; Hercules; Men in Black.

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) Face/Off; The Lost World; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Wild America.

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Men in Black; Wild America.

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Speed 2: Cruise Control.

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) Batman & Robin; Men in Black.

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black; Wild America.

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy. off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) Batman & Robin; Con Air; Face/Off; Hercules; The Lost World; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; Speed 2: Cruise Control.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) Batman & Robin; Con Air; Face/Off; The Lost World; Men in Black; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Wild America.

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) Batman & Robin; Con Air; Hercules; Men in Black; Wild America.

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) Batman & Robin; Hercules; The Lost World; Out to Sea; Speed 2: Cruise Control.

inemark—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) Closed for Renovations.

ontinental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) Batman & Robin; Out to Sea; Wild America.

rossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) Con Air; Face/Off; The Lost World; Speed 2: Cruise Control.

rossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) Batman & Robin; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; Wild America.

mwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) Hercules; Face/Off.

rest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) My Best Friend's Wedding.

esh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) Con Air; Face/Off; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.

ckson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Men in Black.

idway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) The Lost World; Men in Black; Speed 2: Cruise Control.

viewworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglasson (423-7200) Batman & Robin; Con Air; Face/Off; The Lost World; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; Speed 2: Cruise Control.

rth Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) Love! Valour! Compassion!; Ponette; The Pillow Book.

iza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) Batman & Robin; Hercules.

artet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) Batman & Robin; Hercules;

Men in Black; Wild America.

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) Face/Off; The Lost World; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; Speed 2: Cruise Control.

Troyon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) Con Air.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Wild America.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) Batman & Robin; Con Air; Face/Off; Hercules; The Lost World; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Wild America.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Nouveau Noir." 7/12: Chinatown (1974) and The Two Jakes (1990). 7/13: Point Blank (1967), Altair (1994), and The Long Goodbye (1973). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); \$8.

Anthology Film Archives—7/7-7/10: Arizona Dream (1993). 7/7-7/13: Underground (1995). 7/8: Au Hazard Balthazar (1966). 7/9: Mouchette (1966) and Une Femme Douce (1969). 7/10-7/13: Memory of a Day Gone By (1990), Happy Birthday to John (1996), Huncke (1990), and The Electric Urn (1997). 7/11-7/13: When Father Was Away on Business (1985). 7/12: Shorts by Maya Deren. 7/13: Shorts by Jerry Jofen. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); \$7.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/7: My Darling Clementine (1946). 7/14: Picnic (1956). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Different Light—7/13: The Sandpiper (1965). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Mary Pickford, Superstar." 7/7: My Best Girl (1927) and Sparrows (1926). 7/14: Stella Maris (1918) and Coquette (1929). "Killer B's." 7/8: Johnny Guitar (1954) and Rancho Notorious (1952). 7/10 and 7/11: Detour (1945) and D.O.A. (1950). 7/12 and 7/13: Cat People (1942) and I Walked with a Zombie (1943). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Jean-Luc Godard, Moviemaker." 7/7-7/10: For Ever Mozart (1995). 7/11 and 7/12: Nouvelle Vague (1990) and Band of Outsiders (1964). 7/13 and 7/14: Every Man for Himself (1979) and Breathless (1960). "Independents Night!" 7/10: Floating (1996). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); \$8.



Retrospective Miss America

Onscreen, Mary Pickford was most beloved as a comically misguided naïf in constant need of protection. Offscreen, she was the shrewdest player in Hollywood—one of the first women to direct and produce, the first to head a major studio, and the first to command as much money as the boys. Film Forum pays homage to the late actress's formidable talent and business acumen with "Mary Pickford, Superstar," a summerlong retrospective beginning July 7. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

French Institute—7/8: La Nuit de Varennes (1982). 7/15: La Marseillaise (1937). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7, seniors, \$5.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Frances Marion and Her Circle." 7/7: Zander the Great (1925). 7/5 and 7/12: Hold Your Man (1933). 7/8: The Girl From Missouri (1934) and Emma (1932). 7/10: Peg O' My Heart (1933) and Stella Dallas (1925). 7/11: The Secret Six (1931), Midnight Mary (1933), and The Scarlet Letter (1926). 7/12: The Big House (1930). 7/13: The Prizefighter and the Lady (1933) and Going Hollywood (1933). "Within Our Gates: American Race Films." 7/7: Miracle in Harlem (1948) and Dark Manhattan (1937). 7/8: The Birth of a Race (1918) and Body and Soul (1925). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); \$8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Murder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock—Cases of Misplaced Identity." Through 7/13: Breakdown (1955), The Case of Mr. Pelham (1955), and Poison (1958). Also, through September: The Rat Pack Captured (1965). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); \$6.

Screening Room—"Spike and Mike's Festival of Animation." Call for program info. Also, Sunday brunch: Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); \$8 (\$5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

theater

Les Danaïdes...Jekkie...Tartuffe

Broadway

Now Playing

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. \$40-\$70. Wed.-Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck*, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). \$25-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre*, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre*, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador*, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.

Candide—Voltaire with a Leonard Bernstein beat. Hal Prince revives this musical satire, starring Jim Dale, Andrea Martin, Harolyn Blackwell, and Jason Danieley. \$20-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/29/97. *Gershwin Theatre*, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50-\$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater*, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; James Naughton dolos out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. If *Chicago* in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean

Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert*, 225 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 drama. Janet McTeer won the 1997 Tony award for her interpretation of Nora, as did Owen Teale, for the ordinarily thankless part of Torvald. \$25-\$60. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/2/97. *Belasco Theatre*, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical—The Golden Age of American pop music, set to songs by Mercer, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and many more, written between 1920 and 1960. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, Margaret Whiting, and John Pizzarelli. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/3/97. *Royale Theatre*, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Whoopi Goldberg as a female Pseudolus. \$60-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. No performances on 7/1 and 7/4. *St. James Theatre*, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.

The Gin Game—D. L. Coburn's Pulitzer Prize-winning play concerns Weller Martin and Fonsia Dorsey, two souls in their seventies, who after a hard-knock life end up in a nursing home, nursing illusions to keep them going. We must be grateful to the playwright for letting Julie Harris and Charles Durning delight us with their very different but nicely complementary techniques. (Simon: 5/5/97). \$15-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/20/97. *Lyceum Theatre*, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Olympic gymnast Dominique Dawes joins the cast as cheerleader Patty Simcox. Jeff Conaway plays D.J. Vince Fontaine, and Darlene Love plays Teen Angel. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre*, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and

Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre*, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*. Faith Prince stars as Anna. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre*, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*, is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy*. The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre*, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).



On Stage La Folie

After eleven years of dutifully executed exeunts, alarums, and verses in iambic pentameter, the Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival has decided to branch out and perform... Molière. All right, maybe it's not much of a stretch, but 'Tartuffe' is a wicked, engaging comedy; the director has added a dash of Pirandello; and what could be a lovelier setting than Bosconobel Restoration, nestled in the Hudson Highlands? Call 914-265-9575 for more information.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsisizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). \$15–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St.* (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. \$40–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.* (239-6200).

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St.* (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*. For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. \$40–\$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St.* (239-6200).

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. \$15–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St.* (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. \$30–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St.* (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$65–\$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St.* (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. \$45–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St.* (307-4100).

Victor/Victoria—Curves be damned! Raquel Welch, whose va-va-voom figure has tormented men for three decades, succeeds Julie Andrews as a woman-playing-a-man-playing-a-woman. Written and directed by Blake Edwards; musical adaptation by (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse. Also starring Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York. \$20–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St.* (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Acident at Cobbler's Knob—An exuberantly demented product from David Sedaris, author of *Naked and Barrel Fever*, and his sister, Amy. \$32. 7/8 at 8:30; 7/9, 7/10, and 7/11 at 8. *LaGuardia Theater, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St.* (721-6500).

Interviewing the Audience—An evening of amateur psychotherapy, with Spalding Gray as analyst and theatergoers as analysands. Free. 7/11 at 7:30. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park*

otograph by Sean Hudson.



Opening Think Big

The production, mercifully, is not nine hours long. But Silviu Purcारेte's rendition of *Les Danaïdes*—the 2,500-year-old, seldom-performed Aeschylus drama about the daughters of Danaus—has still been winning comparisons to Peter Brook's epic *Mahabharata* all over Europe. That's probably because it debuted in the same stone quarry outside Avignon and shimmers on the same magnificent scale (120 actors total). The king-size production now comes to the United States, for two weeks only. In French, with English supertitles. Performances begin July 8. Call 721-6500 for more information.

West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882).

Mass Appeal—The Irish Repertory Theatre revives this Bill C. Davis play about a rebellious young priest with a secret. \$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/9 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St.* (727-2737).

Woza Afrika: After Apartheid—As a tenth-anniversary follow-up to "Woza Afrika!"—Lincoln Center's 1987 celebration of South African township plays—Festival 97 now offers this series of plays, written since the collapse of institutionalized white rule. \$45. Begins 7/8. Tues. at 8:30, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Jay College Theater, Tenth Ave. bet. 58th and 59th Sts.* (721-6500).

Now Playing

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Country giant Barbara Mandrell, Dallas bombshell Charlene Tilton, and former Miss America Phyllis George have been singing the praises of this production for weeks. Whether these endorsements—or a Nashville-imported musical—can charm New Yorkers, though, remains to be seen. The show does have its selling points, including a twenty-song score and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. \$40–\$45. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 6/24. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave.* (239-6200).

Baby Anger—A yuppie couple's baby boy is cast in an award-winning commercial—as a girl. Quel drag! Presented by Playwrights Horizons, written by Peter Hedges (*What's Eating Gilbert Grape*), and starring Kristen Johnston (*3rd Rock from the Sun*). \$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 6/8. *Anne G. Wilder Theater, 416 W. 42nd St.* (279-4200).

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. \$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 5/11/97. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St.* (239-6200).

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. \$39–\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater,*

434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. \$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St.* (307-5252).

Chez GARBO—A revival from last season. In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the recluse's life. \$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. Through 8/24. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St.* (598-4320).

Collected Stories—The conflict between the established artist and the adulatory fan who becomes a protégé, disciple, colleague, and friend—and finally threatening rival—is one of those great topics that have fascinated us at least since Paul Bourget's *The Disciple* (1889) through Joe Mankiewicz's movie *All About Eve* (1950) to our time. It resurfaces in Donald Margulies's provocative new play; as always, he is literate, intellectually stimulating, and able to create characters of both dramatic and human interest. (Simon: 6/1/97) \$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Opened 5/20. *The Manhattan Theater Club/Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St.* (581-1212).

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. \$35–\$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St.* (239-6200).

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; and conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne. (Simon: 10/14/96.) \$37.50–\$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St.* (239-6200).

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen

Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. \$25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$37.50-\$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moises Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." \$20-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Henry VIII—The Shakespeare Marathon, started by Joseph Papp, concludes its decade-long spree this month with the story of England's most fickle-hearted monarch, coincidentally the season's first production of Shakespeare in Central Park. Free. Tues.-Sun. at 8. Through 7/13. *Delacorte Theatre at Central Park (539-8655).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. David Morse is an utterly disarming U.P.: cunning pedophile and self-deluded good ol' boy in warm-hearted blend; Mary-Louise Parker dons several ages from 11 to 35 with the skill of a quick-change artist. (Simon: 3/31/97). \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, cos-

tumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. \$45. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. The management is throwing in two free drinks for the cost of admission. \$25. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. \$25-\$45. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Men on the Verge of a His-Panic Breakdown—Multiple monologues about the gay Hispanic experience starring Felix A. Pire. \$30. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 10. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Marnet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

My Italy Story—One man's journey from Hoboken

to Italy, searching for his roots. Written by Joseph Gallo; starring Daniel Mastrogiorio. \$30. Tues.-Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/31/97. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

My Night With Reg—The New Group concludes its third season with yet another British import, which the organization's executive producer, Claudia Catania, has suggested should be renamed *A Housewarming Party and Two Wakes*. The dark comedy, which won the 1995 Olivier Award and other assorted accolades, follows six gay men as they contemplate their relationships with the never-seen title character. \$15. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4 and 7:30. Through 7/19. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Queens Blvd.—A new comedy about the turmoil wrought by an attractive new roommate. Written by Paul Corrigan, Shubert Award winner for playwriting. \$20-\$25. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougall St. (239-6200).*

Something Blue—The honor of your presence is requested at a trailer-park-wedding fiasco. Directed by Tim Blake Nelson. \$32.50-\$35. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Wed. at 7; Sat. at 2 and 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 7/13. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-6103).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. \$29.50-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. \$20-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/97. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Data A Fan's Notes

Michael Edwards—theater devotee, files administrator, Texan—has in his office a *Jekyll & Hyde* letter opener, a *Jekyll & Hyde* hand mirror, and a *Jekyll & Hyde* package of Good 'n' Plentys, called Good 'n' Evils instead. He also has press photos, score sheets, posters, and framed playbills, all obscured in a spaghetti of cast autographs. But perhaps the most striking object in Edwards's lovingly curated arrangement is the *Jekyll & Hyde* do not disturb sign. Because one wonders, with such determined fans in their midst, whether the performers might need it more than Edwards.

Edwards is a "Jekkie"—a feverish, passionate follower of the musical *Jekyll & Hyde*, which spent a year touring the country before opening here. As it made its way from coast to coast, critics generally dismissed the work as a bloodless, unregenerate orgy of schlock. They could not have anticipated an Edwards, who has seen the show fifteen times, or a Richie Schwartz, who has seen it nineteen, or a Rachel Brown, who has lost count. Nor could they have predicted the astonishing lengths to which these hardcore admirers—an estimated 300 in number—would go to get their fixes; Schwartz, a pediatric dentist from New Jersey, purchased 102 tickets for his family and friends when the show came to

Wilmington, Delaware, and Brown, a volunteer-minded senior at the University of North Texas, finances her cross-country hopscotching with the money she earns from twice-weekly plasma donations to the local blood bank. Most Jekkies, who first found each other over the Internet, claim it's the music rather than the dangerously ponytailed lead, Robert Cucciolli, that draws them in. They also insist that they respect the boundaries between performer and patron—though many do find themselves lingering at the stage door and favoring the pronoun "we" when discussing the musical, as in "We're on Broadway now." (Brown explains: "It's almost like

we're a family; it stopped being us and them.") During the week of the Tonys, when the musical was largely overlooked, a group flew to New York—one person came from as far away as California—and presented the show's stars with specially engraved vases called "Jekkie Awards." And three weeks ago, outside the stage door, a woman greeted composer Frank Wildhorn by hiking up her skirt to reveal a tattoo of the show's old logo. On her inner thigh. "For the most part, they're great people," says Linda Eder, the gracious diva who plays a prostitute named Lucy. "Though every once in a while, when I see someone who passed the twenty-time mark, I start to wonder." JENNIFER SENIOR



Photograph by Evan Kafi

art

Lisette Model... One-Line Drawings

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Emanuele de Reggi—Small figurative sculptures; through 7/31. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Maria Izquierdo—A retrospective of paintings by the Mexican artist (1902-1955) known for her circus themes, portraiture, mythical allegories, and melancholy landscapes; through 7/27. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950).

Knox Martin—A survey of the artist's early paintings, ranging from the early fifties to the early seventies, that were originally exhibited at the Charles Egan Gallery, the Rose Fried Gallery, and the Fischbach Gallery; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

57th Street Area

Walter Boyer—Paintings of abstracted images from nature; through 7/31. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Steve Currie—Wood and plaster sculptures that appear to have a utilitarian function; through 7/25. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Ella Bergmann-Michel/Albert Renger Patzsch—Biomorphic abstractions/Photographs of machine parts. Through 9/10. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Morris Graves—Recent paintings of images from nature; through 7/31. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Keith Haring—Small-scale sculptures and large-scale drawings by the late artist whose works are currently on view in a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 9/21. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Joaquin Torres-Garcia—A selection of paintings and drawings executed between 1899 and 1949 from the collection of the artist's grandchildren; through 7/18. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Whitfield Lovell—Large-scale drawings in charcoal and oil-stick that incorporate images of African-Americans based on anonymous studio portraits from the twenties, thirties, and forties; through 7/11. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Paul Marcus/Sue Coe—New paintings by both; through 7/12. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Victor Vasarely—A survey of paintings from the thirties through the seventies by the founder of Op-Art (1908-1997); through 8/1. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Michael Wetzel—Plein-air landscapes and studio scenes of birds; through 7/25. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

SoHo and TriBeCa

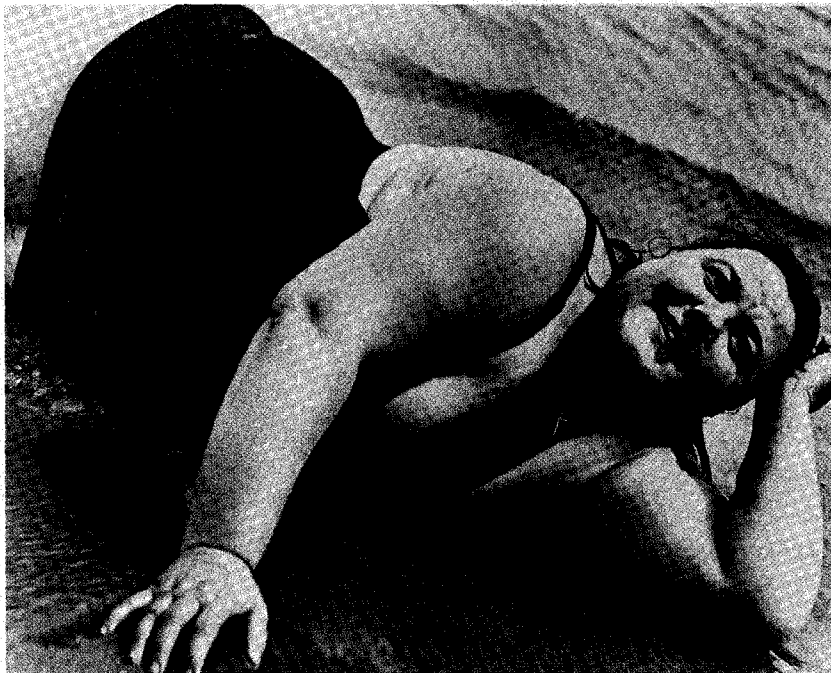
Ans Accola/Douglas Kolk—New sculpture/Drawings that depict the adventures of a character the artist calls Suicide Girl. Through 8/1. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Keith Haring—Paintings, drawings, and sculpture by the late artist whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of

Ground Rules:

In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

otograph by Lisette Model.



Photography Model Portfolio

In a career that spanned nearly 50 years, the Austrian-born photographer Lisette Model (1901-1983) channeled French bourgeoisie, Fifth Avenue shop-window reflections, Lower East Side faces, and fashion models through a German Expressionist sensibility and made them uniquely her own. The first full-scale exhibition of the International Center of Photography's collection of Model prints opens at the PaineWebber Art Gallery (1285 Sixth Avenue, at 51st Street) on July 10.

American Art; through 7/31. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Herzog & De Meuron—Drawings by the Swiss architects Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron; through 7/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Alun Leach-Jones—Recent charcoal and pastel drawings shown with tribal art from New Guinea; through 7/25. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Peter Nagy—Five "altar" assemblages by this artist who has been living mainly in New Delhi since 1992; through 7/18. Klagsbrun, 80 Mercer St. (925-5157).

Paloma Pelaez/Edouard Duval-Carrié—Paintings that depict theatrical events from a distinctly feminine perspective, by the Spanish artist/Narrative paintings that incorporate voodoo iconography by the Haitian-born artist. Through 7/25. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Annika Ström—A video installation by a Swedish artist; through 7/12. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Toshiko Takaezu—Recent ceramic works; through 7/18. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Denyse Thomasos—New large-scale abstract paintings; through 7/25. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Valery Yershov—Paintings that romanticize the material world by depicting flamboyant interiors of houses belonging to the very rich; through 7/31. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Dan Walsh—Recent diagrammatic paintings; through 7/26. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Chelsea

Kim Abeles—An installation titled *Some South American Women Artists: Evita Peron and Carmen Miranda*; through 8/3. Art Resources Transfer, Inc., 504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956).

Mac Adams/Michael Snow—Color and black-and-white photographs that continue the artist's investigations into the disjunctions between object, shadow, and reflection, and one sculpture that allows a viewer to explore three-dimensionally the ideas implicit in his photographs/A slide installation and holographic works. Through 7/13. Stux, 535 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Stefan Altenburger—A site-specific video installation that incorporates objects scavenged from the streets of New York and documents a perfor-

mance given by the artist using those objects; through 8/9. Morris-Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Lawrence Anderson/Eric Willmer—Small-scale paintings based on snapshots of urban landscapes/Small-scale geometric abstract paintings. Through 7/20. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Thomas Baldwin—An installation of paintings, photographs, and sculpture; through 7/31. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Lynda Grimm—Recent sculpture; through 9/20. Auchincloss, 601 W. 26th St. (727-2845).

Pamela Harris/Chris Johnson—Paintings of iconic ranch and split-level houses/Paintings whose imagery suggests out-of-focus snapshots taken from moving cars. Through 7/18. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Lucio Pozzi/Steve Currie—Large-scale paintings of flowers/Insectomorphic sculptures of wire lathe and cement plaster on poplar stilts. Through 7/25. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Frank Lloyd Wright—Drawings by the architect spanning the years 1905 to 1957; through 7/31. Pro-tetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Other

Ellen Kozak—Recent paintings; through 9/16. Pratt Institute, President's Gallery, 200 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-3517), Mon.-Fri. 9-4

Susan Mastrangelo/Ana Kariotakis—Plaster sculptures of figures/Photographs of abandoned dolls. Through 7/20. Curcio/Spector, 304 E. 5th St. (505-0409).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). An invitational show of works by 30 artists, including Blosser, Borocz, Gillespie, Kruger, Merz; through 8/7.

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). Depictions of roses, with works by Homer, Chase, Sargent, others; through 7/18.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Sculpture editions published by Art Foundry, Inc. of Santa Fe, including works by Adams, Benglis, DiRobillant, Nauman, Rothenberg, Salle, Tuttle, others; through 8/22.

Malca—580 Broadway (966-8854). Paintings by Basquiat, Haring, and Scharf; through 8/30.

Reinhold Brown—26 E. 78th St. (734-7999). An exhibition focusing on the influence of Russian Constructivism on international graphic design, with works by Anderson, El Lissitzky, Malevich, Matter, Scher, the Stenberg brothers, Weiner, others; through 7/26.

Shepherd—21 E. 84th St. (861-4050). French paintings, drawings, and watercolors from the nineteenth century, with works by Boilly, Gerard, and Gericault; through 7/26.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "One-Line Drawing," for which 40 artists have created works based on a directive from the gallery limiting the finished work to one interrupted action in the medium of the artist's choice; through 7/31.

57th Street Area

Adams—41 W. 57th St. (644-5665). Works by Arneson, Arnold, Barsness, Bedia, Dill, Neshat, Saul, Winters, others; through 8/6.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "Homage to R. Mutt," an exhibit honoring Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*, the ready-made urinal he submitted to the Society of Independent Artists in 1917, with works by Arneson, Baron, Bidlo, Cecula, deFazio, Dickey, R. Mutt, Oldenburg; 7/8-8/8.

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Selected works by Chong, Fleishner, Frank, Judd, Phelan, Truitt, Tsao, Wesley, Wood, Zucker; early Chinese pottery of the Warring States and Han Dynasty; through 8/30.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Island on Fire: Passionate Visions of Haiti From the Collection of Jonathan Demme"; through 8/16.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Escape Artists," with works by Behnke, Dodd, Kraft, Laub, Nick, Sullivan, others; through 8/16.

Forum—745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545). Figurative works by Avery, Burchfield, Dove, Gross, Shiinn, Soyer, Weber, others; through 8/1.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Landscape, still lifes, and interior paintings by Anderson, D'Elia, Skarloff, others; through 8/29.

Kraushaar—724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730). Works in black and white by Callahan, Degner, Gechtoff, Lechay, Schrag, Sperry, others; through 7/31.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). Works by Chillida, Förg, Jaar, Kounellis, Lee, LeWitt, Mendieta, Newman, Scully; through 7/31.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). "Four Chilean Artists," with works on paper by Ben-mayor, Cienfuegos, Lira, Maffei; through 7/20.

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "Affinities With the East," with paintings by Fishman, Marden, Martin, McLaughlin, Steir; through 8/1.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Figurative works by twentieth-century artists, among them Avery, Bishop, Delaney, Johnson, Soyer, Thompson, others; biomorphic drawings from 1944-1947 by Charles Seliger; through 8/20.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Works by Beckmann, Dix, Grosz, Grundig, Hirshfield, Kollwitz, Nolde, others; through 9/5.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Abstract works by Diller, Kelpé, Scarlett, and Jaudon; through 8/15.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). Life drawings by fourteen artists, among them Bartlett, Doyle, Hull, Massad, others; through 7/31.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (966-3970). "Tampering With the Reel," with film, video, and video installations by Bordwin, Lewis, Sogo, Toufic, Yeomans; through 7/19.

Bravin Post Lee—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). A show that examines an aspect of painting in which certain artists deliberately sabotage the medium in order to revitalize it, with works by Bacon, de Benedetto, Dona, Marcaccio, Stella, others; through 7/19.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Works by four Korean artists represented

by the Galleries Bhak in Seoul, Korea, including Nam June Paik, Hyun Ki Park, Kwang Young Chun, and Beom Moon; through 7/26.

Golden—16 Mercer St. (334-3124). Works by Fitzgerald, Lyon, Starr, Veca; through 7/25.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings of Manhattan by David, Firmin, Haas, Munro, Sera, others; through 8/30.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Works that suggest the symbols or vestiges of systems, by Ayon, Lukacs, Mora; through 7/31.

Luhning Augustine—130 Prince St. (219-9600). Paintings and sculpture by Hammond, Kessler, Kippenberger, Mayerson, Pierson, Rae, Wool, others; through 8/1.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Summer show, with works by Ferren, Grillo, Naujokas, Pace, Von Betzen, others; through 8/15.

Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-5711). "Closed Circuit," a site-specific project by Silvia Kolbowski that addresses the recent move of a number of SoHo galleries to Chelsea; object-works that allude to craft, design, and performance by Mack, Rose, Wampler; through 7/12.

Quartet Editions—568 Broadway (219-2819). New prints by Burton, Kelly, Kendrick, Spence; through 8/15.

Rosen—130 Prince St. (941-0203). Works by Ashkin, Gursky, Fischl & Weiss; through 7/11.

Silverstein—476 Broome St. (226-0640). Works by Breitz, Cotton, Gower, Sax, Rossell, others; through 7/12.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). Works on paper by Kuitca, Laib, Lasker, Moore, Nauman, Smith, Tuttle, and Vital; through 7/25.

Tilton—49 Greene St. (941-1775). Recent works in various media by young artists from China; through 7/31.

TZ Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). "Uncomfortable," with works by Bruns, Grabner, Jacobs, Kass, Morris, Ruttan, others; through 8/2.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). Paintings by Amer, Byron, Dona, Hollingsworth, Howe, Macias, Schoen; through 7/28.

Chelsea

Baldacci—521 W. 21st St. (463-0919). "Ut Scientia Pictura," with works that suggest a scientific bent, by Cemin, Hyde, Long, Lucas, Moylan, Muniz, Raskin; through 7/31.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). Works by Benglis, Fuss, Salle, Spitzer; through 7/31.

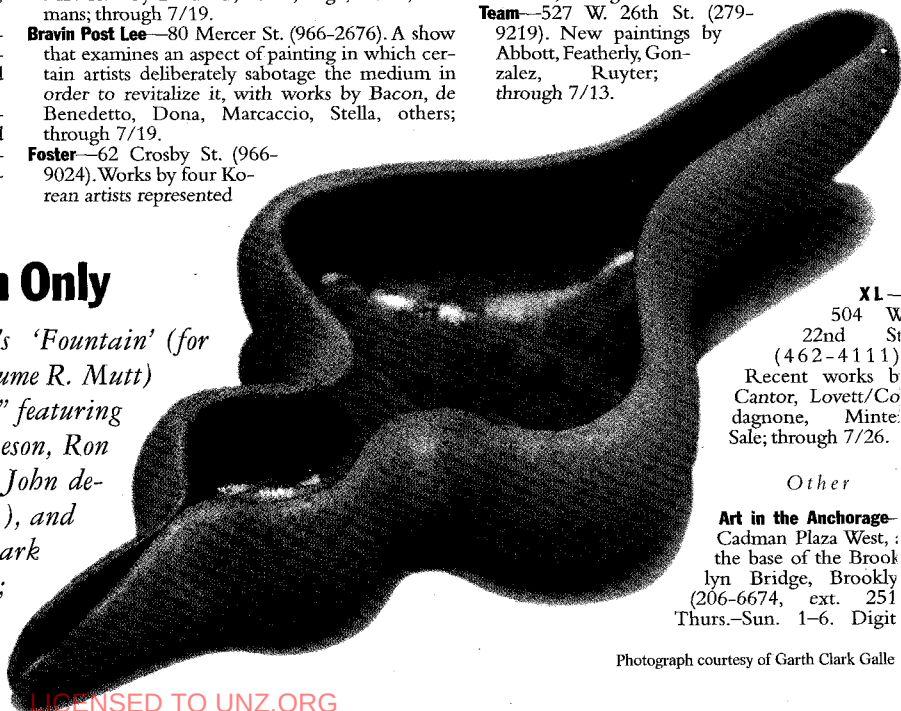
Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). Works by Heilmann, Jonas, Koether, Prieto; through 7/31.

Kreps—529 W. 20th St. (741-8849). "Perfect Day," with works by Day, Hansel, Harman, Warner, Wilder; through 7/27.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (279-9219). New paintings by Abbott, Featherly, Gonzalez, Ruyter; through 7/13.

On View Standing Room Only

The trickle-down effect of Duchamp's *'Fountain'* (for which he used the evocative nom-de-plume R. Mutt) is the subject of "Homage to R. Mutt," featuring urinal-inspired works by Robert Arneson, Ron Baron, Mike Bidlo, Marek Cecula, John deFazio, Kim Dickey (right, "Lady J"), and Claes Oldenburg. At Garth Clark Gallery, 24 West 57th Street; through August 8.



XL—504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111). Recent works by Cantor, Lovett/Codagnone, Minte; Sale; through 7/26.

Other

Art in the Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West, the base of the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251). Thurs.-Sun. 1-6. Digit

and media installations by Bookchin, Cooke, Johnson, Joo, Kurgan, Lanier, Wortzel, others; through 8/3.

Hostos—500 Grand Concourse (718-518-4455). Bronx printmakers and Puerto Rican photographers; through 7/18.

Socrates Sculpture Park—Vernon Blvd. at Broadway, Long Island City (718-956-1819), open daily, 10 A.M. to sunset. "From the Ground Up," with new sculpture by Baron, Di Suvero, Jagger, Van Alstine, others; through 9/1.

Storefront for Art and Architecture—97 Kenmare St. (431-5795). "Testing 1 . . . 2 . . . 3," an installation of speculative architectural projects by David Lewis, Paul Lewis, and Marc Tsurumaki; through 8/2.

Trans Hudson—416 W. 13th St. (242-3232). Sculpture by Christopher Lesniewski; works by Beech, Dodd, Lee, Sussman; through 7/27.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.-Sat. 12-5. "Home Is Where the Heart Is: Our Family Values," with works by Elliott Bassman, Cathy Cade, Tress, Wertheim, others; through 7/12.

YWCA—610 Lexington Ave. (735-9781). "The Bathing Suit Show," with bathing suits by 21 artists, including Fried, Guarnaccia and Hochbaum, Lovell, Mischak, Oji, Williams; through 7/26.

Photography

John Abbott—Photographs of jazz musicians; through 7/19. Carr, 478 W. Broadway (673-5518).

Alex Harsley—Photographs that concentrate on the often overlooked details of urban life; through 8/1. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Lillian Bassman—Vintage prints by this photographer whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Fashion Institute of Technology; through 8/1. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Peter Beard—"Carnets Africains," with vintage photographs and blood paintings from Kenya; through 1/31/98. The Time Is Always Now, 476 Broome St. (343-2211).

Ken Botto—A retrospective of the artist's early color photographs of tiny constructed tableaux made from old toys, postcards, and memorabilia; through 7/19. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Marilyn Bridges—A survey of the artist's aerial photographs of the United States; through 7/31. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Genneth Chen/Jason Yates—Collaborative works that incorporate paintings, performance, and video; through 7/22. Gallery at 678, 678 Broadway (477-8422).

Essica Craig-Martin and Lucas Michael—Two separate series of photographs—one by each artist—that are meant to be viewed as a collaborative effort; through 7/25. Boesky & Callery, 51 Greene St. (941-9888).

George Daniell—Photographs of New York in the thirties and forties; through 8/1. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

anziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The Insistent Image," with works by Cameron, Cunningham, Leibovitz, Weston, others; photographs of nudes by Larry Colwell made between 1943 and 1959; through 7/31.

C Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Photographs by the painters Paul Cadmus, Jared French, and Margaret French that were taken during their summers together on the beaches of Fire Island, Provincetown and Nantucket, and during winters back in their New York and New Jersey studios; through 7/11.

ich Hartmann—Photographs of Nazi concentration camps; through 8/9. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

rry Fink—Images that reveal the various manifestations of power—in sports, on Wall Street, and in fashion—by this photographer whose work is currently on exhibit at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 8/29. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

arles Henri Ford/Allen Frame—Vintage black-and-white photographs from a series taken in Italy in 1954 and portraits of his friends and colleagues, among them Andre Breton, James Van Der Zee,

and his sister, the actress Ruth Ford/Haunting black-and-white images of urban spectacles and interior dramas that pay homage to the films of Antonioni, Visconti, Fellini, and Cassavetes. Through 8/15. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Fung—537 Broadway (334-6242). Works by Arbus, Baldessari, Barney, Goldin, Serrano, Sherman, Wegan, Welling, others; through 7/25.

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2.50 students and seniors. "Marc Riboud: Forty Years of Photography in China." Photographs taken in China over the past four decades; through 9/14. . . . "Mountain Folks in Yunnan: Selected Photographs of Wu Jialin"; through 9/14.

International Center of Photography Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4682), Wed.-Sun. 11-6, Tues. 11-8 (6-8 admission by voluntary contribution); \$4, \$2.50 seniors and students. "Helen Levitt: Crosstown." A retrospective of works by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Master of Photography, including her classic images of children at play from the forties to her color work of the seventies to her recent black-and-white photography; through 9/7. . . . "Fast Forward: Growing Up in the Shadow of Hollywood, Photographs by Lauren Greenfield." Photographs exploring the youth culture of Los Angeles by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Young Photographer; through 7/13. . . . "Altered Landscapes: The Photographs of John Pfahl"; through 7/13.

Petra Karadimas—Computer-manipulated photographs of New York City buildings; through 7/19. In Khan, 415 W. Broadway (226-6484).

Doris Kloster—Self-portraits of the artist wearing masks, wigs, and imitation body parts; through 7/11. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

George Platt Lynes—Photographs of the nude male figure taken between 1935-1955; through 8/15. Wessel & O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Mann—12 E. 76th St. (570-1223). Photographs of the backyard in all its incarnations by various photographers; through 8/15.

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "New Narratives," with works by Cox, Kokkinias, Lewis, Marder, Moriarty, Steinmetz, Thayer, Weeks; through 8/20.

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "About Painting," with photographs that explore photography as a painterly medium by Eggleston, Gerber, Gursky, Kalpakjian, Polidori, Welling; through 8/1.

Lisette Model—Works from the Permanent Collection of the International Center of Photography spanning the entire career of the Austrian-born, New York-based photographer (1901-1983); 7/10-9/19. PaineWebber, 1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885), Mon.-Fri. 8-6; free.

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs on the theme of water by Adams, Callahan, Cumming, Frank, Mann, Wegman, others; through 8/29.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Portraits of adolescents by Arbus, Bartos, Dijkstra, Disfarmer, Ross, Syrop, Sander; through 9/6.

Ozzie Sweet—Photographs of baseball stars; through 7/25. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Oh Boy!," with photographs illustrating the expression by Alvarez Bravo, Hanke, Roth, Weston, others; through 8/8.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through 9/7. . . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 9/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10-6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6-8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. . . . "Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the

causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. . . . "Extinct." Rare book illustrations of extinct species; through 9/1. . . . "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders." Mounted specimens of birds and photographs of birds and birders; through 8/14. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Picturing Hong Kong: Photography 1855-1910." Scenes of local life, family portraits, and depictions of the British colonial presence during the early period of the city's phenomenal growth; through 8/17. . . . "Gods, Kings, and Tigers: The Art of Kotah." Paintings and decorative objects dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries from the former royal court of Kotah in northern India; through 7/27. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11-6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12-5; \$3, \$1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6-8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Masterworks: Italian Design, 1960-1994." A selection of furniture, metalwork, glass, ceramics, and lighting by Italian designers, from the collection of the Denver Art Museum; through 8/10. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); \$2, \$1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Current Undercurrent: Working in Brooklyn." Works by more than 250 contemporary artists affiliated with the Brooklyn galleries Pierogi 2000, Momena Art, Four Walls, and ARENA; 7/24-1/25. . . . "Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions—Prints, Drawings, and Photographs"; through 9/28. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-9, Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. . . . "The Jewelry of Tone Vigeland"; through 8/24. . . . "Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929-72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/31. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10-9, Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; \$3, \$1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"The Dahesh Salon." An exhibition that recreates the nineteenth-century "petit-salon"; through 9/6. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-Aligning Vision: Alternative Currents in South American Drawing." Drawings and installations by 46 established artists from Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela; through 9/7. . . . "Project: Print." Works by high school students who participated in a ten-week art workshop sponsored by the museum's Education Department; through 8/31. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.-Sun. 11-5, Thurs. 12-7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

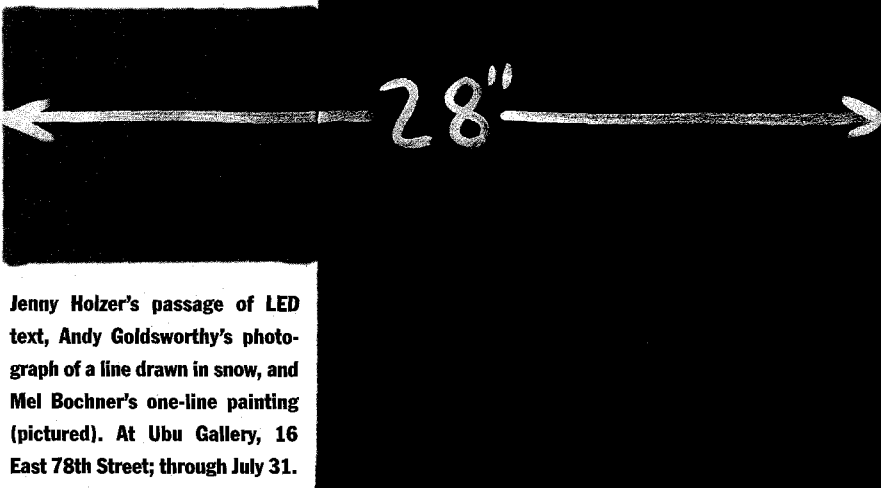
Fashion Institute of Technology—"Lillian Bassman." A retrospective of fashion photographs; through 8/16. . . . "Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s"; through 10/4. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.-Fri. 12-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

Frick Collection—"The Proud Republic: Dutch Medals of the Golden Age." A selection of seventeenth-century Dutch medals; through 7/27. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Cristina Iglesias." A survey of recent sculpture by the Basque artist; through 9/7. . . . "From Dürer to Rauschenberg: A Quintessence of Drawing, Masterworks From the Albertina and Guggenheim." Works on paper from the past five centuries, from the collections of the the Guggenheim and the Graphische Sammlung Albertina in Vienna; through 9/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$10, \$7 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Reversible Destiny: Arakawa/Gins." Collaborative works by Arakawa

Talent Asked to create works in their medium of choice using only a single uninterrupted action or line, the 40-some participants in "One-Line Drawing" prove that a predetermined boundary can actually focus an artist's personal aesthetic—as in



Jenny Holzer's passage of LED text, Andy Goldsworthy's photograph of a line drawn in snow, and Mel Bochner's one-line painting (pictured). At Ubu Gallery, 16 East 78th Street; through July 31.

and Madeline Gins; through 8/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-8, Sun. 11-6; \$8, \$5 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Revealing an Ancient Message: A Synagogue Mosaic From Sepphoris." The first United States exhibition of a recently excavated mosaic floor from a fifth-century synagogue in Israel; through 10/12. . . "Points of Entry." Photographs chronicling the immigration experience in the United States; through 10/13. . . "In This House: A History of the Jewish Museum." A survey of the museum's development, from its founding at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1904 to the present; through 10/13. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Fri. 11-3, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5; free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Ivan Albright: Magic Realist." A major retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and lithographs by the American artist (1897-1983); through 9/7. . . "Cartier: 1900-1939." A survey of the greatest achievements of the House of Cartier, including jewelry, clocks, watches, vanity cases, cigarette boxes, and other accessories, and design drawings and recently discovered original plaster casts of the finished jewels that were used as a three-dimensional record by the firm; through 8/3. . . "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; through 8/17. . . "The Print in the North: The Age of Albrecht Dürer and Lucas van Leyden"; through 7/13. . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900-1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$8 contribution, \$4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$8, \$4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313);

Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Old-Time Favorites, New-Time Fashions: Quilt Revival, 1910-1950"; 7/12-9/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Untitled Film Stills: Cindy Sherman." The landmark series of photographs created between 1977 and 1980 that depict the photographer in female roles derived from movies; through 9/2. . . "Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Russian Design." Movie and propaganda posters; studies for posters, magazines, and journals; designs for theatrical sets; and a selection of the Stenberg early Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 9/2. . . "Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life." A survey of still-life paintings and sculpture that focuses on the innovations introduced to the tradition by twentieth-century artists; through 8/26. . . "More Than One: Twentieth-Century Print Portfolios"; through 9/2. . . "From the Grace M. Mayer Collection." Photographs and prints bequeathed to the museum by its former curator emeritus; through 7/15. . . "Paris/The 1890s." Prints, illustrated books, posters, and ephemera by Pierre Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, and others; through 9/2. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 11-6, Thurs. and Fri. noon-8:30, closed Wed.; \$8.50, \$5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . "We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York"; through 9/14. . . "Creative Lives: New York Paintings and Photographs by Maurice and Lee Sievan." Paintings by Maurice Sievan (1898-1981) and photographs by his wife, Lee Sievan (1907-1990), made from the late thirties through the fifties; through 11/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"A National Collection: Paintings From the Collection of the National Academy Museum." More than 50 master-

pieces from the Academy's collection; through 9/28. . . "Winslow Homer Wood Engravings From the Permanent Collection." The first exhibition of a collection of works presented to the Academy by Seymour Pearlstein in 1994; through 9/28. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"Visionary Daughters of Albion: A Bicentenary Celebration of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley"; through 9/13. . . "Maiden Voyages." An exhibition of writers' first books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"From New York to Salt Lake: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints"; through 9/14. . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 9/7. . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—"A comprehensive collection of sculpture, models for public projects and gardens, elements of dance sets, and lamps by the American-Japanese sculptor (1904-1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32-37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. (718-721-1932); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 seniors and students (on Sat. and Sun. the museum operates a \$5 roundtrip shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from Park Ave. and 70th St. beginning at 11:30 and making hourly trips on the half-hour).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping." A survey of personal journals and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; through 8/31. . . "An Eye for Beauty: The Alice Tully Collection." Drawings and watercolors by Delacroix, Raphael, Tiepolo, Turner, and others; through 8/31. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; \$5 suggested donation, \$3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlight of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Coron. Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.-Fri. 10-5 Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$3 suggested donation, \$1.50 seniors and children.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Keith Haring Retrospective." The first full-scale retrospective of works by the artist (1958-90) best known for his signature images of babies, barking dogs, an antic Everyman figures; through 9/21. . . "Frank Lloyd Wright: Designs for an American Landscape, 1922-1932." Drawings, architecture models, and computerized reconstructions of projects that were never realized as architecture produced during the most prolific years of the architect's career; through 9/14. . . "Collectio in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night." Painting by this American artist (1882-1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his interest in the metaphorical meanings of darkness through 9/28. . . "Larry Fink: Boxing Photographs." Photographs of boxers taken at the Blue Horizon in Philadelphia; through 9/1. 94 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri. Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/16 at 10: "Victorian Furniture & Decorative Arts." On view from 7/11.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 7/17 at 2:30: "Shelf Sale." On view from 7/12.

restaurants

Park Place... Pearl Jams... Flower Power

Manhattan

Lower New York

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. 341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. 4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Alaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. 317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

anzin—This cozy SoHo bistro offers "New York cuisine" with a French twist, which means creative renditions of highly seasoned food. Signature dishes include a creamy semolina pasta with Roquefort and truffle oil, duck breast with saffron noodles, and Valrhona-chocolate-soufflé cake. Regulars congregate at the comfortable mahogany bar. 180 Spring St. (965-0710). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ho Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, out SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street, nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millennium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for \$42.95. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. 55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a \$17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. 186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

gus steak. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. 59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ossobuco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Riodizio—This South American spot in NoHo specializes in *rodizio*, a dramatic procession of grilled meats and seafoods that stops only when you cry uncle. For lighter appetites, there's a good selection of salads and "little dishes" of spicy ribs, sweet-potato cakes, and Brazilian-style wrapped sandwiches. 417 Lafayette St. (529-1313). (M) AE, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune and serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black An-

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as



Opening Give Me Your Tired, Your Thirsty, Your Huddled Masses Yearning to Eat Chicken Salad

Besides being an ideal spot for skaters and runners to refuel, the new Wagner Park Cafe, at the southern tip of Battery Park City's lushly landscaped esplanade, affords a spectacular view of the Statue of Liberty. Chef Stacy Pearl, already known to Brooklynites for Stacy's in Williamsburg, plans to expand on her opening menu of inexpensive grain and pasta salads, wrapped and conventional sandwiches, focaccia pizza, and fresh-squeezed juices. (20 Battery Place.)

restaurants

shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Greenwich Café—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm spring evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. 533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. 62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. 69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has three working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace cur-

tains and floral wallpaper. 16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. 243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable \$18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. 560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. 116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

El Parador Café—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy

restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. 40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting for country French specialties like cassoulet and bouillabaisse. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Novità—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattrofornaggio. 8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Salute!—This spacious midtown Tuscan Grill is the lighthearted outcome of a collaboration between the sceney Bice restaurant and the Sbarro fast-food chain. Go for huge portions of steak, seafood, veal, poultry, and especially pasta. Those lucky few with room for dessert should try the gelati assortment, ample enough to feed a small children's birthday party. 270 Madison Ave., at 39th St. (213-3440). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimpata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. 7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. 358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for preheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. 120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunda brunch is a lavish, all-out production. Yes, that's Jacques Cousteau. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza—Pan Hyatt (702-5014). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-day watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the houquaft (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. 30 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventing cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun as good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all thin to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge



Tasting

Please Eat the Daisies

If taste is truly dictated by smell, then the new edible-flower-tasting menu at Follonico is a gourmet bouquet. Chef Alan Tardi—in conjunction with the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, where he'll teach a floral-food class on July 26—has improvised a six-course, \$48, petal-strewn menu, with such aromatic offerings as white-peach soup with rosehip-hibiscus sorbet, loin of lamb with lavender jus, and mashed avocado with lily bulb julienne. (6 West 24th Street.)



Opening The Raw and the Cooked

On a trip to San Francisco, chefs Rebecca Charles, right (formerly of Cascabel and Arcadia), and Mary Redding (of Bolo) fell in love with the landmark, family-run Swan Oyster Depot. Back home, they've transformed a sliver of space at 18 Cornelia Street into minuscule, lantern-bedecked Pearl Oyster Bar, with two marble counters, an itty-bitty garden, and a seafood menu that runs from the simple (shucked oysters, shrimp cocktail) to the sophisticated (sea-scallop chowder with Pernod and thyme, oyster pan roast with horseradish toast).

and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. 244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Lambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

a Méditerranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. 947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.

utèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

onkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and a new menu from chef Keith Korn offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with corn, pea greens, and hash browns. 60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.

ntebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

orton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has aken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

ples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including

excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. 230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Town Crier—The American fare here runs the gamut from soy burgers to open-faced reuben sandwiches, and the ambience is geared toward rest and relaxation. Those not up for the relatively strenuous tasks of pool or darts may smoke cigars and watch any of the seven—count 'em—television sets. 303 E. 53rd St. (223-3157). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of

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FOR PARTIES CALL MYKE

topograph by Robert Wright.

restaurants

the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place to kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. 987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Van Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. 30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. 132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the \$19.96 prix fixe. 342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a \$21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. 1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this theme diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the

chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. 1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the \$14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. 135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Judson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. 152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

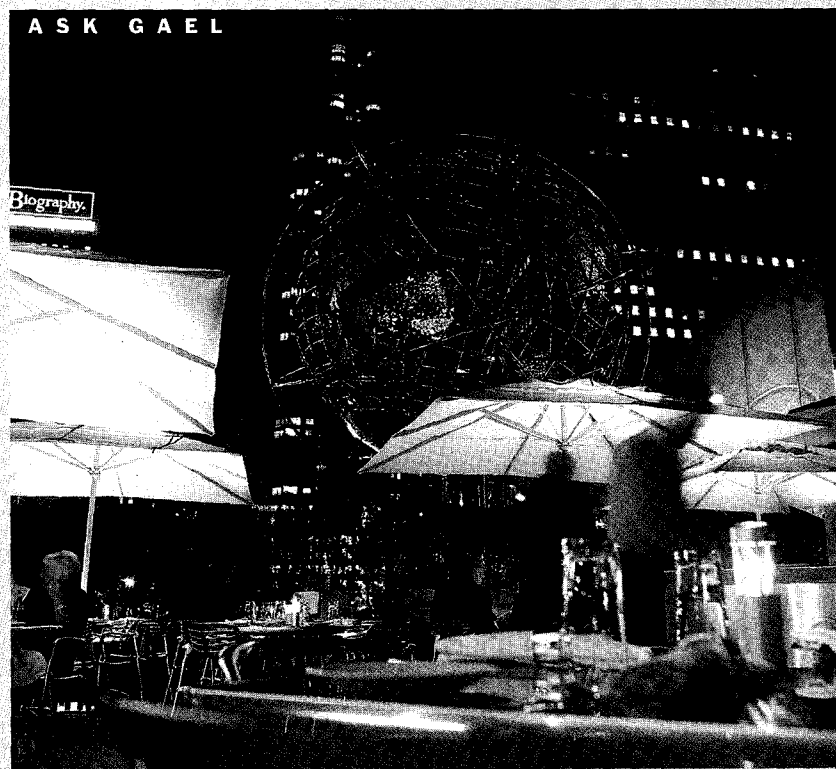
Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. 142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. 888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M-E) AE, DS, MC, V.



How can I score a table at Jean Georges?

Claim an umbrella'd table at Le Mistral (named for the winds that whip Provence) on the pleasantly breezy terrace beside Jean Georges proper. "We have to use a heavy dressing to hold the lettuce down," the chef quips. It's first come, first served, for starters like crabmeat in spicy cold cucumber soup, salmon tartar, and oddly delicious watermelon-and-goat-cheese salad. On to seared tuna niçoise, rotisserie chicken with giant asparagus, or roast lamb shoulder (entrées, \$15 to \$20) cooked on the deck before your eyes by J.G.-trained elves. Give in to the luscious pêche Melba. (1 Central Park West.)

Photograph by Warren Salc

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant, a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall, offers classics like ginger chicken, chutney poori, and lamb shashlik. 58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (M) AE, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. 761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th–60th Streets

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Match Uptown—Younger sibling of SoHo's trendy restaurant-lounge-sushi bar, with an equally eclectic menu featuring things like seared sea scallops with chive-oxtail risotto and seared pepper tuna with ginger-roasted pineapple. This branch has a cigar room. 33 E. 60th St. (906-9175). (E) AE, MC, V.

an Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15–\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (S) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.



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food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic bar and restaurant, featuring a global menu and a Colonial African décor. Typical (so to speak) dishes include spicy shrimp Mozambique, South African porcini-crusted salmon, and Vietnamese-spiced quail. 313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Bella Donna—Creative pastas and thin-crust pizzas at extremely affordable prices keep this cheerful Upper East Side trattoria full of budget diners, first dates, and neighborhood regulars. 307 E. 77th St. (535-2866). (I-M) (\$).

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining

room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. 1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. 1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signa-

ture dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Piccolo Pomodoro—An Upper East Side trattoria decorated with Italian movie posters. Dine outdoors on grilled vegetables, agnolotti stuffed with porcini mushrooms, and angel hair with lobster and Manila clams. 1742 Second Ave., nr. 90th St. (831-8167). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Trattoria Libertà—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. 1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.

Tucci—This rustic Italian restaurant near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to

Openings The Many Foods of Irving Place

Despite its abundance of restaurants, Irving Place has never exerted the geo-culinary pull of such legendarily nourishing boulevards as Italian Arthur Avenue or Indian 6th Street. This may be because the dining choices have remained commendably eclectic, with Yama, purveyor of oversize sushi; brunch mainstay Friend of a Farmer; and Little Italy-esque hangout Sal Anthony's as its cross-cultural anchors. But over the last year or so, the thoroughfare—especially the two-block span between 17th and 19th Streets—has been swallowed up by two food-minded entrepreneurs. On the western side, where there was once only Sal Anthony's, there is now a Neapolitan dynasty, overseen by owner Anthony Macagnone and encompassing a café (Caffè Adelina), a fish market (Mercato Piccolo), a bakery (Mio Pane Mio Dolce), and, as of last week, Pizzeria Nizza (55 Irving Place). Across the street, as demure as Sal Anthony's is boisterous, sits the Inn at Irving Place, a luxurious Victorian hostelry painstakingly constructed within a pair of 1830s townhouses by their owner, Naomi Blumenthal, whose real-estate holdings span the Gramercy Park neighborhood. Verbena, Diane Forley's elegant, understated restaurant beneath the Inn, and 52 Irving, a casual café around the corner, are tenants of Blumenthal's. And last month, the sun-

filled, wood-paneled Picnic takeout shop (52 Irving Place), with a delectable American menu of classics like meat-loaf sandwiches, salmon-nicoise salad, and homemade Ring Dings, opened on the corner. Within the Inn itself is the lavishly ornate Lady Mendl's tea room, and the brand-new, damask-and-mohair-appointed Cibar, a swank lounge catering to the current vogue for \$10 martinis and top-of-the-line cigars. But Blumenthal and Macagnone may soon have to share the neighborhood spotlight. Reports of Madonna's interest in an apartment nearby could render the mini-moguls' latest expansions merely Little Deals on Madonna's Street.

ROBIN RAISFELD



heartier appetites. 206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. 519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—and a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry-sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. 477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Mendy's—This kosher deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. 208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en crouste and salmon with lobster potatoes. 48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. 70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Yofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. 2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V

Brooklyn

Andy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. 1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Horowitz continued from page 37

and a Website that covers everything a non-Jew living with a Jew might need: from a guide to preparing your first Seder to a thorough explanation—including sound effects—of why a shofar (ram's horn) is blown on the High Holidays.

"I call this fear that Jews are disappearing the Houdini syndrome," says Mayer. "It crops up periodically. But it hasn't happened in 3,000 years, so it is difficult to take seriously." Mayer is right when he says that forecasts of a Jewish demise have been around for a long time. As far back as the turn of the century, sociologists were somewhat hysterically predicting that assimilation in America would destroy the Jewish community.

In 1964, *Look* magazine ran a cover story called "The Vanishing American Jew." But America was a very different place during both those periods. Even three decades ago, it was a place in which Jews were unsure of themselves, still subject to overt anti-Semitism and still faced with limits because of their religion. And the rate of intermarriage then was about 12 percent.

And while Mayer is right that in many respects America is a multiethnic, multicultural society with no expectations that cultures blend together, the fact that blending is not expected does not mean it doesn't happen—especially when members of a group want it to.

"People are never as observant as their leaders want them to be," responds Mayer. "But if you whip people hard enough over the head about an issue like this, the assumption is that the fear will drive them to be more passionately attached to Jewish institutions, to be more supportive of them, and that all of this will help sustain their cultural distinctiveness."

"Well, I'm a social scientist," Mayer says, removing his wire-frame glasses, "and it's bad when you confuse your fears with reality. It's called paranoia."

Even Mayer, however, acknowledges that the American Jewish community is in the midst of a difficult passage, the outcome of which is by no means certain. "For Jews, being Jewish has always meant being exclusively Jewish," Mayer says. "It's historically been viewed as a master identity. In other words, if you're Jewish, that governs everything else you are. But there are many more people now, and there will be even more in the future, of mixed backgrounds for whom being Jewish is only one of many identifying factors. That's new. And we really don't know what Judaism and a Jewish community peopled by these individuals looks like."

But a Jewish community that's more diffuse, more porous, and less clearly defined than today's is exactly what some

Jews believe will save them. "I would say that the outlook for the Jewish future is fifty-fifty," says lawyer Alan Dershowitz, whose most recent book is *The Vanishing American Jew*. Dershowitz, who wears his Jewishness the way a career soldier wears his medals, argues that the future of the American Jewish community actually depends on openness, and on its ability to learn how to deal with good times.

Though Dershowitz already had a personal stake in the issue when he decided to write the book, it took on more meaning when his son told him he was marrying a non-Jew. Suddenly he faced the prospect that his own grandchildren, at least by today's definition, would not be Jewish. "My mission," he says humbly, "is to try and preserve a sense of Judaism for the many Jews I know who have doubts about the supernatural."

"I'm not calling for a secular Judaism," he continues, authenticating his own credentials by mentioning that he studies the Talmud every day. "What I'm calling for is a Judaism that transcends the religious, that makes room for the secular. An eclectic Judaism."

The brief against this position is that the past 25 years have already shown it will not work. "You don't draw people into Jewish life by erasing boundaries and eliminating distinctions," says Rabbi Eric Yoffie, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the Reform organization that represents nearly 1.5 million American Jews.

"If there aren't any differences between us and others, between those of us who are committed to Torah and those who are not," Yoffie says, "then why would anybody—Jews or non-Jews—have reason to identify with us? We have 3,000 years of experience to tell us that Jewishness without Judaism doesn't work."

SITTING AT A WINDOW TABLE IN CAFÉ CLASICO, a lively Kosher restaurant on West 57th Street, Steven Eisenberg is so revved up he seems about to levitate out of his chair. "This is like watching a house burn down," he says of the Jewish-continuity question. "Jews are at the forefront of every cause. They fight for Mandela, they worry about the whales, they protest for the Dalai Lama, but when it's their own people, when it's the Jews who are in trouble, they do nothing."

A 38-year-old managing director at the investment-banking firm of Ehrenkrantz King Nussbaum, Inc., Eisenberg devotes much of his time and energy to fighting for his "own" people. Though he is an Orthodox Jew, in his blue suit, blue shirt, yellow tie, and black velvet yarmulke that's nearly invisible against his dark hair, he looks (continued on page 108)

nightlife

d E U S . . . S t r a t o - L o u n g e . . . G u i d e d b y V o i c e s

Concerts

"Blues Cruise"—Hearing Pavement play on a barge would be lovely—but who's going to sign up for the big "indie-rock cruise"? Hence, every Wednesday, New York Harbor's murky depths are graced with music from the muddy banks of the Mississippi. 7/9: Marcia Ball. Cruises at 7 and 9:30 P.M. *Seaport Liberty Cruise Lines*, Pier 16, South Street Seaport (1-888-DA-BLUES). \$20-\$25.

"Carnegie Hall Celebrates the Glorious MGM Musicals"—Cyd Charisse, Mickey Rooney, Gloria DeHaven, and a dozen stars of Hollywood's golden age relive the highlights of such films as *Singin' in the Rain*, *The Wizard of Oz*, and *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. The show is probably worth the price of admission, if only to find out how well "Good Morning" and "Singing in the Rain" hold up without Gene Kelly's miraculous choreography. Roddy McDowall and Michael Feinstein host. 7/15-7/16 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall*, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). \$18-\$100.

Central Park Summerstage—Even without the original lineup (lead singer Robert Pollard is now backed by all four significantly geeky members of another band), Dayton, Ohio's Guided by Voices put on one of the most energizing, uplifting, fun rock-and-roll shows going. Like his songs, Pollard's performances are typically booze-fueled and sloppily athletic, so it's anyone's guess as to how well it will all come across in the middle of the hot afternoon of 7/12. With post-riot grrrls *du jour* Sleater-Kinney. 7/16: Country-folk favorite Mary Chapin Carpenter, with early-country revivalist Gillian Welch. (\$20). Weekend shows at 3 P.M.; most weeknights at 7 P.M. *Rumsey Playfield*, near 72nd St. (360-CPSS).

Ornette Coleman—The godfather of free jazz in a rare hometown appearance, playing even rarer material, and getting the nod from the musical establishment. Not a bad set of claims to make for one gig. 7/8 and 7/9, the alto legend revisits his 1972 orchestral masterpiece, *Skies of America*—a symphony of dissonantly lyrical beauty. 7/10, Coleman joins forces with two sixties collaborators: bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Billy Higgins. 7/11, he plays with Prime Time, a funky electrified fusion outfit that sets rapping and tap-dancing to Coleman's uniquely melodious ramblings. 7/8-7/11 at 8 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall*, Lincoln Center. (721-6500). \$20-\$55.

Essential Music—The groundbreaking, protean experimental-music ensemble celebrates its tenth anniversary with a three-night festival. Highlights include John Cage's *Two²* (7/11), Charles Wood, Robert Ashley's *Morton Feldman Says* (7/12), and Alvin Feldman's *Music for Baritone and Two Pure Wave Slow Sweep Oscillators* (7/13). *The Kitchen*, 512 W.

19th St. (255-5793). \$15 per show; \$35 for the series.

Jones Beach Concert Series—A breezy seaside venue for the old (Boston, Supertramp) and the old at heart (Jewel, Wilco, Live). 7/12: Whether or not any of the bands in the "'70s Music Explosion" (the Village People, KC & the Sunshine Band, Kool & the Gang, Vicki Sue Robinson, Thelma Houston, and the Trammps) can still shake their groove thang, the sultry weather will undoubtedly turn the show into an inferno of some kind—disco or otherwise. 7/13: ZZ Top, whose 1996 *Rhythmmeen* was a more credible effort than anyone had a right to expect out of the hirsute Texan trio. *Wantagh, Long Island* (212-307-7171). \$22-\$35.

Lollapalooza '97—Staying cutting edge in today's competitive cultural economy can be difficult, and sometimes impossible, as last year's largely un-hip Lollapalooza lineup amply demonstrated. With the addition of Tricky, Dr. Octagon, and Orbital, the fest recaptures some of its early status. Lest anyone get too excited about the tour's return to arty hipness, crypto-metallists Tool and Korn represent for unreconstructed, old-school macho-rock. 7/11 at 2 P.M. *Downing Stadium*, *Randalls Island* (307-7171). \$30.

Maxwell—With Zhane. 7/11-7/12 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall*, 1260 Avenue of the Americas, at 50th St. (307-7171). \$32-\$52.

"Midsummer Night Swing"—Running Tuesday

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

through Saturday each week, Lincoln Center's summerlong outdoor dance-a-thon is the most unpretentiously romantic activity the city has going for it. 7/8: "Tango Tuesday," with the New York-Buenos Aires Connection and Pasión. 7/9: Cajun-zydeco mania, with D. L. Menard & the Louisiana Aces and Les Méchants Macquereaux. 7/10: Rob Fisher & the Coffee Club Orchestra. 7/11: Get yer Salsa ya-yas out with the excellent Ricardo Lemvo & Makina Loca. *Lincoln Center's Fountain Plaza*. (875-5766). \$9.

"Moonlight Dancing in the Park"—Alex Donner's fourteen-piece orchestra transforms Wollman Rink into a glamorous little swing- and Latin-dance boîte to rival Lincoln Center's outdoor venue. Thur.-Sun., 6 P.M.-11 P.M. *Wollman Rink*, *Central Park* near 60th St. (396-1010, ext. 5). \$12.

New Edition—The band that launched a thousand New Jack Swing acts (including its own members' ventures—Bobby Brown's solo career and Bell Biv DeVoe) reunited last year to release *Home Again*, and saw that it was good. Now they're back again. 7/14 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall*. \$32-\$42.

Santana—With *Rusted Root*. 7/15-7/16 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall*. \$37-52.

Clubland

Acme Underground—The club for merly known as Under Acme, renovated and reborn as New York City's classiest small rock venue. 7/11: The Sonic Youth-meets-the-Beatles improvisational poststylings of the Beef & Dairy Show *Life in a Blender*. 9 *Great Jones St* downstairs (420-1934). \$.

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hipish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) roc and folk venue. 7/12: Richard D. Heyman; Cardinal Woolsey. 7/1: Flying Neutros; Beat Positiv. 7/14: Oral Groove. 95 *Stanton St* (358-1633). \$.

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue with great sound, good sig lines, and pretty decent fries—gr en to rock, jazz, and folk artists all stripes. 7/9: Magic Dick and Geils get back to their blue roo. 7/12: Steve Forbert. 15 *W. 4th St*. (228-7880).

Brownies—Avenue A's divey po college rock spot, with good t beers, on-the-rise bands, and t occasional big name trying to ke a low profile. Cozy and congeni even if you're not pierced. Sho nightly at 9. 7/10: Knock Drops. 7/12: Cobra Verde. 1 *Ave. A*, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downto blueserie, comfortably dow



Performance Electric Slide

In a welcome recovery from last year's Metallica-led lapse into testosto-rock, Lollapalooza '97 (Randalls Island, July 11) regains some musical currency, thanks to wittily wacked-out British dance headliners Orbital (pictured).

home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 7/11: Elvin Bishop. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 7/11: Jayne County. 7/12: Thin Lizard Dawn. 7/16: The Frogs; Perfect. 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridor home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 7/11: "Dub Me Alien," with Mad Professor and other luminaries of the dub world. 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 7/8: Leif Arntzen. 7/11: Elysian Fields. 7/12: Five Chinese Brothers. Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 7/11: Guster. 7/16: Space. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 7/8: June of 44. 7/9: Walt Mink. 7/10: Retsin; Candy Machine; The Ladybug Transistor. 7/13: Home; Mazinga Phaser. 7/14: Lotion; Varnaline. 74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 7/8: Family of God. 7/9: Maggie Estep and Knox Chandler. 7/12: dEUS (see essay, this page). 7/15: Don Walser's Pure Texas Band; Bill Kirchen & Too Much Fun. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Every Sunday, get a free dance lesson from 7 to 8 and tango the night away. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 7/9: WBGO's fabulous Sunday soul program, "Rhythm Revue," transformed into a dance party. 7/11: Salsa sensation Ricardo Lemvo. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbisello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear. 7/15: Pearl Jammer Stone Gossard's other band, Brad. With Verbow. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).

ramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craneing mid-stage column by arriving early. 7/10: The Make-Up; Emily's Sassy Lime. 7/11: Dr. Octagon; Ultramagnetic MC's, featuring Ced-G and Kool Keith. 7/13: The Wailers; The Selector. 7/15: Gwar. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Jazz

rdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band-era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 7/8-7/9: Carl Allen Quintet. 7/10: Jimmy Bruno. 7/11-7/12: Al Grey Sextet. 7/14: Roland Vasquez. 7/15: Teo Macero. 315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).

ue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the stand-

ing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 7/8-7/13: The great Betty Carter fronts a trio. 7/14: Steve Adelson Sticktet. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

"Music at Castle Clinton"—The historic fort in Battery Park is home, for a few days, to forward-looking jazz sounds that would undoubtedly have confused the heck out of the joint's original inhabitants. 7/10: Lite-jazz noodlers Spyro Gyra. 6:30 P.M. Castle Clinton, Battery Park (835-2789). Free.

Daydream—One of two swell neighborhood bars within spitting distance of Swing Street that double as swell jazz clubs. 7/10: Jimmy Cobb, Adam Brenner, Peter Zak, and John Webber. 7/31: Etta Jones & Her Trio. 405 W. 51st St. (333-7766). \$.

Harlem Meer Festival—Every Sunday afternoon at 2, Central Park's northerly body of water hosts a variety of jazz performances—some of them by truly legendary performers. 7/13: Harlem Conservatory Latin Ensemble. Harlem Meer, Central Park, near 110th St. (860-1370). Free.

Iridium—In the mid-seventies documentary Jackie McLean on Mars, the great, fierced-toned alto saxist confesses (between ejaculations like "[Sun Ra] isn't smiling because he's getting paid \$50,000 to be a hamburger!") that he practices too infrequently to keep his chops at the level he'd like them. But twenty-odd years later, the hard-bop legend's blowing is as ferocious and as viscerally exciting as it's ever been. He leads a sextet 7/7-7/13. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 7/9-7/12: Peter Calandra and Dick Sarpola. 33 University Pl. (228-8490).

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. 2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). \$.

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 7/11-7/12: Hard Bop Quintet. Shows start at 10 P.M. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday, the Roy Gerson Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 7/10-7/12: Frank Vignola's Hot Club USA, a tribute to the twin titans of *le jazz hot*, guitarist Django Reinhardt and violinist Stephane Grappelli. \$10 cover; two-drink minimum. 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 7/8-7/13: Guitar legend Bill Frisell leads his awesomely eclectic quartet. Their new CD, *Nashville*, infuses satis-



Talent Belgian Like Me

'Did you know that Django Reinhardt was Belgian?" asks Tom Barman of Antwerp's dEUS. The singer-guitarist continues his list of other musical giants his homeland has produced: Adolphe Sax, inventor of the saxophone; Jacques Brel ("he was annexed by the French, but he was completely intelligent in his analysis of the Belgian people and their customs"); and the many, many others too famous to bother to mention. Such as, say, Marcel Quinet. Or Vic Legley. In any event, Barman is proud of his country's few significant contributions to pop music, but cheerfully admits that "when something great happens in this country, it's an accident—but a great accident." dEUS would appear to be no exception to Barman's principle: How else but as a tribute to the glories of accidental beauty to explain his band's music? dEUS's supremely satisfying new album, *In a Bar, Under the Sea*, layers deadpan surrealism atop musical allusions to Pavement, Lipps Inc., Captain Beefheart, and Tom Waits—all in the name of an infectiously quirky brand of pop of which Beck could be proud. To be fair, there is another major factor contributing to Barman's sonic syncretism. "Historically," he theorizes, "Belgium doesn't exist. We don't have our own language, and we're surrounded by countries that have their shit much more together." Hence, apparently, an interest in pulling some, uh, shit together: "Soft/loud; strange/straight; melody/noise. For me, finding balances between all those poles is very addictive," he says. Barman and his four bandmates are hitting New York three times this summer (Mercury Lounge, July 11 and 17; the Knitting Factory August 6)—partly to promote *In a Bar*, and partly in the interest of raising Belgium's stateside profile. "Ask any American, and they'll know Amsterdam," he says, reasonably. "But will they know Antwerp?"

ETHAN SMITH

fying, twangy bluegrass with Frisell's trademark warmth and brilliance. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 7/10-7/13: Jeffrey Ross. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). \$12.50-\$18.50, two-drink minimum.

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety show-place is in the process of broadening its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view all of the above at "The Loft," a stage set as a N.Y.C. apartment. Mondays, "Monday Night Fool's Ball," a stand-up, sketch, and music revue. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and

11 P.M. 253 West 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun-Thurs. at 9 P.M. 7/7-7/13: Ray Romano; Jeff Ross; Greer Barnes; Collin Quinn; Darryl Hammond; Vic Henly. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 7/7-7/13: Tom Cotter; Quentin Heggs; the Most Brothers. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun-Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

F-Stop—Every Thursday night, the cutting-edge "Comedy Brothel" presents improv from such stand-ups of the moment as Dave Chappelle, Kevin Brennan, and *Mad-TV*'s Brian Callem. No cover; no minimum. 28 W. 20th St. (582-7589).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 plus two-

drink minimum Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. 7/11-7/12: Eric Kornfeld; Gary Greenberg; Steve Shaffer; Jim Mendrinos. 34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.-Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. 241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 7/4-7/5: Sunda Croonquist; Sam Brown; Sarge; Todd Barry. 7/11-7/12: Sunda Croonquist; Tom Papa; Brian MacFadden. Sun.-Thurs. at 7; Fri.-Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). \$7-\$12.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 7/19: 27-year-old-on-the-make Tom Postilio. Tues.-Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.-Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). \$35; \$15 minimum. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).

Cafe Carlye—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. \$45; no minimum. Carlye Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Eighty-Eight's—Tuesdays through 7/8: Willis Moore. Wednesdays through 7/9, Charles Cermele. Thursdays in July, Victor/Victoria understudy Anne Runolfsson. \$12, with a two-drink minimum. 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. 7/8-7/19: Whereas the typical "tribute" program involves second-rate talent cashing in on the name recognition of the legend to whom they're nominally paying homage, Steve Ross's "I Won't Dance: A Fred Astaire Celebration" is actually a worthy pairing. Ross may not be the hooper that Astaire was, but his wittily spirited renditions of "Top Hat" and "Puttin' On the Ritz" more than make up for any choreographic reticence. \$40 cover. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Thursdays: The Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars. 7/9: Herman Foster Trio. 7/12: The Blues Jumpers. 7/16: Indigo Swing. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. 1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).

Bars

Barcode—A dark, appealingly divey Alphabet City outpost, with a swell early-rock air country jukebox, a gaggle of Pratt students huddled over their pints of Bass, and batters who breathe fire (literally) nightly. The best free nighttime entertainment in the city. 700 E. 9th St. (No phone).

Full Moon Saloon—A truly skanky Hel Kitchen dive, with ads for hot dogs on the facade and too much Charlie Daniels on the jukebox. 725 Eighth Ave., at 46th St. (no phone).

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; a slamin' D.J.'s give Von an intimacy that a peals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. 3 Bleecker (473-3039).

Windows on the World—Every Wednesday, Strato-Lounge turns the Greatest Bar on Earth into a full-on cocktail nation freak-fest (in good way). 7/9: Last of the Internatio. Playboys. 7/11: Blues Jumpers. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).



Phenomenon We Are the World

Warehouses, factories, meat lockers, Turkish baths—the history of New York nightclubs is a litany of the colonization of quasi-industrial spaces. But the Twin Towers? In fact, Windows on the World's three-month-old Strato-Lounge may be the first instance of genuine East Village-type hipsters staking a claim, en masse, at ground zero of city tourism. The result, every Wednesday night, is a strange, refreshing, and friendly demographic cocktail in which downtown artists mingle with bespectacled geek-chicsters, buttoned-down businessmen, and the odd supermodel. Strato-Lounge's host, D.J. Lucien Samaha, attributes the vibe to—what else?—the universal appeal of lounge music: "We get Wall Street types in here, and girls with piercings, and even some tourist families with grandparents and grandchildren. And they're all dancing together. It's a beautiful thing to see." But be forewarned: Less beautiful to see (and to be seen standing in) is the hour-long line the kitsch-a-thon creates down in the lobby. Such is the price of admission to the big lounge in the sky.

in concert

Wendy Perron Dance... New York Grand Opera

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 8

Virko Bailey, Conductor—The Festival Orchestra performs his Violin Concerto No.1, Bernstein, Schubert, and Saint-Saens. *Washington Square, near the Garibaldi statue (431-1088), at 8; free. In case of rain: NYU's Eisner & Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, 556 LaGuardia Place.*

Battery Park Young Musicians—Performances by the Heritage Quartet, from the Juilliard School. *Battery Park, on the lawn (566-6700), at 12:30; free.*

New York Choral Society—Performs Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; Bart Folse, conductor. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; \$8.*

Wednesday, July 9

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Performs Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schubert with Joseph Puglia, violinist. *Seaside Park, Seabreeze Ave. and W. 5th St., Brooklyn (718-776-5914), at 8; free.*

Thursday, July 10

Bargemusic—Works by Mozart, Debussy, and Fauré. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$15-\$23.*

Goldman Memorial Band—Performs Goldman, Berlioz, Von Suppe, and Respighi. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$15-\$23.*

New York Choral Society—Performs Ramirez's *Misa Criolla* and *Navidad Nuestra*; Nelly Vuksic, conductor. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; \$8.*

Battery Park Young Musicians—See 7/8.

Friday, July 11

Summergarden—String quartet performances of Husa, Ung, Wolpe, and Vali. *Abby Alrich Rockefeller Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.*

Bargemusic—Works by Mozart, Janáček, Schumann, Bartók, and Respighi. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$15-\$23.*

Saturday, July 12

New York Philharmonic—Performs Henze and Wagner, with Deborah Voight, soprano, and Homero Francesch, pianist; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$20-\$55.*

Summergarden—See 7/11.

Sunday, July 13

Bartholomew's Choir—Performs Schubert and Mendelssohn, with organists Daniel Moriarty and

Ground Rules:

his section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the pre-
 redicated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For
 rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

William Trafka. *St. Bartholomew's Church, 105 E. 50th St., at 11 A.M.; free.*

Bargemusic—See 7/10, at 4.

Monday, July 14

Metropolitan Soloists—Open-air performances by this wind ensemble, with works by Bizet, Mozart, Strauss, and Krommer. *Bennet Park, 183rd St. and Fort Washington Ave. (569-7137); free.*

Christoph Homberger, Tenor—Performs all fifteen parts of *The Magic Flute* unaccompanied; created by director and designer Herbert Wernicke. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$40.*

New York Philharmonic—See 7/12.

Opera

New York Grand Opera Company—

The company continues its journey through all 28 Verdi operas; this week, *Jerusalem*, at 7:30. *Summerstage, Central Park at 72nd St. (245-8837); free.*

Opera Nova—Performs Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, 7/8-7/12 at 7:30, 7/13 at 3:30. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. (543-9662); \$20.*

Dicapo Opera—Performs excerpts from Puccini operas, including *Madama Butterfly*, *La Rondine*, and *Turandot*, 7/13 at 3. *Pier 25, at N. Moore St. and the Hudson River (533-PARK); free.*

Dance

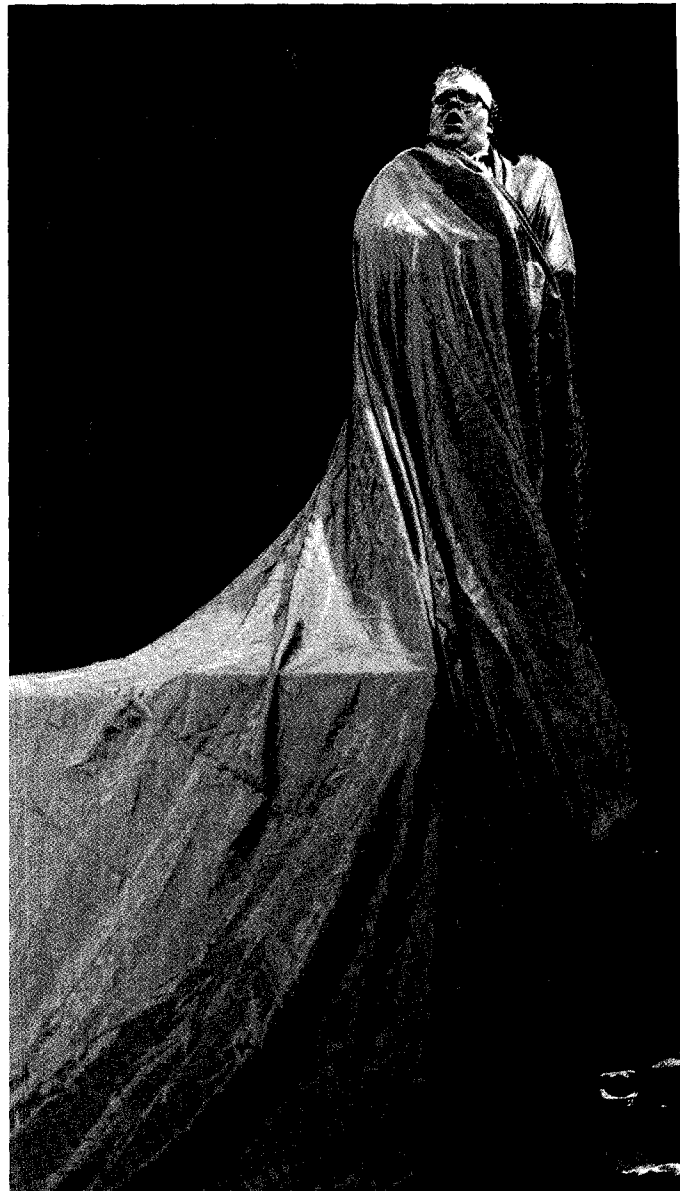
Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *The Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); \$30-\$65.*

Dances for Wave Hill—New works by Bebe Müller, Susan Braham, Shelley Lasica, and Sandra Parker, 7/9 at 6:30 and 7/13 at 5. *Wave Hill, 675 W. 252nd St. (718-549-3200); performances free with \$4 admission to the garden.*

Pilobolus Dance Theater—Performs *Olympic Dances*, *Aeros*, and *Pyramid of the Moon*, 7/8-7/12 at 8, 7/12 at 2. *Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); \$35.*

Wendy Perron Project—Performs *Downtown Underground*, with dancers David Thomson and Ciky Shick, as well as subway musicians Frankie Garcia and David Allakhverdov, 7/13 at 8. *La Guardia High School of Music & Art, 108 Amsterdam Ave., at 64th St. (875-5000); \$35.*

Son Mu Ga Zen Dance—Performs *Paramitta II*, 7/8-7/9 at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-5207); \$24.*



Previews Virtuoso(i)

In what will likely be the funniest event of the Lincoln Center Festival, Swiss tenor Christoph Homberger attempts a comedic one-man rendition of Mozart's lush opera *The Magic Flute*, frenetically undertaking all singing and speaking parts himself—and even a bit of the flute. *Alice Tully Hall, July 14.*

the mix

Notes on Camp...The Green Party

John Leonard's Television Notes

Who Is Henry Jaglom? (7/8; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) asks, on behalf of *P.O.V.*, the likes of Candice Bergen, Karen Black, Dennis Hopper, Michael Medved, Martha Plimpton, and Ron Silver whether the director of *Eating, Babyfever, Always*, and *Last Summer in the Hamptons* is a maverick genius or a voyeuristic fraud, and they reach an adjournment of minds.

Perfect Crime (7/9; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) is a routine based-on-a-true-story TV movie about an abusive alcoholic ex-Marine husband (Nick Searcy) who disappears his fed-up-and-leaving-him Marine captain wife (Jasmine Guy), only to be circumstantially all the way to a murder rap by a plucky naval sleuth (Mitzi Kapture). Mildly interesting, as the only known case of such an investigation leading to such a federal conviction without a body, a weapon, or a confession. More than mildly interesting to see Kapture, who is special, in something new since she left *Silk Stalkings*, from which abandonment that series has never recovered.

Russia's War: Blood Upon the Snow (7/11; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) wants us to hate Stalin and everything he did from 1924 to 1953, which is easy enough. But it also wants us to put up with Henry Kissinger

telling us why for ten hours of otherwise fascinating footage, and some of us would really rather talk to him about Cambodia and Chile.

Feasibility Study (7/11; 10 to 11 P.M.; Showtime) brings back Joe Stefano, who created the original *Outer Limits* sci-fi series in the sixties, to write a script for the cable-TV remake of that series, with David McCallum returning to the woo-woo wars as a perfectly nice father whose difficult teenage daughter wants to run away with a motorcyclist just before their four-block neighborhood is abducted by aliens, after which it seems, on some other planet, that all of us will be enslaved by slobbering anorexic telepaths, unless... Only nostalgia buffs need apply.

The Ultimate Guide: Great Apes (7/13; 8 to 9 P.M.; Discovery) goes to Africa, Borneo, and Sumatra to look at and talk to our nearest living relatives—the DNA of a chimpanzee differs only 2 percent from that of Homo sap—as well as the usual-suspect zoologists, while playing around with the usual claymation and animatronic models.

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—7/12 at 10 P.M.: Colette Avital, of the Israeli Consulate, discusses the highlights of her term as it nears its end; C-SPAN's Brian Lamb, author of *Booknotes*, talks with Claudia Dreifus about

her book *Interview*; Dr. Henry Foster, author of *Make a Difference*, discusses adolescent problems with Dr. Sharon Edwards of Mt. Sinai Hospital; Mark Schoofs of the *Village Voice* talks about gene replacement and homosexuality. WOR, 710 AM.

City Folk—7/10 at 8 P.M.: Arlo Guthrie turns 50; in celebration, his "Hobo's Lullaby" will be played in its entirety. 7/15: A day of singer-songwriters, including Cheryl Wheeler, Loudon Wainwright, Paul Simon, Dar Williams, Greg Brown, James Taylor, Christine Lavin, and Dan Bern. 7/16: A day with Elvis Costello. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Will the Circle Be Unbroken?—7/9: The City Too Busy to Hate: How Atlanta's business and civic leadership carefully created and maintained the myth of racial harmony to foster business. 7/16: The Rise of Black Political Power to the Present: Atlanta's transformation from a city of white politicians to one led by blacks. Wednesdays at 8. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra—7/14 at 9:05: A live performance of works by Brahms and Dvořák. Yo Ya Ma is the soloist. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—7/7: Timothy Naftali or *One Hell of a Gamble: The Secret History of the Cuban Missile Crisis*; Arthur Hailey's latest book *Detective*. 7/8: C-SPAN's Brian Lamb on *Booknotes* Cynthia Ozick talks about her collection of essays *Fame & Folly*. 7/9: Nichols Fox on *Spoiled: The Dangerous Truth About a Food Chain Gone Haywire*, grammarian Dr. Alan Cooper on the English language. 7/10: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser on current events and his conservative spin; Paul Beatty and his debut novel, *The Whiff Boy Shuffle*. 7/11: Al and Larry Ubell, the gurus of how-to, on the nuts and bolts of home repair Joseph Kannon on his novel *Los Alamos*; ope phones on topics of the day. Noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

"A Visit with Hermann Prey"—7/10 at 10 p.m.: Wit George Jelinek. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Music Mountain"—7/12 at 9 p.m.: The St. Petersburg String Quartet performs works of Borodin, Brahms, and Schubert. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Arthur Nersesian and Nick Zedd—7/9 at 7: Reading from *The Fuck-Up and Totem of the Depraved*, respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Gabriel Brownstein and Matthew Sharpe—7/16 at Reading from *Video Video* and *A Car*, respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

New Queer Fiction—7/13 at 7: Queer writers Se Heim, Ed Sikov, J. M. Beazer, Tim Driscoll, a David Pratt will read from recent work. Corner Street Cafe, 29 Cornelia St. (575-0433); \$5.

XY Files: Poems on the Male Experience—7/9 at New Mexico Literary Arts sponsors this event celebrating an anthology that "wrestles with the issue of masculinity at the end of the century. Featuring Judith Rafaela (poet, editor, and publisher of the anthology), Lawrence Schir Madeline Tiger, Charles Fishman, Vivina Cic Binnie Pasquier, Rosemary McLaughlin, Catherine Doty Wessel & O'Connor Gallery, 1 W. 26th St. (242-8811); free.

Bob Arnot—7/9 at 7: Reading from *Dr. Bob Arnot's Perfect Weight Control for Men and Women*. At Barne Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Martin Amis—7/16 at 6: Reading from *Night Tri* At Benetton, 597 Fifth Ave., bet. 48th and 49th Sts. (685-4300, ext. 153); free.

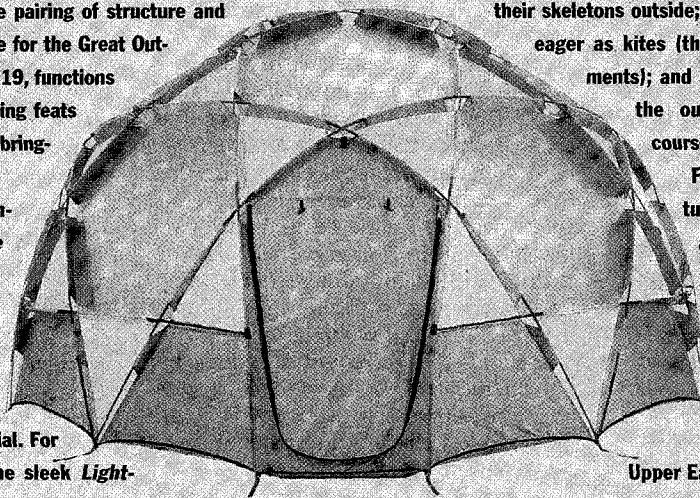


On Air Earlier this year, WQXR found a new competitor in WNYC, which cut way back on its folk and jazz programming in favor of classical music. Even so, QXR still broadcasts some of the best chamber and orchestral music from the summer festivals. The St. Petersburg String Quartet, in performance at Music Mountain, continues the season on July 12 at nine. (See listings.)

On View Camp Architecture

Tents evoke romantic visions of shelter—for nomadic tribes, soldiers, or campers of all ages. With ten spectacularly modern versions of this ancient temporary housing pitched in its urban garden, Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum is emphasizing the ingenious variations that can be played on the pairing of structure and skin. "Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors," on view through October 19, functions as a display of elegant engineering feats with the paradoxical purpose of bringing people closer to nature.

With its yellow-and-white honeycomb surface, **2 Meter Dome** (pictured), bears the most intellectual freight, being modeled on R. Buckminster Fuller's geodesic dome—celebrated for enclosing a generous amount of space with a minimum of material. For sheer beauty, the winner is the sleek **Light-**



speed Long, shaped like a cresting wave. **Blue Pop Tent** triumphs in the gimmick category, opening with a single flourish, like an automatic umbrella. The tents vary in capacity; while some are sized to a hermit's needs, one could accommodate a small cocktail party. Many of them wear their skeletons outside; most look as lightweight and sky-eager as kites (though they toughly resist the elements); and all provide a fine-mesh window on the outside world, the **StarGazer**, of course, having one in the roof.

Folks who like living their adventures, instead of merely fantasizing about them, will be glad to hear that each of the tents shown is commercially available. Dreamers can content themselves with an after-dark viewing, when the tents, lit from within, glow like spaceships touching down on the

Upper East Side.

TOBI TOBIAS

Laurence Bergreen—7/10 at 7: Reading from *Louis Armstrong: An Extravagant Life*. At Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Patricia Chao, Leah Hager Cohen, and Randy Lordon—7/16 at 7: Reading from their work and discussing the creative-writing process. At Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0819); free.

Brian Lamb, Stanley Crouch, Pete Hamill, and David Halberstam—7/8 at 7:30: Reading from their work and discussing the program *Booknotes*. At Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0819); free.

Julie Hamad and John Yau—7/9 at 6:30: Reading from their poetry as part of the Arts on the Square summer series. Union Sq. Park (253-0819); free.

Lectures and Panels

Asia in Dance—7/9 at 3: Asian choreographers discuss contemporary dance in Hong Kong, China, Taiwan, and Korea. Topics include the making of new work within a changing environment and the sense of "Asianness" in dance. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); \$5.

ie Gotham Publishing Society—7/17 at 7:30: A discussion of the magazine-and-book-publishing scene with *Esquire's* Randall Rothenberg, *Harpers'* Colin Harrison, and Fast Company's Polly LeBarre. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0819); free.

ow to Avoid Carbohydrate Cravings—7/8 at 6:30: Participants learn about the evils of starch. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$15.

resolved: Labor Unions Are Too Powerful—7/17 at 2: A discussion with William F. Buckley Jr., Michael Kinsley, George Becker, Mark Green, Robert Kuttner, Robert Shrum, and Jerry Jasinowski. Cooper Union Foundation Building, 7th St. at Third Ave. (353-4155); free.

n Impossible Dream? A Group Portrait of America—7/15 at 6:30: The Jewish Museum presents a panel discussion on cultural diversity with Stephen Brier, Andrea Simon, and Catharine R. Stimpson. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3271); \$10.

Events

urder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock—7/10-13: Eight packages of the television work of

graph courtesy of The North Face.

Alfred Hitchcock—seven that illustrate the parallels in theme and technique between his feature work and the twenty telefilms he directed between 1955 and 1962, and an eighth that offers up a few rare curios. Call 621-6800 for additional information. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St.

Tours

Lights! Camera! Greenwich Village!—7/9 at 6: See why Manhattan's known as "Hollywood on the Hudson." Meet in front of the Washington Square Hotel at 103 Waverly Pl. \$35 includes dinner at C3 restaurant.

"Victorian New York" Walking Tour—7/12 and 7/13 at 12:30: A guided historical walking tour through Gramercy Park, Madison Square, and Ladies Mile. For further information and reservations, call 465-3331; \$12.

Irish New York—7/12 at 1: What used to be called Little Ireland (the district of lower Manhattan between Chatham Square and Houston Street) is the subject of this walking tour. Stops include Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, Al Smith's childhood home, the former sites of Tammany Hall and the Five Points slum, and the founding site of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Call 439-1090 for more information; \$9.

Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights at Twilight—7/12 at 5: Walk across the Brooklyn Bridge and through the city's first suburb, and learn about the history and inhabitants of this area. Stops include Plymouth Church, Walt Whitman's childhood home, the A. A. Low Mansion, and the Brooklyn Historical Society. Call 439-1090 for more information; \$9.

Greenwich Village Literary Tours—12/12 at 11 A.M.: A walk in the footsteps of famous and infamous American writers. Meet at the Jefferson Market Library, Sixth Ave. and W. 10th St. No reservations required. Call 255-6397 for further information; \$10.

Exhibitions

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10: From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgot-

ten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-3400). **"Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement"**—Through 8/31: This exhibition explores the effect the Colonial period had on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects will be on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements from the period. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).

Lillian Bassman—Through 8/16: In her 80 years, Bassman has helped define the trajectory of fashion photography. This exhibition will include more than 100 black-and-white images. Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5800); free.

"A Long Look at Fifth Avenue"—Through 9/8: The result of the Municipal Art Society's "Fifth Avenue Design Competition," in which ten architectural firms and individuals were asked to submit comprehensive design schemes for Fifth Avenue in the next millennium. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Sports

Bronx Half-Marathon—7/13; 8 A.M.: The third 13.1-mile race in the NYRR's all-borough half-marathon series benefits Lou Gehrig's disease. Start and finish: Goulden Avenue and Moshulu Parkway, near Harris Park and Lehman College in the Bronx. Entry fee is \$10 for members; \$15 for nonmembers. Call 423-2284 for information.

Baseball—7/10-13: Yankees vs. Detroit Tigers at 7:35 P.M. (WPIX), 7:35 P.M. (MSGN), 4:05 P.M. (MSGN), and 1:35 P.M. (WPIX), Yankee Stadium; July 14-15: Yankees vs. Cleveland Indians at 7:35 P.M. and 1:05 P.M. (MSGN); 7/16-17: Mets vs. Chicago Cubs at 7:40 P.M. (Sportschannel) and 12:10 P.M. (WWOR).

Women's Basketball—7/10: Liberty vs. Charlotte Sting at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (ESPN2); 7/15: Liberty vs. Cleveland Rockers at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSGN).

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Horowitz *continued from page 101*

like any other young, successful guy in the stock market.

His epiphany came when a friend decided to marry a non-Jew. Back in the eighties, Eisenberg was working at Bear Stearns when a colleague told him she was getting married and asked him to be an usher. But because she was not marrying a Jew, Eisenberg refused to even go to the wedding.

"I couldn't go, by Jewish law," says Eisenberg, who grew up in West Orange, New Jersey. "The fact that our sensibilities are so dulled today because intermarriage is so common does not change the fact that every time someone intermarries, you're witnessing the destruction of the Jewish people in a microcosmic way."

Eisenberg's family founded the Shop-Rite supermarket chain, and he was raised in a typically schizophrenic Jewish household. They were kosher at home but not on the outside; they went to synagogue sometimes but were not Sabbath-observant. He began to become religious as a teenager.

"I felt really guilty when my friend married," he says. "I felt there was something I could have done. But a few weeks later, I wandered into Rabbi Buchwald's beginner service at Lincoln Square Synagogue and was amazed at how he was connecting with people. So I started encouraging my friends to go."

Eisenberg believed he had found a way to channel his fire. He began organizing events, hosting Shabbat dinners for hundreds of people, and generally doing whatever he could to get people to be more observant. He became, essentially, an evangelist. He believes it is up to his generation to bring Jews back to synagogue.

"The federations aren't doing it," he says. "They're using a rowboat in a tidal wave. The lay Jewish leadership are illiterate themselves. They have a problem with ritualistic life. Ask them to sing two Christmas carols and they'll have no problem. But ask them to sing two Shabbat songs and see what happens."

Eisenberg, who used to bring kids from the Wharton School to meet Jewish business leaders like Ron Perelman—"You're God," they'd tell him—has been willing to take time from his work and sacrifice some measure of success to fight what he calls a spiritual pandemic.

"When I was young, I used to ask my grandmother how people did so little during the Holocaust. 'How could it happen?' I remember asking her," Eisenberg says between forkfuls of salad. "Well, when my kids ask me where were you at the end of the twentieth century when the Jews were washed away, I won't have to squirm in my seat."

your guide

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to local growers

Online

The Green List

If you're looking for a place to rub the rhubarb, this site catalogues nearly 2,500 farmers' markets throughout the United States (more than 150 in New York State alone) and is updated weekly.
<http://www.StarChefs.com/FarmFresh>

conditioning parts, musical instruments, etc.) use this site as a clearinghouse through which to connect with individuals and institutions that want to help. Search here for schools in specific neighborhoods that actually need the old lacrosse sticks you just found in the basement. <http://mostny.agt.com/most/pencil/>

Street Regal—This collection of original art, poetry, and fiction by inner-city teenagers from around the country is a poignant testament to the effect that street violence has on the lives of young people, even in an era of putatively decreasing crime rates. www.pbs.org/pov/jesse

Amortize Yourself—This handy online calculator will tell you, to the penny, how much you can afford to spend on a home mortgage. Come armed with basic information (your salary, the price of the property, etc.) as well as some esoteric detail (months to escrow, federal tax brackets, etc.), and this site will determine in a few seconds how much a bank will be willing to lend you. www.cnfn.com/yourmoney/mortcalc

FreQ Show—If you're a devotee of house, trip-hop, jungle, or any of the other sub-genres of electronic music, you will find Uzi Fisher's *FreQ* Netcast one of the more compelling niches within the vast Pseudo entertainment network. Each week, the site features three hours of new music, chat, and interviews with guest D.J.s. www.pseudo.com/netcast/shows/freq/linkframe.htm

Tombstone Blues—Consult this site for information about where to visit Buddy Holly's mortal remains, as well as those of Walt Disney, Spencer Tracy, Stevie Ray Vaughan, and (of course) Jim Morrison. Everything you always wanted to know (much more, actually) about graveyards. www.teport.com/~stanton/

A Loaf of Bread, A Jug of Wine, and Thou—The Optir Picnic basket service will sell you, over the Net, fully stocked picnic baskets that include flatware, English china, and vacuum flasks (whatever they are). These make lovely gifts (if extravagant ones prices run as high as \$300) or beautiful first-d accessories. www.omnibus.com/optima/cambridge.htm

Jurassic Lark—If New York isn't hot enough for you, consider a holiday in the deserts of Utah. This site will give you all the information you need to plan a vacation at one of several authentic dinosaur digs, where you can participate in the excavation of bones older than the Old Testament. www.rmwest.com/dinosaur/guide.htm

Kids

Air Waves... Water Currents

Children's Events

Gone Fishing—At **PROSPECT PARK**'s 51st Annual Fishing Contest, a Brooklyn rite of passage at this point, bamboo rods and biscuit-dough bait are given out so that every child has the chance to compete for the distinctions of catching the longest, the biggest, the heaviest, the littlest, the first, and numerous other fishing accolades. This year Parks Commissioner Henry Stern promises to start things off by kissing the extra-large carp that, if snagged, yields the biggest prize of all. (On the lips?) 7/11, 7/12, 7/15-7/19, 10 A.M.-2 P.M. Lakeside near Kate Wollman Ice Skating Rink. Enter the park at Parkside and Ocean Avenue (718-965-8999). ●

The Jungle Book—All the really good children's authors kill off at least one parental figure early on. Kipling's story about a boy named Mowgli raised by wolves has become a classic. A musical adaptation presented by Theatreworks as part of their marvelous nine-year tradition of free children's theater in July. Recommended for kids ages 5 and

up. Tickets are available at the box office on the day of the performance beginning at 10 A.M. on a first-come, first-served basis. 7/10 through 7/31 at **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St., just west of Seventh Ave. (642-6754). ●

Teensy—Make miniature gardens and tiny worlds with everyday materials at the **WAVE HILL** family art workshop at the Kerlin Learning Center 7/12 and 7/13 from 1 to 4. "Dances for Wave Hill," newly commissioned dances created in response to the beautiful site are 7/9 at 6:30 and 7/13 at 5. 675 W. 252nd St. (718-549-3200). General admission is \$4, \$2 for students and seniors. ●

Artistic License—Free classes for high-school students at the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART** fill up quickly. So whether kids care to sketch in the galleries for three days in August—in a program called "Looking and Drawing"—take a tour of the Storm King Art Center, or participate in a portfolio review, the time to call is now, if not before. Classes run through August 23. 1000 Fifth Ave. (650-2832). ●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Frog Kissing—David Mamet's take on *The Frog Prince*—the classic story of arrogance getting its comeuppance. Sundays at 1 through 8/3. (Recommended for ages 8 and up.) **78TH STREET THEATRE LAB**, 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050); \$8, \$5 for children.

The Lost World Deconstructed—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs," a show that incorporates (made-up) dinosaurs from the movie and astounding new (real) fossil finds, is on view at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY** through 9/30; admission is \$12, \$8.50 for students and seniors, \$6.50 for children ages 2 to 12; includes museum admission. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100).

Have Carpet Will Fly—Carved wooden marionettes perform the most famous of Scheherazade's 1,001 *Tales of the Arabian Nights* in a show recommended for children ages 3 and up. The un-Disneyfied version of *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*—set to the music of Aram Khachaturian's Gayane Ballet Suite—includes all manner of I-know-how-they-did-that special effects, including a flying carpet and a vanishing castle. Sundays, 7/13, 7/20, 7/27, 8/3, and 8/10, at 1 and 3. **GREENWICH VILLAGE CENTER THEATER**, 219 Sullivan St. (965-3391). Admission \$7, \$5 for children.

Asian Hands-on—Kids who are 4 and up can drop by the **AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM** on any Wednesday afternoon in July and learn a traditional Japanese craft. Gyotaku (fish printing) is demonstrated 7/9; kids learn to make origami animals 7/16 and 7/23 and to make dolls 7/30. 40 W. 53rd St. (965-3535); \$2 materials fee in addition to admission; general admission \$5, \$2.50 for seniors and students, free to children under 12.

Physical Education—Kids 6 and older who may feel they have outgrown the swings and slides at their local playground will be energized, amused, and even educated at the immensely clever new Science Playground at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE**. In what amounts to an enormous physics lab, kids can jump on a giant seesaw, navigate streams of water upwards as well as down, negotiate a tensile spiderweb that illustrates that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction, and whisper magically across long distances. To complement and celebrate the playground, a Caribbean steel drum will serenade visitors this weekend. Flushing Meadows Corona Park, 47-01 111th St. (718-699-0005). General admission is \$6; \$4 for children and seniors. ●

Up in the Air—"What Flies in July" turns out to mean almost everything at Greenbelt Conservancy's annual free family festival. In addition to flying kites, kids can make butterflies, fireflies, and giant bubbles with local artists, watch an archery display or a Native American Eagle dance performance, and get up close and personal with a collection of homing pigeons. 7/13, 12-4. **WILLOW-BROOK PARK**, Eton Place entrance, Staten Island (718-667-2165). ●

Circle of Life—The **NEW YORK AQUARIUM**'s 300-foot Sea Cliffs exhibit is at the center of "Predator-Prey Day," a festival that highlights the hunt-or-be-hunted aspect of marine life. Kids can make mobiles—in which animals never quite catch each other—watch special walrus feedings, and test their knowledge at trivia contests. 7/12, 7/13, 7/19, 7/20, 11-4. Surf Ave. at W. 8th St. in Coney Island (718-265-FISH). General admission \$7.75, \$3.50 for children 2-12 and senior citizens.

In Print Going, Going...

The Addams family of TV legend has ooky music indelibly attached to its name. The Adams family of Bethesda, Maryland, deserves to be linked as tightly with a different tune: "Take Me Out to the Ballgame." Whether you consider the less-famous foursome just as weird as Gomez, Morticia, Wednesday, and Pugsley depends on your feelings about baseball.

This Adams family (Bruce and Margaret and their children, Emily, 8, and Hugh, 5) spent last summer in a Dodge Caravan traveling 25,000 miles through 44 states to watch 85 baseball games in 82 stadiums. They caught eleven foul balls. And with tiny freebie scorecard pencils they scribbled obsessively detailed notes for their new book, *Ballpark Vacations: Great Family Trips to Minor League and Classic Major League Baseball Parks Across America* (Fodor's; \$16.50). About the only thing the Adamsses didn't catalogue, perhaps out of horror, was the total number of hot dogs consumed.

The meticulous guidebook is divided into trips for long weekends. One ambitious New York route connects Fishkill ("the team colors are attractively reflected in the box and reserved seats"), Cooperstown ("a wonderful place to be with your kids and your memories as the summer ends"), Oneonta ("No mascot. No beer. No fancy logo or trendy nickname. Just baseball"), and Elmira (Mark Twain "is buried at a well-marked grave in Woodlawn Cemetery"). That last comment typifies the book's genius: In every burg and city, the Adamsses list quirky, kid-friendly attractions, from monster water slides to the Confederate Army malaria hospital in Lynchburg, Virginia. They've also sought out inexpensive local restaurants where the children's menu isn't completely deep-fried.

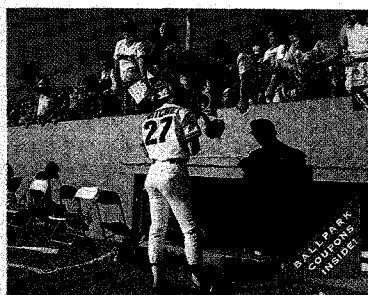
The Adams family is a bit too kind to the soulless modern minor-league parks. But they're dead-on with this advice: When a player hands your child a foul ball, "always say 'Thank you.'" **CHRIS SMITH**

Fodor's

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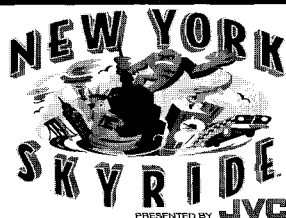
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SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Sports Fan Needs Team Mate—Yankees, Knicks, tennis and Mets, too. Also wishing to share travel, movies, gym, Scrabble, biking and good eats. Really nice guy, 51, blue eyes, muscular (good genetics), kind-hearted and romantic, hopes his female soul mate, 39 plus, reads this and chances a reply. Please be in-shape with a preference for jeans. Note/photo appreciated. 7431 ☐✉

Forever Valentine—Sought by humorous, dynamic CEO/inventor, an attractive, old-fashioned romantic, with loving soul, very fit, 43, slim, 5'11", seeks empathic woman, under 36, for true, lasting love. Phone/photo a must. 7459 ☐✉

Tall, Handsome Professional CEO—Caucasian, dynamic, loves to dance-cultured, caring, financially secure. Seeks intelligent, attractive, sensual female, tall 5'7" plus), slim, curvaceous, solid values, supportive, playful, worldly-wise, 28-38. Outcome: best friend, lover, permanent relationship. Mutual interests: dancing, exotic travel, art, movies, tennis. For reply, please send photo/note. 7394 ☐✉

Super Mortal Seeks Same—An independent-spirited 34-year-old female, we achieved a level of personal and professional success that makes me very proud indeed! Now it's time to share someone else's laurels. You're a successful guy, 33-40, who secretly yearns say "Honey, you're the best thing that ever happened to me!" I'm Jewish (you edn't be), work in the sports world, well-schooled, well-traveled, well-read, tall, grounded and very funny. I'm athletic, in great shape and have been own to turn a head or two. You're the smartest, sweetest, funniest and it-looking guy you know - so how could not fall for you? My expectations are high, as I seek my super mortal (not super del) soul mate. Fit the bill? Please send a recent photo with your thoughtful letter of introduction. 7333 ☐✉

King Arts Lover—By bright, funny, successful, attractive man, tall, Jewish... looking for attractive, fit woman, 30s-40s, well-educated, high-energy, who is NY culture...for fun/serious relationship. Photo please. 7338 ☐✉

Handsome Widowed PhD—Athletic, 49, 5'8", successful, warm, in great shape. Looking for 40-45 female counterpart. Note/photo. 7417 ☐✉

First Jewish American President—Searching for his/her future mother. She must be smart (don't want another dodo in the White House), pretty (he/she needs media appeal), funny (no dull pres for us), late 30s (because I started late), and comfortable with the high and the low (everybody votes). I'll provide comparable father qualifications, pay tuition at the Ivy school, and love his/her mother and keep her very happy, forever. 7418 ☐✉

Looking For A Mensch—I seek a single or divorced man (kids okay), who is gentle, smart, attractive; down-to-earth, likes to laugh and can be a good friend. I'm a single woman, 38, 5'7", with green eyes, who is gentle, smart, attractive, etc...not to mention spirited, stubborn sometimes, affectionate and fun to be with. Write me a letter. 7404 ☐✉

I Have Everything But You—Divorced Jewish female. I'm a sexy, fit, classy, loyal, vibrant, very attractive, genuine lady with great legs. Seeks financially secure, intelligent, nonsmoking, fit, passionate, kind man of integrity, 40-55, who is ready to share lots of kisses. Be my partner to explore friendship and love in a committed, affectionate relationship. 7442 ☐✉

Woman—32, 5'7", 115 lbs, would like to meet a man who can make her dreams come true. You are successful, love children and animals. 7460 ☐✉

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Sculptress—Striking, Jewish-Italian, looking for that special guy, 55 plus. 7399 ☐✉

Live, Love, Laugh—Romantic Jewish male seeks a friend to share summertime fun. 7424 ☐✉

East Side Story—Seeks captivating costar. Extremely beautiful, elegant, tall, slender, 33-year-old investment professional looking to meet an intelligent, accomplished, athletic male, 33-45, for a once in a lifetime performance. Must enjoy starring in comedies, adventures, dramas, family films and love stories. Note/photo/phone. 7444 ☐✉

Brains And Body—Sophisticated woman seeking tall, successful New York City man, 32-42, with same. Nonsmoker. Photo a must for response. 7411 ☐✉

Attractive, Professional, Athletic—blond, tall, slim, Jewish, adventurous, 35, seeks male counterpart. Photo. 7457 ☐✉

Lovely, Literate Lady—Warm, attractive, green-eyed romantic. Arts lover, musical, traveler. Seeks spirited, refined man of substance, 47-60. Note/photo. 7396 ☐✉

Looking For Romance—Tall, attractive, Asian businesswoman enjoys dancing, dining and travel. Seeks man in 40s, to share romantic evenings. 7440 ☐✉

Beautiful, Slim Designer—Classy, sexy, fun, seeks a high caliber, handsome, very successful man, 42-51 - forever. 7427 ☐✉

Attractive Male, 32—Stylish, 5'10", seeks college educated, never married female, under 30, Christian background. 7437 ☐✉

SAVE THE DATE!

August 13, 1997

Check next week's
New York Magazine for details.

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Strictly Personals

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Know an eligible professional that we've just got to meet? Nominate them!
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Successful Black Woman—Intelligent, loyal, personable, 38, 5'8", fit, healthy attitude and life style. Seeks intelligent, established, passionate, energetic and fit white male, over 37, for permanent relationship. Marriage-minded, family-oriented. Nonsmokers only. Note/photo/ recent photo. 7416 ☒

Beautiful Designer—I'm a loving, funny, bright, Westsider, beautiful inside and out. If you are a male 58-69 and have everything but me, my number is 7447 ☒ ☎.

Attractive Asian Lady Sought—By handsome, white pastry chef, for friendship, possibly more. If you believe romance is the dessert of life, respond. Photo/photo/note, appreciated. 7429 ☒

Funny, Ruggedly Handsome MD—Warm, passionate, 6'2", 44. I love fine theater, movies, tennis, romantic dinners. I'm searching for sensual, voluptuous female who is bright, accomplished - for a torrid, committed relationship. No reply without full photo. 7426 ☒

Successful Surgeon Millionaire—Tall, dark and handsome, no baggage seeks accomplished female counterpart under 30/size 6, blue eyes a plus. Photo/note/ phone. 7446 ☒

Pretty, Irish Gal, 44—Fit, musical, love cats, cycling, working out. Seeking bright, secure man with quick sense of humor, ideally for long term. Photo/letter. 7450 ☒

Choosy Woman Seeks Man—Italian American, 35, 5'2", extremely attractive, blond, blue eyes and very fit. Looking for a single white male, 30-40, dark hair, fitness oriented, very accomplished. Interests are philosophy, TV sitcoms and dancing. Note/photo. 7458 ☒ ☎

Smart, Handsome Man—40s, likes women who wear glasses. 7403 ☒ ☎

Second Time Around—Attractive, young early 50s, blond, 5'4", Jewish (not religious) with two grown sons and ready for fun. I'm a successful businesswoman who loves to ski, play golf and travel. You are young at heart, looking to share the second time around. Note/photo. 7455 ☒ ☎

Gay White Male—Latin looks, 42, don't do drugs, HIV-negative, affectionate and discreet. Seeks a kind, romantic white man of any age over 45. Chubby or homebody is welcomed. 7412 ☒

Attorney, 38, Jewish—Fun, very good-looking, romantic, seeks slim, sweet female, to 34, for laughter, love, forever. Note/photo will exchange. 7422 ☒

Woman With Skis—Piano, passport and little black dresses. Blond, 39, 5'10", 125 lbs, seeking Manhattan resident who is cerebral, educated (Master's or above), successful and cultured. 7402 ☒

Knight In White—Trial lawyer (CT), 39, Jewish, divorced (father of one), 5'10", 165, good-looking, athletic, stable, successful, fun, romantic. Equally comfortable in the spotlight or in candlelight. Looking for exceptional woman - beautiful inside and out, bright, sexy, elegant, 27-40 - to share forever. If you are the one, your prince has come. Note and photo. 7434 ☒

Great Mind, Body And Soul—Definitely from a one-of-a-kind mold. Won't do dishes, floors or windows, but will attempt anything else within reason! Seeking extraordinary white male, age 40-58, attractive, fun-loving, smart, successful and loving. Come quickly - needed by Labor Day. Photo. 7337 ☒

Single White Male MD—With successful practice, who enjoys sports, animals and fine dining, seeks attractive, single white female (28-35) to share good conversation. Please send note and photo. 7433 ☒

SEND

**A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:**

STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Come Here Often?—I don't, but am open. 5'9", fit, very attractive NYC woman, seeking best friend and partner. I am smart, sensitive, 40, Jewish and love the outdoors for fun and challenge. Looking for tall, athletic, established, handsome man, 35-45, nonsmoker. Let's meet with bikes in the park, we'll go from there. Note/photo/phone. 7435 ☒

Selfless, Devoted, Caring—Divorced Jewish male, 43, 6'1", 175. Enjoys running, golf, can hit a tennis ball, museums, dining out, travel and most any form of entertainment with the right person. Financially secure, and living with 15-year-old son. Looking for beautiful, well-built, demanding, financially secure woman, 35-55. Nonsmoker preferred. If you have the nerve to answer, tell me what you want (but be careful - you may just get it). Photo/note/photo. 7400 ☒

Beautiful Brunette—Elegant, slim, 40, well-educated, multilingual, world-traveled, unencumbered, great dancer, vivacious. Seeks charismatic, refined, confident, successful professional - honest relationship! Bio/photo. 7408 ☒ ☎

Like To Laugh?—39-year-old, athletic Jewish male seeks attractive female, nonsmoker, with great sense of humor, for dining out, movies and lots more. Photo/phone. 7453 ☒

New To Market—Public service lawyer 37 (but you wouldn't know it), funny Jewish, into guitar, biking, hiking blading, skiing, world travel. Seeks happy down-to-earth, independent, intelligent athletic, attractive, decent and com passionate woman. Note/photo. 7452 ☒

White Female—Creative professional mountain-lover and truths-seeker seeking self-happy, awake single white male 40-51, white, solvent heart/loves to ea read, think, talk, touch, work and play and not afraid of heights, deep water, commitment and other unknowns. Please send letter with picture of what you look like on the inside, if possible. 7420 ☒

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Sincerely,
Elaine and Arnie
Paramus, New Jersey

PS - He still thinks he is entitled to half the advertising fee!

Do you have a Strictly Personals story to share?

WRITE TO:
Personals Mailbox
NY Magazine
2 Park Ave., 11th Floor
New York, NY 10016

First Time Ad—Beautiful, Jewish, very 'm, sexy, 32-year-old, 5'7", brunette professional, good values, nonsmoker, with 'namic personality and great sense of humor, from upscale LI family enjoys good conversation, movies, fine dining, exploring new places; looking for tall, handsome, commitment-minded, refined, successful, financially secure, Jewish, professional man, 32-40, who is warm, sensitive, and has an open heart for this spectacular find. Photo a must. 7423 ☒

Black Male Sought By White Female—Tall, slim, 5'3", sexy, sweet and self-employed. Seeks tall, muscular, companionate, educated, successful, 28-38, relationship. Note/photo. 7410 ☒

Accomplished, Elegant—Lady with excellent education, American ease, Jewish heart, seeks active man (57-72) of intelligence, character and integrity, who agrees that loving and living well has the best revenge. 7451 ☒

You've Heard My Voice On TV, Radio—Yes, I'm gorgeous, extremely successful, 42, 5'8", thin, very young-looking white woman. Ready to share my life. You are exceptionally handsome, tall, very upper class, professional gentleman, 38-50, gentle nature, honest, fun-loving. Photo a must. 7415 ☒

Got The Need For Speed?—Then you're a beautiful woman with a weakness for race cars and (I hope!) the men who drive them. Hey, here's one now! 48, creative, quick wit, 6', muscular, 175 lbs, and living in CT. You're 25-40, athletic, funny, and eager for the fast company of a regular guy with a premium outlook. Photo/note, please. 7421 ☒

26, Attractive, Intelligent—Single white female, 5'4", 125 lbs, fit, professional. Enjoys sports, good conversation, good food. Looking for a gentleman - professional, single white Christian male, 26-33, who wants to meet a great girl but can't find her. Note/photo. 7454 ☒

Single White Christian Male—41, professional, 5'9", 160, blond hair, blue eyes, handsome, seeks single white Christian female, 34-42; slim, honest, educated, comfortable in heels or sneakers, who likes to laugh, for possible relationship. Photo/note. 7432 ☒

Avowed Democrat—Seeks sensitive, sincere man for long-term relationship. Gorgeous, nonreligious Jewish woman, 40, 5'5", 113 lbs, successful musician - enjoys hiking, biking, skiing, bird watching, crosswords, books and cooking. Seeks a lively, easygoing, highly intelligent, fit man, 36-46. Note/photo. 7414 ☒

Manhattanite, 70s—Graced with style, traveler, seeks affectionate 50ish woman. Would humorous be asking for too much? Photo, please. 7401 ☒

Good Guy—Fun, athletic, good-looking, successful professional male, 36, 6', with great sense of humor seeks fun, energetic, spontaneous, witty, nice, attractive and fit soulmate, preferably, 25-33, to start a family. Photo. 7445 ☒

And Now For Something Completely—Different. A good-looking male, caring, sensitive, intelligent, introspective, devoted educator, 38, who enjoys hiking, book browsing, good sense of humor, and especially kids, looking for a fit, slim, pretty woman with same interests, 30ish. Handwritten note/photo. 7438 ☒

A Real Find—Blue eyed blonde, Italian, 39, 5'6", beautiful, professional woman with bubbly personality, athletic, sensual and sincere with lust for laughter. Seeks best friend for life with similar high marks. Knicks fan a plus. Note/photo. 7448 ☒

European Mensch—35, Jewish, handsome, with a full head of hair. I'm happy, spirited and ready to meet a wonderful Jewish woman. My interests include travel, tennis, swimming, movies and eating out. Looking for a smart, funny, attractive Jewish woman, 25-40, who would love to explore friendship, romance...and who is open to children, dogs and lifelong happiness. If you're an optimist, like me, please send a note/photo. 6899 ☒

Divorced Jewish Businessman—50, good-looking, in great shape physically, financially and emotionally, looking for beautiful, slim, sexy Jewish woman, who has it all but wants her life changed forever. Photo appreciated. 7430 ☒

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European-Born—48, successful, professional Jewish male enjoys romantic dining, travel and fine art. Seeks passionate, cultured lady under 42. Photo. 7428 ☒

Fun-Loving, Beautiful—LI blond, 5'8", 43, Jewish MD and mom of one, seeks warm, humorous, professional, single dad, 40s. Photo helpful. 7419 ☒

Are There Any—Male Scorpios, Pisces or Cancers, 55-60, left? Excellent education and manners. Young widow is interested. Phone/photo/note. 7407 ☒

Love, Marriage, 2-3 Kids—Very pretty, professional female, 35, 5', slim, seeks a kind, loving man with a pure, open heart and moral standards to share what really matters in life. 7425 ☒

Toronto-Based—Frequently in NY on business - artsy, smart, successful, sophisticated, slim, attractive, saucy, Jewish and modest female seeks male companion for laughter, conversation and romance. He must be handsome, trim, accomplished, cultured, honest, sincere and adventurous - age 58-65, Upper East side preferred. 7443 ☒

Green-Eyed, Jewish, Handsome—Executive, 5'11", 48, fit and lots of fun, quite intelligent, generous, with a myriad of interests - seeks a slender, sexy knockout, mid 30s, 5'4" plus, with heart of gold, to share a wonderful life in city and country filled with laughter, romance and love. Photo a must. 7413 ☒

Caring, Classy Northern NJ Woman—50ish, seeks loving man. 7456 ☒

Black Professional Male—Goodlooking, 5'11", 40, Ivy, into film, theater, writing, foreign travel, exercising, brunch and good conversation. Seeks beautiful professional under 38. Note/photo. 7439 ☒

Tall, Thin, Fit—Good-looking, 48-year-old woman with a downtown style. Entrepreneurial and creative; successful but not buttoned down. Enjoy friends, food, flowers and work; summer weekends, winter skiing, NY culture. Share custody of two healthy, happy children. Looking for a warm, smart, energetic, financially secure man who wants intimacy, good conversation, happiness and an everyday kind of life. Please send note and photo. 7409 ☒

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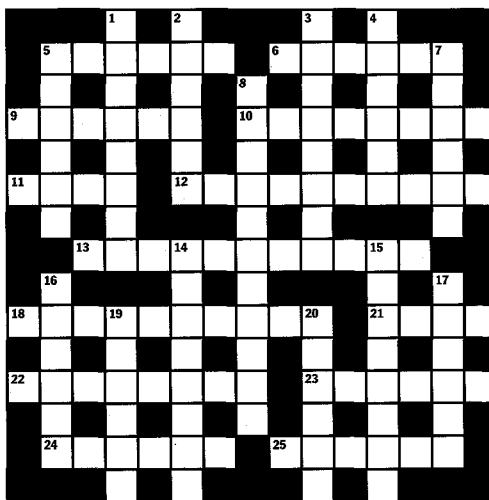
State

Zip

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 5 Deaf or daft?—that's a hat. (6)
 6 Niche for a man at bay. (6)
 9 Bird hopping on calf. (6)
 10 Fat-head can follow employment without being holy nuisance in the home. (5-3)
 11 King putting weight back on; so is Granny. (4)
 12 When somewhere to write is what we need, distracted cries to anger lead. (10)
 13 Monarch to whom uneasy lies may be attributed. (7,4)
 18 Gathered from our lad's fig tree. (7,3)
 21 Branch member. (4)
 22 Oriental joke about a little instant coffee. (8)
 23 Master with animal is married—to the bottle. (6)
 24 Seal with a pain put into empty chalet. (6)
 25 Shiner put companion in need of a stiffener. (6)



DOWN

- 1 Trainer turning rough about the old censor. (8)
 2 Fruit crumble for little George and little Arnold. (6)
 3 The wave needed to achieve prosperity. (8)
 4 Upset mineral and highball at dance. (6)
 5 Make a show home, perhaps, allowing a French income. (6)
 7 Goes in front of Queen to measure point on tracks. (6)
 8 What the fowls eat amounts to very little. (7-4)
 14 Anything H. T. Weaver may have produced. (8)
 15 Note on gold in a passage from Pilgrim's Progress. (8)
 16 Multifarious of Biblical law? (6)
 17 One-time President declares himself to be lying in wait. (6)
 19 Key cut in the twinkling of an eye. (6)
 20 Last actor to go over the top and far away. (6)

'Sign of the Crab Birthdays': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Jabbid
 6 Southwestern Indians
 10 Sound of knocking
 16 Equal: prefix
 19 As stubborn as —
 20 Yankee Doodle's mount
 21 Fictional Plaza brat
 22 Fond du —, Wisconsin
 23 6/25
 25 7/6
 27 Against
 28 Fence in
 30 Onassis, to friends
 31 Annum
 32 Lose iciness
 34 Extreme leftists
 36 High-strung
 37 Alias: abbr.
 39 Westernmost U.S. island
 41 Pre-coll. exams
 42 Room in a casa
 43 Those elected
 44 What Pauline faced, in the silents
 46 Shea nine
 48 Far from slim
 50 Dissipated fellow
 52 Adjust the alarm
 54 7/18
 57 Valuable viol
 59 Freudian factors
 61 Old Norse hieroglyphic
 62 Having all one's marbles
 63 Partner of hide
 66 "Tell — the Marines"
 68 One of Judy's "Oz" buddies
 70 Direction abbr.
 71 7/6
 75 Amin of Uganda
 77 Tonto's "Kemo —"
 78 Aussie pal
 79 Where Shakespeare's Pericles was prince
 80 Beatty's Oscar film
 82 Jeanne —
 84 Marmalade ingredient
 86 Nominated
 90 7/12
 93 Singletons
 96 Change the décor
 97 Many a summer TV program
 98 Othello was one

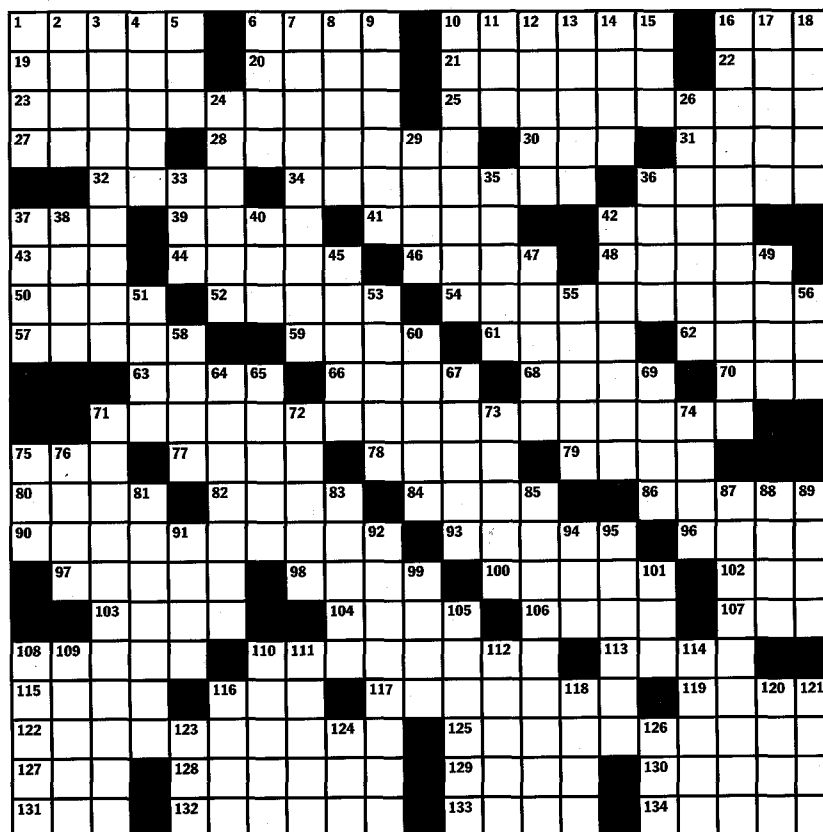
- 100 Netlike hair protector
 102 Cleo portrayer
 103 Egg foo —
 104 Lennon's in-laws
 106 Realtor's unit
 107 Quilting party
 108 Cockpit occupant
 110 Light-metal worker
 113 Kind of admiral
 115 Like a bug in a rug
 116 Cry of discovery
 117 Place for peeping
 119 Claude Akins's sheriff role
 122 7/18
 125 7/14
 127 "Right you —!"
 128 Penthouses

- 129 Rubik of the cube craze
 130 Provided with flood barriers
 131 Sopping
 132 Give philanthropically
 133 Bishoprics
 134 Lab work-ups

DOWN

- 1 South American rodent
 2 Arabian sultanate
 3 7/18
 4 "Dallas" matriarch
 5 Susan of "L.A. Law"
 6 Go — smoke
 7 7/3
 8 Suburb of Harrisburg
 9 Church councils
 10 Refused to take
 11 Between pie and mode
 12 Of timbre
 13 Wedding-cake features
 14 Spumante city
 15 Address-book no.
 16 7/19
 17 Grand-scale tales
 18 Yellow pigment
 24 Bird dog
 26 Stitched openings, in embroidery
 29 Mongkut's realm
 33 Once across the pool
 35 Moving about
 36 Untouchable

- 37 Affections
 38 Shoelace annoyance
 40 Third numero
 42 How MADD wants you to drive
 45 Slangily lawful
 47 Diver's air apparatus
 49 Ages and ages
 51 A snap
 53 Tribal emblem
 55 Genuflected
 56 Not secondhand
 58 Shannon and Ennis
 60 Watch adjunct
 64 Dodging, as taxes
 65 Meat on a skewer
 67 Before path or porosis
 69 Needing mending
 71 6/25
 72 Antitoxin fluid
 73 Adolescent period
 74 Myope's sightedness
 75 Columnist Kupcinet
 76 Letter starter
 81 Cratchit's boss
 83 Sing like Bing
 85 6/30
 87 6/28
 88 An Adams
 89 Catch some Z's
 91 Fontanne's co-star
 92 Gibberish
 94 Sinbad's bird
 95 Horse, plant, or color
 99 Actress Schneider
 101 River of Scotland
 105 Prolonged attacks
 108 Debunking utterance
 109 Harden to hardships
 110 Rosebush hazard
 111 Ancient Aegean region
 112 End of a sentry's query
 114 Michael Caine movie
 116 Cookie with a creamy center
 118 Neighbor of Vietnam
 120 Author Harte
 121 Racetrack arithmetic
 123 Scoundrel
 124 "The best is — to come"
 126 Banned insecticide





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